BOXING - WRESTLING - FIGHT FICTION

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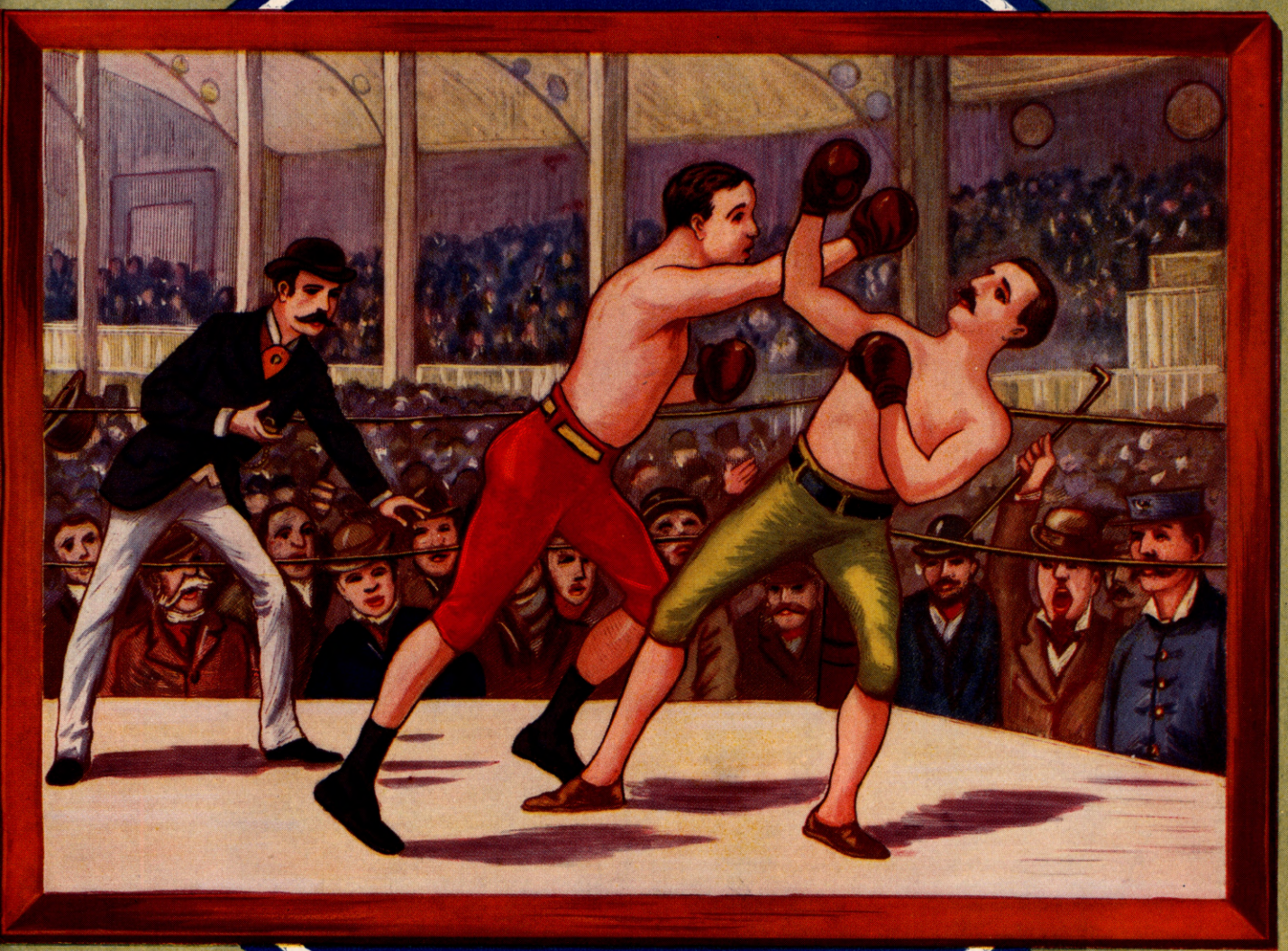
MARCH

# The RING



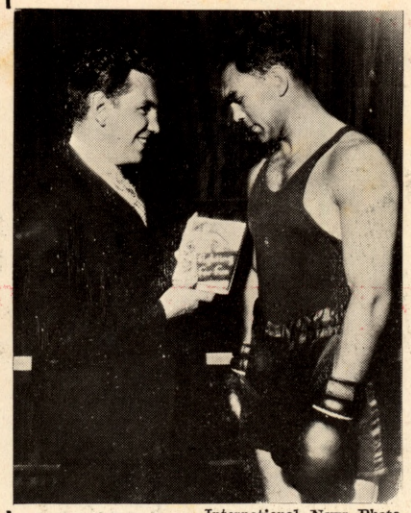

## The OLD-TIMERS' NUMBER

# FIGHTING FOR FUN

## By Eddie Eagan

*World's Amateur Heavyweight Champion*

A book that appeals to amateurs and professionals alike, written by one who knows the game from A to Z, who was the Intercollegiate heavyweight champion, the Amateur Athletic Union title holder, the middleweight champion of the Allied Armies, the Olympic Games light-heavyweight champion in 1921, the English Intercollegiate crown wearer and then toured the world in search of boxing adventures.



International News Photo

*Eddie Eagan presenting a copy of "Fighting for Fun" to Max Schmeling*

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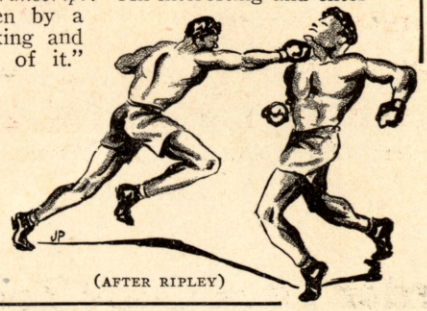


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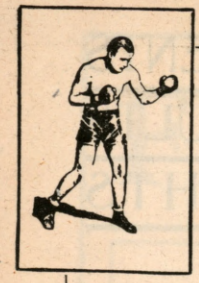
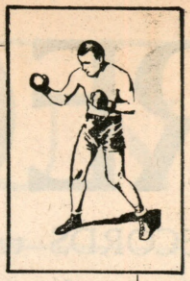


# The RING




*World's Foremost Boxing Magazine*



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## *In Our Next Issue*

The announcement by Ben Jeby, New York's middleweight king, that he will not risk his title against any Negro, recalls the names of other famed gladiators who banned the colored race. You'll find in "Drawing the Color Line" an interesting story on those who dodged the "black shadow" to save themselves from defeat. "There's a Nigger in the woodpile," is an old saying, and in this case, the gentlemen of color are two hard-hitting boys, Sammy Slaughter and Gorilla Jones.

Ed W. Smith, former Chicago Sports Editor and one of the world's greatest boxing and wrestling referees of a quarter of a century ago, comes back with humorous yarns of the old days. You'll like his "In the Squared Circle."

"Dixie's Part in Fisticuffs," by Milton K. Wallace, tells of the stars of the Southland who have made fistic history.

There is no better informed fight critic in the world than that veteran announcer, Joe Humphreys, former manager of Terry McGovern, who has seen the greatest pugilists come and go over a stretch of forty years. Humphreys calls Joe Grim, Boxing's Curiosity. Do you want to know why? Read his article in the April number.

These, in addition to Daniel M. Daniel's fiction, the continuation of the splendid wrestling series, "From Milo to Londos" by A. D. Phillips, and contributions by Wilbur Woods, New York's leading fight critic, "Tex" Austin, Charles F. Mathison and Arthur Lumley.


**The Ring** is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of The Ring guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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# Herr Max, *the* Artful Dodger

*American Boxing Insists on a Return Match Between Schmeling and Sharkey*

By Max Fleischer

IN world boxing today there is just one outstanding match—a return fight between Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling. The promoters know this, the public wants it, the dirty-faced kid down by the railroad yards talks about it.

However, it seems that 1933 is not to see another Sharkey-Schmeling encounter. This time the German is the artful dodger. What is it all about?

Jack Dempsey has signed Schmeling to fight Max Baer. There is talk of Sharkey fighting Carnera or what have you. What is the real reason for Schmeling's ignoring the chance to regain the world's championship? Who is he to dictate at this time and why does American boxing continue to put up with such arrogance and such defiance of the best interests of the sport?

Boxing in the United States picked itself up during the past half year. Until the announcement that Schmeling had broken with the Garden, things looked rosy. It appeared that by summer, when a Schmeling-Sharkey return bout could be staged, the sport might stage a real comeback.

But just as things were beginning to right themselves, up came the usual managerial and promoters' squabbles. The one bout that could have saved the game was eliminated from the summer cards, and with it, the prospects for boxing's comeback received a solid blow between the eyes.

It seems that, while in other business ventures the men at the helm are willing to work with might and main to assure the elimination of all obstacles, in boxing, it is otherwise.

Apparently those who benefit most by meeting the present conditions, are the very ones who have an idea that there still exists a "sucker public." They forget that conditions today are far different from what they were when Dempsey and Tunney were performing for guarantees of $500,000 or more.

* * *

THOSE who pay the freight know what they want and they'll get it or won't come out. A return engagement between Sharkey and Schmeling is the one contest that will draw well even in depression times. It is the only "natural" of the year, a bout that is certain to draw upwards of $400,000, a huge sum in this money-tight era.

And yet, what do we find. Joe Jacobs, manager of the man from whom Sharkey regained the heavyweight title for America, has a bone to pick with Jimmy Johnston, the Garden promoter. He will have nothing more to do with the Garden so long as the "Wise Guy" is at the helm. And Bill Carey, president of the "House that Tex Built," finds himself in the position of having the heavyweight titleholder on his hands, without an attractive challenger to pit against him.

We cannot entirely blame Jacobs for deserting those who have made it possible for him during the past three years to reap a fortune for his German charge, for in Schmeling, he undoubtedly has the most colorful fighter of the times, and apparently with Herr Max, it is not a question of possessing the title so much as it is to possess much money.

The German figures that despite the fact that he had compelled Sharkey to accept only ten per cent of the gate for a return bout last summer, he still is the big drawing card and that if Sharkey wants him for a summer opponent, Jack must give up seven and a half per cent more of his guarantee to get the match. Just think of it! How things have changed!

There you have the most peculiar situation that ever existed in pugilism—that of a challenger dictating to a champion, and refusing the chance for which fighters often fought for a mere pittance. Strange indeed! I cannot understand such an attitude.

Granted that Schmeling is worth what he demands, it must be admitted even by his staunchest supporters, among whom I find myself, that he set the precedence. What was good for the goose in the summer of 1932, should be equally good for the gander this year. After all the title is the big thing these days and since Max and his followers are so confident that he will regain it if he clashes with Sharkey, why bicker for a few thousand dollars?

* * *

THE RING is not interested in the promotion of boxing, but is very much concerned in keeping the sport on the up-grade. It has no fault to find with Jacobs and Dempsey for promoting a Schmeling-Baer bout, for, after all, a promoter seeks a good drawing card and in the above, Dempsey and his partners have obtained the finest attraction outside of a fight between champion and challenger, provided the challenger is the Black Uhlan. Yet, unless the tops for the Baer-Schmeling bout are placed at $7.00, with that price being only for a limited number of seats, even that attractive card won't draw beyond the $100,000 mark.

Based on such a net, Schmeling would get only $30,000 for his end, whereas in a bout with Sharkey for the title, he not only would be receiving as much or more, but in addition, would be fighting for a crown. And the winning of that championship would be worth $1,000,000 to Max for there is probably no man in the heavyweight division today who is Max's equal. That's why the public is puzzled. Why give up the opportunity to regain the crown, a feat never before accomplished, for the uncertainty of fighting a tough hombre from California?

It still is not too late to change the front. In the best interests of boxing, it would be a wise move for Dempsey to sell the Schmeling-Baer fight to the Garden and for the Garden to consent to the purchase of agreements with the principals. Dempsey and his partners would then be aiding the sport to get back on its feet and at the same time clean up a snug sum for being relieved of the headaches that go with the promotion of such a gigantic affair.

And as for the Garden, it could then offer Baer the winner of the return Schmeling-Sharkey engagement and yet assure itself of a profit despite the additional burden that would be placed upon it. Wouldn't such arrangements clear the atmosphere and bring the sport back with a bang? We leave that to you to answer.

* * *

THIS is not the time to foist a Sharkey-Carnera, or a Sharkey-Schaaf bout upon the public. Nor is it the time for promoters' jealousies to upset the equilibrium of the sport. All hands must pull together for a common cause. That cause is the saving of boxing.

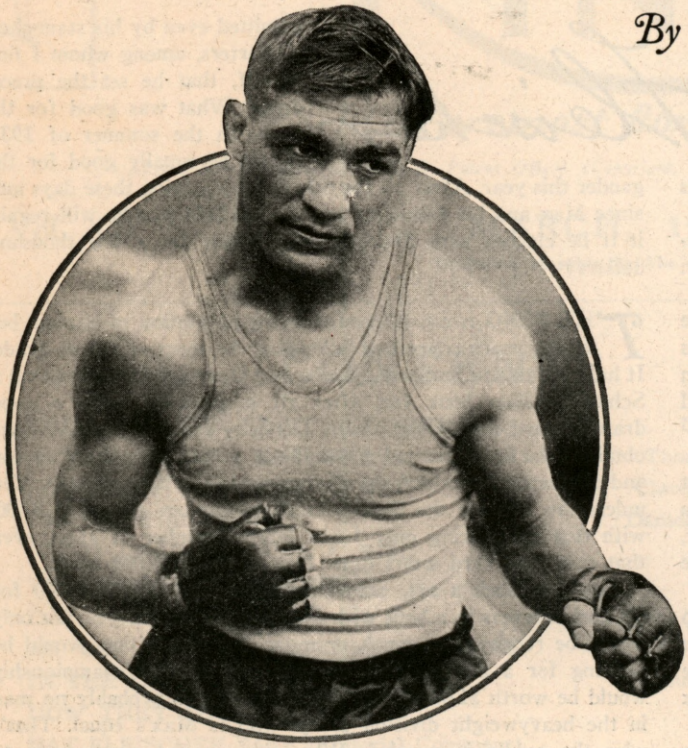
And if such action requires an additional sacrifice by the biggest characters in fisticuffs, it should be made. The supporters of boxing demand that the Garden executives, and the managers of Sharkey and Schmeling and Jack Dempsey get together to make it possible for a Sharkey-Schmeling fight to take place, with Baer to meet the winner. Those who argue that it is too late, are wrong.

It still can be done. The times require it; the sport demands it. The will of the fight fans, those who enable fighters and promoters to exist, should be met.

The fans want a Sharkey-Schmeling bout. That, alone, will bring them in droves next summer. They won't be buncoed into a substitute championship affair. Schmeling has the chance of a lifetime to establish ring history by whipping Sharkey. He should insist that his manager get him that bout above all. If he doesn't, then in the eyes of the public, he is trying to duck another Sharkey engagement and I see no reason why he should do that. He can beat Sharkey now.

# Body Punching Returns

By THOMAS GILLIGAN



*Paul Berlenbach was one of the heaviest body punishers in modern fisticuffs*

JACK DEMPSEY was sitting in a room surrounded by newspapermen, who were plying him with questions regarding his promotorial plans. He had just signed Max Schmeling, former world's heavyweight champion, and Max Baer, California's great prospect, to a fifteen-round bout to be staged next June, and the boys were anxious to learn from the king of modern gladiators why he had cast his hat into the ring again instead of continuing in the rôle of referee and in giving exhibitions throughout the country.

"You want to know why I am again becoming a promoter? Well, that's easily answered. Because in Schmeling and Baer, we have the two greatest fighters of the age—not tap artists, nor members of the waltz brigade, but two thoroughbred battlers who are the nearest approach to the old-time stars of pugilism that we have seen in many years," replied Jack.

"How about yourself?" asked one of the scribes.

"Well," answered Dempsey, "one doesn't like to talk about himself, but if you must have my answer, then I'll say that both Schmeling and Baer are my ideals, because they fight the way I did. They know what body-punching means. They know that aggressiveness in boxing is a crowd pleaser and, by their display in their recent bouts, they have proved to the public that those who pay to see them in action do not have to go away disappointed. I learned that years ago, and that's why, every time I fought, we packed 'em in, and that's just what's going to happen when Baer and Schmeling clash."

Now, that statement of Dempsey's hit the nail right on the head. No one ever accused the erstwhile Manassa Mauler of being a slow thinker and he certainly proved in his answers to the above queries that he had given long and serious thought to the promotorial problem before joining hands with Tim Mara in his latest venture. And that he'll succeed is a foregone conclusion, because he has the best available heavyweight card sewed up and because he has two body-punching gladiators, both colorful fighters, to attract the fans to the ball park.

The part that body-punching has played in American pugilism furnishes an interesting study. When Schmeling faced Sharkey in the Garden Bowl last summer, the bulk of his attack was to the Bostonian's body. When the German fought Young Stribling in the Cleveland Stadium, those who viewed that contest were treated to one of the finest exhibitions of body-punching seen in an American ring since Dempsey was in his prime.

* * *

TO Schmeling we owe much for reviving the vogue of body-punching. Prior to his rise to fistic fame, the average fighter was essentially a head fighter, one who kept shooting his punches for the chin and seldom directed his blows for the mid-section. But when Schmeling demonstrated the value of the body attack, as Dempsey had a few years before him, the lesser lights in pugilism began to copy Herr Max's style, with the result that the ring today boasts of more body-punching scrappers than have appeared at any one time in the last two decades.

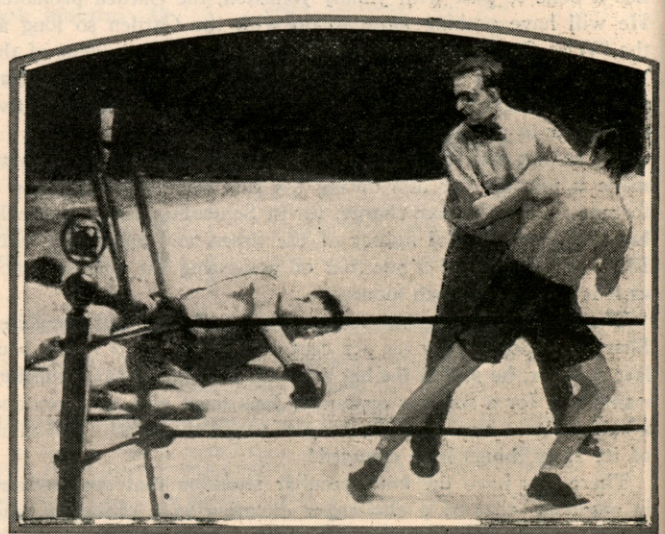
When American fisticuffs was at its peak, body-punching was the style used by the leaders in all divisions. True, we had our clever boxers at the same time, men like Corbett, Gans, McCoy, Ryan, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Choynski, Britt, Erne and others of the Scientific School, but even they varied the style to suit the occasion. But they were not what would be termed body hitters.

Probably the greatest body-puncher of all time was Peter Jackson, the Negro who couldn't get a chance at the heavyweight title because of his color. Jim Corbett, who fought Peter a sixty-one-round draw, is authority for that statement. Gentleman Jim declares that one of Jackson's punches struck him over the heart with such force that he thought the organ would stop beating.

"That one smash was enough for me," said Corbett. "Thereafter I made certain that he wouldn't hit me again, and I resorted to cleverness to save myself. I stalled for several rounds before I could get back to normal after that heart smash."

* * *

THE history of boxing shows that it was the army of Australian boxers who had come to this country in the late eighties and early nineties who introduced body-punching to the fight game, after a lapse of about twenty years. They were all remarkable hitters and most effective at body hitting, an art that had been lost for many years after John L. Sullivan had made his mark in pugilism. It was John L. who made the knockout blow famous and his knockout punch was a clout to the chin, or to the button, as it was called.



*Max Schmeling made his mark in America by the manner in which he pounded away at Johnny Risko until he knocked out the Cleveland "Rubber Man"*

# *Schmeling, Baer and Sharkey are Greatest Exponents of a Lost Art—Is Becoming Popular Style Among Present-Day Fighters*

Almost forty years ago a great flock of clever Australian boxers came to this country for fistic conflicts. They all knew the value of strenuous body walloping. Among the most noted were Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, Joe Goddard (the so-called Barrier champion), Billy Murphy, Young Griffo, Dan Creedon, Tom Tracey, Jim Hall, Frank P. Slavin, Paddy Gorman, Billy McCarthy, Abe Willis, Jim Barron, George Dawson, Jim Ryan, Billy Smith, Hughey Napier, Tom Meadows, and George Mulholland, with Jackson the most impressive.

Before Sullivan's time, such American champions as John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, Joe Coburn, Billy Edwards and others, used body blows with great effect in their tough, gruelling, bare-knuckle mills that always went to a finish. But after Sullivan beat Paddy Ryan, things changed and remained so for many years thereafter.

Sullivan was of the opinion that chin hitting was the most vital and decisive method of combating an opponent. That was the general belief when the great John L. used to knock them flat within four rounds on his exhibition tours. He was essentially a head fighter and seldom shot for the mid-section.

During his long reign as a mighty champion, the great majority of ringsters followed John L.'s jaw-crashing style. Body-punching became almost a lost tactic in the American ring.

The lesser lights of fistiana invariably try to imitate or copy the battling style of the reigning champion.

It was Sullivan who really introduced and made the quick, effective jaw-knockout blow so popular, that revolutionized Queensberry boxing both here and abroad.

It was indeed a most decided and sensational revelation in the old manly art. Sullivan's remarkable demonstration of the K. O. punch on his famous devastating tours from coast to coast acclaimed him not only an illustrious world-beater, but the most idolized of all champions.

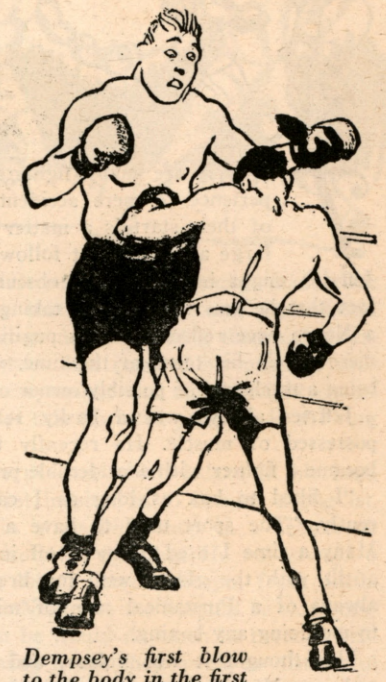
Besides, the speedy K. O. punch eliminated a great deal of the old punishment of the long, bloody old bouts, when men battered each other into more or less pulp.

In fact, Sullivan's quick knockouts were far more humane and painless in every way. In his numerous Queensberry combats he never damaged his victims to any extent, but with a heavy wallop on the chin sent them into a mystic dream, as it were, with birds singing a sweet lullaby while they were being counted down and out.

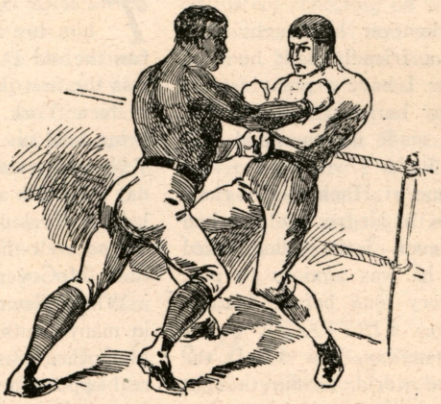
When Charley Mitchell came to this country in 1883, seeking fistic fame and Yankee dollars, he was quickly matched with Mike Cleary, a very worthy Philadelphia light-heavyweight, who was a great pal of John L.'s and quite like Sullivan in his ring tactics and knockouts.

Cleary was backed by his many admirers to defeat the newly arrived Britisher with one of his powerful right-hand smashes on the chin.

But what a shock the artful Mitchell gave Cleary and his followers! Great Jehoshaphat! The clever Britisher was of the old Jem Mace school of boxers, with a straight, lightning-fast left punch for the body chiefly, that not only amazed Cleary, but stopped him in the second round.



*Dempsey's first blow to the body in the first round knocked out big Carl Morris*



*Peter Jackson, recognized as one of the greatest body hitters of all time*

The humiliating defeat of Cleary so aroused Sullivan that he immediately accepted a challenge to combat the clever Englishman at the old Madison Square Garden before a packed arena.

Mitchell was very fast on his feet and dodged and ran around the ring like a fox chased by a roaring lion. Sullivan floored his nimble opponent several times, but the game Britisher was there to stay the four rounds or to be shipped back to England in cold storage. In the third round, John L. turned his head to speak to a newly arrived friend, as he stood with his feet close together. With a dash, Mitchell drove his left into the big fellow's stomach and down he went kerplunk on his seat, greatly amazed.

The old Garden was in an uproar! It was the first time Sullivan was ever knocked down. He jumped to his feet like a wild bull and, with a mighty smash, sent Mitchell flying through the ropes into the press seats.

The courageous Englishman, in a half-dazed condition, was pushed back into the ring by the sports writers, just as Dempsey was when Firpo drove him out of the roped arena among the reporters in this city on September 14, 1923.

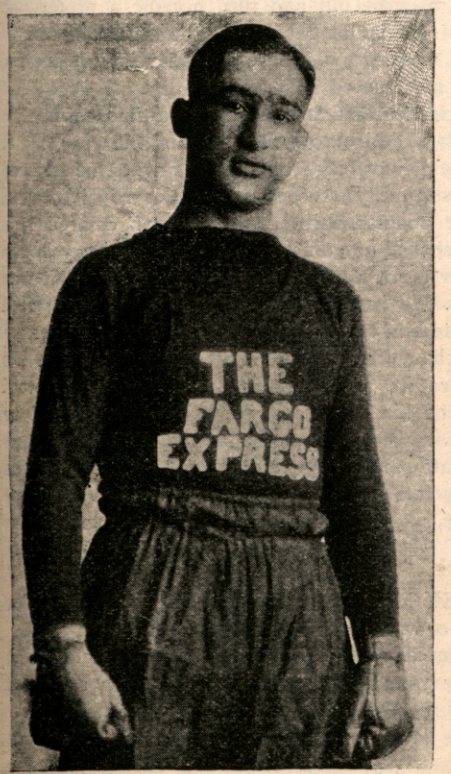
John L. made another desperate attempt to annihilate the plucky Britisher, but Police Captain Williams, with some other cops, stopped John L. and the show was over.

* * *

NO fistic expert could have classed Jim Corbett as a body fighter. "Gentleman Jim" was certainly a wizard of the manly art—a fine example or combination of the old English and American school of masterly boxing science and speed.

A real body-puncher must invariably be a rather rough and rugged infighter, *à la* Jack Dempsey. Corbett never fought in close or in a clinch, as many of the present-day battlers do so constantly.

Corbett always combated at long range, perpetually fusilading his antagonist in a most tantalizing and confusing manner. I shall never forget the wonderful bout he put against Jim Jeffries on May 11, 1900, at the old Coney *(Continued on page 35)*




*Billy Petrolle is a smashing body puncher, as he exemplified particularly in his bout with Just Suarez*

# How They Got

*By* CLARENCE GILLESPIE

THERE are many fighters who owe their fistic experience to mere accident, and naturally the source of their start is a matter of no little interest to the large army of fight followers all over the world. Jim Jeffries might have been an obscure boilermaker but for the fact that he was twitted into taking up the profession because a Negro once reflected on his pugilistic prowess. Jeffries was a mere lad in his teens at the time, with no other thought than being a mechanic, or possibly owner of a boiler factory some day.

Jeffries always was a husky fellow, strong, vigorous and possessed of muscle. He recently told the story of how he became a fighter with considerable pride.

"I liked to box as long as I can remember," he said recently. "The sport used to have a great fascination for me. Many a time I used to sneak off in some quiet spot and have a tilt with the gloves with my brother Jack. Dad, who was always of a Puritanical turn of mind, was naturally opposed to me doing any boxing.

"He thought it was vulgar, and whenever he caught Jack and myself with the gloves enjoying a friendly bout he used to take me to task and chide me. Now I have a great respect for my father, but I could not see any harm in the exercise. But he pleaded so long that I finally made up my mind that I would obey his wishes and quit. And I did.

"But before long a fellow by the name of Hank Griffin came to town. Griffin, as you are aware, is a Negro, and he had the reputation of being strong and clever. Some folks looked upon him as a bully. They said that he was anxious to pick a quarrel. At any rate it was not very long before I came across Griffin, and we had it out.

"I can recall, as if it were but yesterday, how I left the factory with the best intentions in the world. Griffin thought that he was invincible and I said to myself that if he was he had to show me. So a match between us was arranged. There was nothing on the side. It was simply to show this fellow up that I consented to meet him.

"We fought with small gloves and I won in less than fifteen rounds. Whew! It was certainly a slashing bout, and I made a hit with my chums by bringing the Negro to his level. I guess you know the rest after that. I got tired of working in the factory and went to San Francisco.

"There I made the acquaintance of Billy Delaney. Delaney was handling Jim Corbett then and was looking for some good man to assist Corbett in training for his fight with Bob Fitzsimmons. Delaney thought that I would make a good workout partner for Corbett and I took the job. I got a lot of experience at the training camp, the kind one cannot obtain in the gymnasium."

* * *

PETER JACKSON became a fighter after he had learned, through a battle with the chief mate of a ship on which Peter was employed, that he possessed a great left hand and that he could hold his own against any man. The officer, a German, was a cruel man who flogged the deck hands at the least provocation and took great delight in inflicting severe punishment on the Negroes of his crew.

One day the German battered a young boy into insensibility. When Jackson came on the scene and saw that the German had used an iron bar on the lad's legs, he decided to risk imprisonment on a charge of mutiny, by offering to whip the officer if he would agree to fight like a man; without other than the use of nature's weapons, the bare fists.

Peter was well liked by the captain who disregarded the officer's charge against Peter and consented to referee the mill. Jackson not only avenged himself for the many insults he had suffered at the hands of the German, but avenged the beatings his mates had received. He beat the German so badly that the officer quit the ship during their stay at Sydney.

A report of Peter's prowess was brought to Larry Foley, owner of a saloon and boxing club, and Larry sent for Peter and offered to give him some assignments. Jackson accepted, and so well did he perform, that he gained the respect of his great teacher who launched Peter on a professional fighting career. One night Foley pitted Peter against a bully and Peter won in such quick order that Foley was amazed and delighted. "You'll do, Peter," he remarked. Thereafter he was tutored for a time by Foley and in a few years, Peter became one of the world's most renowned heavyweights. Peter lived up to his Australian reputation when he fought in this country and in Europe.

* * *

TERRY McGOVERN credited Billy Newman with giving him his first start. Newman, as ring devotees will recall, ran the old Polo A. C., at 155th street and Eighth avenue, and was the first promoter to realize the possibilities of cheap boxing in New York. Newman used to give weekly shows, the affairs being held on Saturday nights.

Newman was always on the watch for new talent and one day received a visit from McGovern. Terry was a mite of a lad, undeveloped and green. He went on with a novice and did so well that Newman gave him a couple of more chances. Soon McGovern made a local reputation.

When Newman ran shows in Yonkers, McGovern figured in many bouts and when the boxing scene shifted to Brooklyn, McGovern was in evidence at most of the shows. Terry's first real opportunity came when he fought George Monroe at Coney Island. He knocked Monroe out and then became a protégé of Sam Harris, who was managing Monroe at the time. The combination was a great success and before long McGovern became a champion and the most noted boxer of his day.

Joe Gans was a clerk in a fish market in Baltimore when he became imbued with a desire to seek fame in the ring. Gans did not have the least knowledge of fisticuffs when he entered the ring for the first time. In those days battles royal between four Negroes were popular. Little "boogies" or colored lads just itched for the chance of going on in the preliminary bouts.

Some of them rarely got any pay for their efforts. But it was different with Gans. He had a following and the management decided to compensate him to the extent of $5 for his services.

The lightweight champion earned every cent he made in his first fight. He waded in, swinging his arms in any old way. One after another of his opponents flopped, knocked dead to the world and in a few weeks Gans had established himself as one of the best battle royal exponents in the South. Gans picked up a lot of points about boxing and very soon was proficient. Success came, and in two years he was close to the top.

* * *

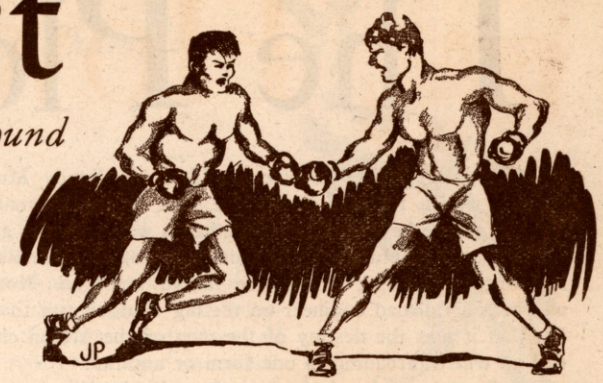
TOM SHARKEY learned his boxing when he was a sailor aboard a man-o'-war.

Jack Sharkey entered the field of pugilism after taking the measure of a sailor who had attacked him over an argument involving ice cream.

Gene Tunney was lured into the ring through his need for money. He was financially embarrassed and having gained a knowledge of fighting as an amateur, he went into the professional field when he found that he could gain a livelihood more readily in that profession than by returning to the work of a clerk which

# Their Start

*Many Champions of the Roped Square Found Their Way into Pugilism Through an Accident—Defeat of a Town Bully Was the Beginning of Jeffries' Career*




he had held prior to his enlistment in the Marines during the World War.

Jack Dempsey's start was made in the mines of Colorado. After the leader of a gang of bullies had repeatedly dropped chunks of dirt on Jack's head, Jack decided that he would have it out with him and beat him so severely with a few punches, that he never thereafter was molested. That victory gave him confidence and when he found himself stranded, he decided to make boxing pay his way.

* * *

THE parents of John L. Sullivan had designed him for the priesthood. But the Boston strong boy had other intentions. He went to work in a tinsmith's shop in Roxbury. Sullivan was an athlete and fond of baseball. Sullivan's love of baseball was so great that he often played hookey instead of going to work. For this he was repeatedly reproached by the foreman.

One day Sullivan got in a row with the foreman and wound up by knocking him through the window. Mike Donovan, who is now boxing instructor at the New York A. C., was the manager of a club in Boston. Sullivan drifted to that city and spent many nights in the club watching ambitious fighters try their skill. Eventually Sullivan thought that he could do well with the gloves and put them on just for the fun of the thing.

Sullivan, with his strength and natural ruggedness, had no trouble in beating his men. He liked the sport so well that he concluded that it was more profitable and congenial than being housed in a shop all day, and became a pugilist.

Nonpariel Jack Dempsey, Jack McAuliffe and Jack Skelly used to work side by side in the same boiler factory in Brooklyn. They were all fond of boxing, and Dempsey and McAuliffe used to perform in the open lots.

Dempsey seemed to care more for wrestling and was found more on the mat than he was in the ring. McAuliffe got his chance when Billy Madden gave an amateur boxing tournament in New York. He was so successful that he became a professional. He has since boasted that he never trained in the real sense of the word after he left the amateur field.

Dempsey did so well at grappling that one day John Shanley, now dead, wanted to know why Dempsey did not become a boxer. Dempsey declared that he never had the chance, but the opportunity came when Shanley matched him for $200 a side against an "unknown." Dempsey knocked his rival out in jig time, and his career as a full-fledged pugilist began from that hour.

Gus Ruhlin worked in a printing shop before he became a pugilist. He began by whipping town bullies and wound up by becoming an enthusiastic football player. Ruhlin's first test was when he fought Steve O'Donnell, who was traveling around the country meeting all comers.

* * *

JIM CORBETT entered the boxing profession through an accident. He became a member of the Olympic A. C. of San Francisco because of his fine achievements on the baseball field. One day he entered the gymnasium of the club and watched Prof. Walter Watson, the club's instructor, teach several members the mysteries of the art of self defense.

Corbett, after a while, thought that he could do as well if not better than the members and asked for a chance to put the gloves on with Watson. Corbett, although he acknowledged that he did not know the first rudiments of boxing, made such a surprisingly fine showing that Watson became enthusiastic and volunteered to take Corbett under his wing then and there.

In just three months, Watson had coached his pupil so well that he won the amateur heavyweight and middleweight championships of California. After this Corbett's progress in the ring was comparatively easy.

A fragment from a piece of iron which lodged in his head gave Battling Nelson his first inspiration to become a pugilist. The Dane was employed in a machine shop in a suburb of Chicago, with fighting far from his thoughts. He was always a tough youngster and had a lot of narrow escapes from death.

After an accident had sent Nelson to the hospital he was lying on his cot reflecting on what he would do when he became well. Nelson concluded that returning to the shop would be distasteful to him. He wanted something more ambitious, and then and there hit upon the idea of becoming a pugilist.

"I don't know just how the thought seized me," explained Nelson afterward. "It just came over me. I told myself that if I ever recovered I would go into the ring. I said that being hit on the head with a piece of iron was worse than being struck with a glove and that if I could stand the iron I certainly could stand the punch. So I took the sport up."

* * *

ABE ATTELL says that a cartoon of a fighting exhibition in San Francisco gave him his first idea of taking up the profession. Attell thought that it would be a fine thing to have his own picture in the paper some day and butted into one of the preliminary bouts in San Francisco.

Jack O'Brien of Philadelphia was a natural born fighter. His father's hayloft was his favorite stamping ground and all the boys in the neighborhood felt the sting of Jack's knockout blows.

George Dixon began life in a photograph gallery. Dixon made the acquaintance of a modern Job Trotter while delivering orders. He met another Negro from whom he tried to glean some important information. The Negro deceived him and Dixon made up his mind that if he ever met the fellow again he would give his a thrashing.

Fate brought the pair together again, and the featherweight kept his word with such dispatch that the Negro never deceived anyone else afterward. Dixon's success prompted him to take up boxing, and before long the colored boy startled the sporting world with his wonderful ring achievements.

Jem Mace helped Bob Fitzsimmons to become a fighter. The Cornishman worked as a blacksmith and when the retired English heavyweight champion appeared in Australia and held an amateur boxing tournament Fitzsimmons was one of the first to volunteer.

Fitz, with his long, lanky frame, had no trouble in making the required weights in two classes, and the manner in which he won convinced both Mace and himself that fighting and not blacksmithing was his forte. So Fitz deserted the bellows and the anvil for the glamour of the ring.

* * *

BENNY LEONARD attributes his start in boxing to the success of Leach Cross. Here is what Benny says:

"In the yard back of a little pool *(Continued on page 34)*

# The Plot Sickens!

EVERYBODY in Elkville liked big Sandy Moton. He was a favorite among the men in the railroad shops, where he worked. And he had a way with the girls, too, at the Saturday night dances in Eagles Hall. But Sandy had one outstanding defect. He lacked ambition. Moton, Sr., who was a railroad engineer on the big Wabash run to Chicago, felt that it was the destiny of the men of the Moton clan to be tied up with railroading in one form or another.

But Sandy's mother had other plans for her big boy. "Listen, Sandy, I have no complaint," she told him, time after time. "You are a fine lad, you work hard and don't go gadding about. But surely you must have a hankering for something better than working in the railroad shops. Why, my dad came across country from New Hampshire in a covered wagon. He had the flaming ambition of the pioneer."

"I know all about that, mother," Sandy would laugh. "Folks don't go gallivanting around the country in covered wagons any more. There is no more pioneering to be done. All the lands are taken up, all the Indians are quiet and filed away on little reservations where they drive limousines and live off oil royalties. Why, a man is lucky to have a job these days!" And he'd give her a loving pat on the back and scamper off.

Even Sallie Welton, in whom Sandy appeared to have a special interest, could do nothing toward rousing the younger Moton's ambition. "Thirty-three dollars a week, steady! Why, I'd be a sucker to get ambitious. The bread lines are full of college graduates who thought they were going to build bridges and tunnels," he told her.

* * *

HOWEVER, there was one thing about which Sandy was ambitious, and that was his physical prowess among the men of the Elkville shops. Sandy pitched on the shop nine. He played a little football now and then. He had a certain amount of skill as a boxer. But his favorite sport was wrestling.

Every day, during the luncheon hour, the men of the shops held impromptu wrestling bouts, and there wasn't a man among them who could pin Sandy's shoulders to the ground.

Soon the Shorten Plough Works began to send over occasional challengers. The Drayton Harvester Works, over on the other side of Elkville, issued a formal challenge and Sandy had it out with the Drayton champion, Sam Keeler. It took Sandy just twelve minutes to pin the challenger to the canvas.

"Why, we can make some dough, you and I," Slim Dayhill, the local boxing and wrestling promoter told Sandy the next morning. "I'll put you on at my weekly shows, and I'll see to it that you aren't bothered much. Get me?"

Sandy laughed. "Slim, you're barking up the wrong tree. I'm no sucker. I can wrestle with the boys around here, but when it comes to being a professional—well, that's a different matter. And you know I wouldn't fake for all the money there is in wrestling. No, home town boy cannot see big proposition and must turn down, Slim."

"Sucker!" said Dayhill. "Smart guy," chuckled Sandy, as he went back to work on a flat engine wheel.

* * *

TWO weeks later Dayhill was in Chicago, consulting with Duke Warder, the wrestling impresario, about a couple of headliners for a big card.

"How are things down your way, Slim? With a big industrial population like Elkville's you ought to develop a few of your own local draws," Warder said. "You're asleep at that railroad switch."

"Oh, there's nobody around who amounts to much," Slim explained. "That is, nobody but one. A bird by the name of Moton, who works in the shops. Two hundred and twenty, hard as nails, only twenty, and I think a comer. But he has no ambition."

Warder perked up. "No ambition, eh? And what do the boys around town think of him?"

"Well, there's nobody in Elkville who can throw the bohunk. The lads over to the plough and harvester works have challenged him, but nobody can stay fifteen minutes with him. Still, he's just a country wrestler. Knows little about the tricks of the game."

"Think the local yokels would back this phenom with any dough?" Warder asked.

"Well, the boys are not what you would call suckers. They wouldn't go for a bout with a professional—with anybody they knew nothing about. They think Sandy is pretty good, but they don't think he's good enough to be a pro. So what's in your mind, Duke, is out. I couldn't afford to get mixed up in it, anyway. S'long."

* * *

FOUR days later the yard detectives threw a bum off the Des Moines Local. He had been hiding in a box car. The stray dashed down an alley, got away from the bulls, and meandered into town.

"Need a porter?" he asked George Scarrner, who ran the Elkville House. Now, it so happened that George had fired the handy man only an hour before.

"I sure need a job," the bum insisted. "Just got away from the bulls down at the yard. I can do anything wanted around the place. Give me a chance."

And so it came about that Frank Jones became the porter at the Elkville House. A husky bird, this Jones. Weighed something like two hundred, and not the soft, blowsy looking mess most bums are.

A week passed, and Frank Jones stuck pretty close to his job. The second week in town Jones began to inquire about local sporting attractions. A few traveling men in the hotel lobby joshed him good naturedly.

"I used to be a pretty good rassler, and I think I could give a good account of myself," he insisted.

"Well, we'll give you a chance tomorrow," said Scarrner, giving the traveling men the wink. "We'll take you down to the railroad yards and try you out with some of the home talent."

It was a scream. Frank Jones wrestled with Toby Andrews, and they tugged and hauled for half an hour, until Toby finally tossed the porter into an ash heap.

* * *

JONES kept frequenting the railroad yards during these grappling matinees and he kept working himself into the good graces of the gang.

Soon a couple of traveling men showed up at the Elkville House, and accompanied Jones to the workouts. They watched Frank pin one of the third-class boys of the railroad shops, and they made a proposition.

"We have five hundred bucks that this Jones can throw the best in town," they announced. "We don't know this porter from Adam. But we know wrestlers when we see them, and this guy has the stuff."

"You're on," chuckled Gibby Gillert, the foreman. He winked to the gang. "It will be easy to cover that five hundred right here in the shop. But remember, we warned you."

"Yes, and remember we told you this bum could wrestle," one of the strangers insisted, getting quite huffy about it. "You small town smart guys think you know it all."

Gibby placated the stranger. "We don't know everything, but

# *Duke Warder's Scheme to Take Four Grand Out of Elkville Makes Sandy Moton World's Wrestling Champion*

## *By* DANIEL M. DANIEL

we do know we have a boy here who can throw this bum over the yard fence."

It was arranged to stage the bout in Eagles Hall the following week. Slim Dayhill was to be the referee.

* * *

THE day before the time set for the Moton-Jones bout the traveling men asked for a week's postponement. "Our man needs more training," they complained.

"Getting cold feet, eh?" Gillert laughed. The traveling men got sore. "Cold feet, eh? Well, we'll add five hundred more to the side bet. We've seen this Sandy Moton and if he is a wrestler this porter is Gotch and Hackenschmidt rolled into one. We just want to be sure that Jones is fit physically. We just heard today how he came into town in a box car."

The following week saw the Moton-Jones wrestling bout steamed up in great style. News of the contest reached the county seat at Dayton and the sports editor of the Dayton *News* drove over to get all the details. It made an interesting story.

On the night of the bout, a careful canvass would have disclosed the startling fact that Elkville had backed Moton to the extent of four thousand dollars. The traveling men had picked up wagers of fifty here and fifty there, and Eagles Hall was jammed as it never had been crowded before. Yes, Doc Knowlton recalled that it had been crowded the night McKinley spoke there in his campaign against Bryan.

Moton spent the first ten minutes sizing up Jones. As for the porter, he made a travesty of the bout. That is, for half an hour. He was awkward, ungainly, amazed at some of the tricks Sandy worked on him. It was a great pantomime.

Then Jones got busy. The porter was transformed into a crafty, powerful wrestler. Moton sensed the change quickly. Dayhill, who had been taken in as cleanly as the rest of the home gang, went into a panic.

"Slim, you rat, you went and pulled that stunt anyway, and made me the goat," Sandy whispered into Dayhill's ear. "Well, you and your gang won't get away with it."

* * *

JONES was a revelation. But so was Moton. Sandy developed grappling skill which even he himself had not suspected was in him. Sandy showed holds that the railroad shops boys never had seen before.

After an hour of hard work, Jones got into a position to work the flying mare and Sandy landed dizzy and almost out. But Moton stalled around for a few minutes while his head cleared. He had an advantage of seven or eight years over Jones. And he was more powerful than the porter.

Twenty-two minutes later Moton fastened a half-nelson on Jones, and working in a crotch hold, had the porter on the verge of defeat. Elkville made the rafters ring with acclaim of its home boy.

Jones tried some of the Sonnenberg football stuff on Sandy but Moton, who knew a bit about gridiron tactics himself, had been expecting this. As Jones charged, Moton sidestepped and the porter landed on the floor outside the ring. He was barely able to get back into the ring inside twenty seconds. The traveling men, at the ringside, were worried. Four thousand bucks at stake, and this Jones bird in imminent danger of being pinned.

Soon one of the strangers rose and eased his way toward the door. The other traveler followed. But at the exit they found Gillert and Tex Raftery, the town sheriff. "Not so fast, boys. You sure wouldn't want to miss the finish of so interesting a scrap," Tex chuckled. "Go back to your seats and stay there until we call on you."

WELL, they still are talking about that bout in Elkville. Two hours and forty-three minutes, and then Sandy got a Gotch toe-hold on the porter, and it was all over. Jones rolled over exhausted.

Elkville had a celebrity. And it was four thousand dollars to the good.

The next afternoon the traveling men and Jones sat in conference with Warder in his Chicago offices.

"A fine mess you made of it, and four grand gone to the dogs," Duke wailed.

"The great Farmer Graydon! Challenger for the world's wrestling title. I send you down to take a hayseed, and you let yourself be tricked by a little toe-hold. Farmer, you're through. As for you, Skeeley and Trant, you're much too smart for this game. Had it all rigged up, eh? Easy dough, what? City slickers take small town guys for all the dough in town, huh?"

And so it continued for an hour, while Warder vented his spleen on the discomfitted plotters. For Jones the porter, was none other than Farmer Graydon, well-known wrestler. It was an ancient trick they had tried on Elkville.

After Warder had talked himself out, Graydon began. "Well, I say that in spite of the loss of the four grand we did you a good turn, Duke. I say that this Moton guy is the coming champion. Why, he has everything. A regular Gotch, that bird. Powerful! Look at those ribs of mine." "Jones" stripped and showed black and blue bruises all over his body.

"Well, I want to think, so scram out of here, all of you financial wizards," said Warder.

* * *

"I TELL you for the fiftieth time, Sandy, I was not in on it, and I do not know yet who those birds were," Dayhill kept insisting that same night, as Moton had him on the grill.

"I can see through it all now. Jones flew the coop last night, and those two traveling men took the midnight for Chicago. If I know anything, Duke Warder will be here in a day or two with a proposition.

"Sandy, you really are a great wrestler. You are a better man than you ever dreamed of being. I still insist we can make a lot of dough. But it doesn't have to be the way I proposed some time ago. I think you can go to New York and Chicago and beat those stars on the level.

"Let me manage you. Keep away from this Warder and his gang, because you won't wrestle their way. What do you say?"

And there you have the inside story of the rise of Sandy Moton to the world's wrestling title.

He did show up at Elkville a week after the bout and offered Moton five thousand to sign a contract with him. But Sandy only laughed. "Dayhill beat you to it," he said. "I'll be tickled to meet this Jones again, any time you say. By the way, have you any other hotel porters in your stable?"

* * *

A YEAR later, after Sandy had tossed Strangler London for the championship in the Garden in New York, all Elkville turned out to see Sandy married to Sallie Welton.

"You always complained I had no ambition, mother," Sandy smiled. "Well, I did have one ambition. It was Sallie."

"Well, I sort of suspected that," Ma said. "But I did want to see you become the postmaster or something in Elkville."

# WHEN GRANDPA

*Mrs. Grover Cleveland, wife of the president of the United States, accompanied by her pet Great Dane as she strolls through the streets of Washington.*

GOOD old days, the days of the long ago! If you want to believe the old boys, "those were the days." But you can't always go by what the Old Guard insists. For their impressions are gilded.

Why, you have only to go through the ancient files of the *Police Gazette* to discover how much progress we have made on the social side. Those "good old days" were the days of the masher, the dude, the fop who offered to pay your wife's car fare and thus strike up an acquaintanceship.

Yes, grandpa, we have the goods on you, you old rascal! Take a squint at the old drawings which accompany this article. First we have Mrs. Grover Cleveland, the wife of the President of the United States,—a White House bride, by the way, and still alive, at Princeton, N. J.,—well, here we have the First Lady of the Land walking about Washington, guarded by a Great Dane.

Imagine the President's wife forced to take a watch dog with her on a constitutional through the streets of the nation's capital! But Washington of the late '80s was not the sweet-smelling, good-looking city of today. It had some awful slums.

So when the bride of the White House went walking, that big dog of hers barked at those who came too close. Yes, grandpa, those were the good old days. Now the president's wife goes abroad in a limousine guarded by secret service men. The nation isn't as close as it used to be to its greats, but it is just as well, grandpa.

* * *

THE second drawing shows a scene that was typical of the old days on Broadway in New York. Here is a stage beauty of the early '80s beating up a masher. You will note that it's right in front of the old Bijou Theatre.

The offender is a typical dandy of grandpa's day. For all I know, it is grandpa himself, for I hear he was a gay dog around the old Tenderloin in New York. But grandpa insists he's the bird with the dundrearies, standing close by and ready and willing to defend American womanhood to his last whisker.

You will note that Officer Moriarity, of the Broadway Squad, is right on the squad, with his billy in hand, ready to take up where the actress had left off. She seems to be doing pretty well for herself with the bumbershoot. It is indeed a scene of much gaiety.

And now let us travel off the beaten path of riotous Broadway, and run up to New Haven, Conn., where Yale College flourishes.

* * *

THE third drawing shows Yale students at a secret rendezvous,—a huge cave in which Bacchanalian and Lucullan rites were celebrated.

You will note that in the days of grandpa, the boys knew plenty about hipflasking, necking and all the other folderols which we have been led to believe are the exclusive patents of Flaming Youth of the current age.

Glasses held high, the bird in the back fiddling as Nero must have fiddled while Rome burned, the guy in the foreground sitting with the gal and giving her plenty of romancing, though she seems to be a nice little gal from a nice little New Haven family. Oh, the vipers!

So, you see, the days of grandpa were not exactly full of hymn

*A Broadway masher gets a beating from a stage beauty, with Officer Moriarity close by to help.*

# WAS A KID

By Olin Davis

singing, and grandpa was not exactly the saint he would like you to believe he was. But it was lots of fun, m'lads, —back in the days when grandpa was a kid.

* * *

THE accompanying picture is an illustration made by an artist of the *Police News* back in 1886, following a football game between Yale and its traditional rival, Harvard. The place in which the students gathered for their merry-making is still familiar to the boys of New Haven, who will recognize this as a famous eating place in the heart of the city. Despite prohibition, the wine still flows there, and the larks of the old days still go on, but the girls are prettier and the boys are more modernized.

The original drawing is called "Revelry Rampant," and is in possession of the author of this series. Note the dresses worn by the girls of those days. Quite different from what we see today, eh, boys?

In the case of the "Broadway Masher," grandpa will tell you that Billy Deutsch was a notorious flirt, whose specialty was standing in front of the burlesque house and accosting the pretty lassies as they emerged after a show. Billy was flogged by the girls quite frequently, but it was not until Rose Mignon handed him a shellacking that he finally disappeared.

*A secret rendezvous of Yale College boys of the early '80s, in a cave near New Haven.*

Remember those days, grandpa? There was a thrill then on every corner. Wasn't there? Oh, for those good old days!

# THE SPORTING

AS long as boxing lives, John Lawrence Sullivan will remain a glamorous figure. New stars may rise, new champions may be crowned, but as the years roll by Sullivan retains his hold on those who are intrigued by the romantic side of the game, and by the personality of the Boston Strong Boy.

There was one incident in the life of Sullivan which was especially poignant. That was the thirty-nine-round draw with Charley Mitchell, of England, at Chantilly, France, in 1888. Sullivan outweighed the Briton but could not stop him.

Sadly, Sullivan returned to this country, and Boston turned out for its favorite just as if he had beaten the Englishman. Telling of Sullivan's return, the *Illustrated Police News* of Boston starts off with a poem as follows:

"'When Johnny comes marching home again, hurrah! hurrah!

***Boston wined and dined Sullivan as if he had beaten Mitchell***

***The Champion on the deck of the Catalonia as it steamed into Boston Harbor***

***The Boston Strong Boy being taken off on the tug that carried the reception committee***

# GAZETTE

*Edited By*

**FINLEY PARK**

We'll give him a hearty welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes marching home.'

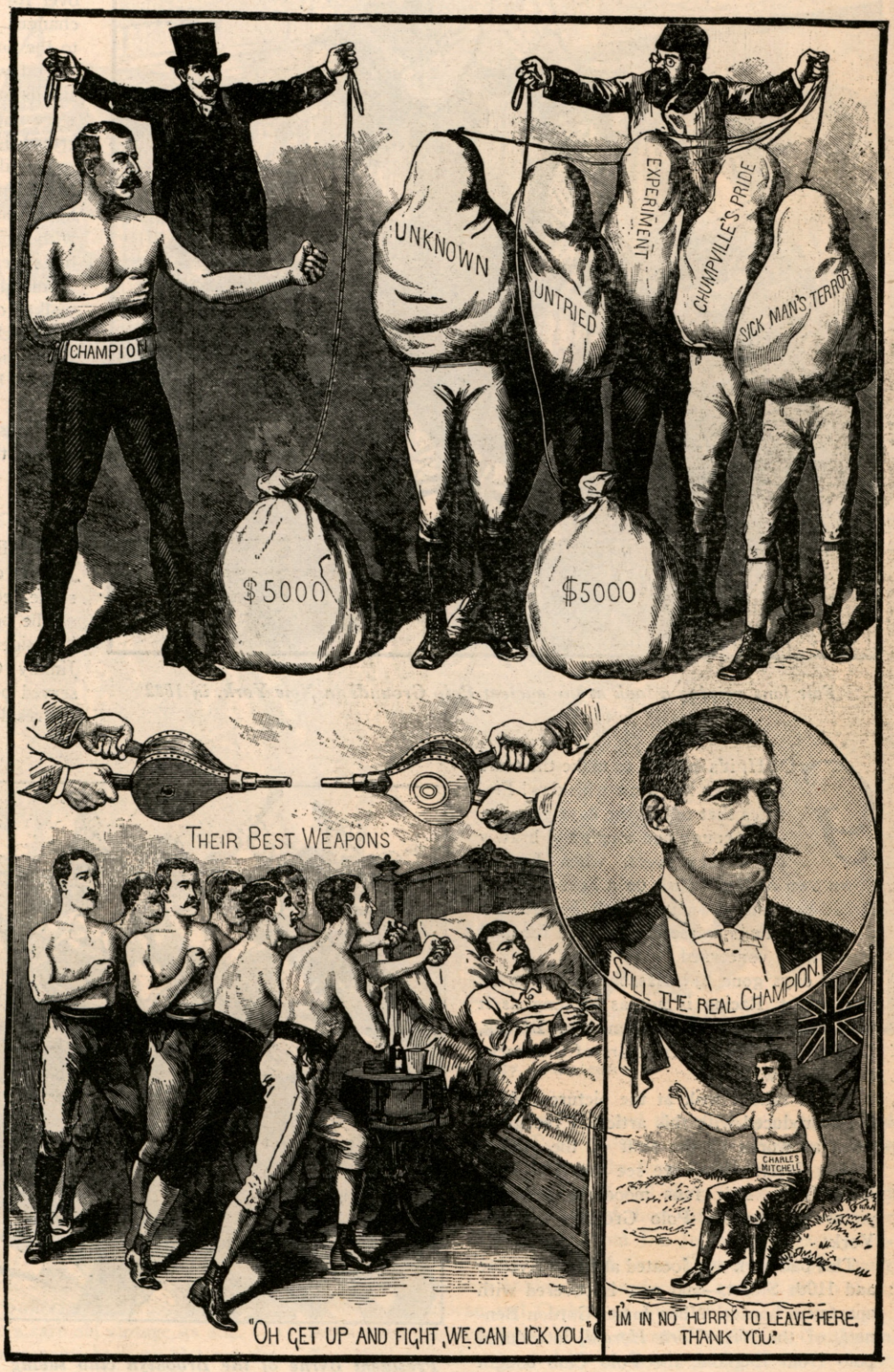
"The writer of this song did not have John L. Sullivan in mind when he wrote these well-known words; if he had, he would no doubt have changed them somewhat. Perhaps he might have written something like this:

"When Johnny comes sailing home again, hurrah! hurrah!
The gang will give him a welcome then, hurrah! hurrah!
The sports will cheer, the kids will shout,
If he didn't knock Charley Mitchell out,
And we'll all feel gay when Johnny comes sailing home'."

* * *

STEPPING briskly into the story of the Strong Boy's return, the *Police News* said:

"The friends of John L. were as gay as they could well be under the circumstances, and gave him as generous a welcome as their finances would permit, upon his return to his native town the morning of April 24. For two days previous to his arrival they had been 'waiting and watching' for John, and 'went down to the sea in tugs' in search of him. It was expected that the Cunarder 'Catalonia,' upon which he had taken passage from the land of the lion and the unicorn, would arrive in Boston harbor Sunday morning, April 22, but the fighter 'that they longed for never came' until two days later. The sporting men of Boston, and some from New York, *(Continued on page 33)*




***"Humbug and Bluff in Modern Pugilism" is the original caption on this cartoon, which shows a lot of second and third raters shouting defiance at Sullivan while he is ill in bed***

# Days Gone By!

*Fair fans swiping a look at the ancient Polo Grounds in New York, in 1882*

By

CHAS. F. MATHISON

GOSH, it's enough to make the tears run down into your whiskers! Pictures that tell of the days gone by,—the rough and tough and brawly days, they were, when I rode downtown in New York on a horsecar, and Broadway and Twenty-Eighth Street was the hub of the universe in so far as fun and frolic were concerned.

The days gone by! Baseball seems to be less robust. Racing is not as exciting as it was back in the days when Ten Broeck, Domino and Tenny were stars of the tracks around New York.

Let us take a look at the pictures which are reproduced with this article. I recognize them as works of the staff of the ancient *Police Gazette*. First we see the 1882 Knot Hole Gang. Fair fans mooching into the picture at the old Polo Grounds in New York.

This ball park was located at Fifth Avenue and 110th Street,—and now is covered with apartment houses. When James Gordon Bennett, of the *New York Herald*, introduced polo from England, the Polo Club bought the Polo Grounds. When the polo players moved to Jerome Park, their place was taken over for baseball, but the name remained unchanged. The name Polo Grounds has stuck to the home of the Giants ever since.

You will note from the drawing that the stands at the Polo Grounds at 110th Street were not very large or gaudy. Most of the crowd is out on the field.

The illustration reproduced on this page is one of a game played back in 1882. Note how the umpire stands behind the plate without any chest protector or a mask. And he is wearing a high hat!

Imagine what would happen if "the ump" walked out on the field that way today. And the catcher is without protection, too. He wears none of the implements of war now donned by the backstop. Today the catcher has his glove, cup protector, shin guards and mask, but in the days when I was a youth, they even caught behind the plate without any gloves.

* * *

THE second drawing shows an umpire in danger. Nothing new in that but the scene seems unfamiliar.

The original caption on this picture says: "President Byrne saves the bones of Umpire Jimmy Clinton from a severe and undeserved pounding at Brooklyn."

President Byrne, of the Brooklyn club, also

*President Byrne of the Brooklyn club saving Umpire Clinton from an irate mob*

was a player, for here he is all decked out in the spangles of the period. That was before Brooklyn came into the National League. The Dodgers entered the big circuit in 1890, and this picture shows Byrne in 1882.

The racing scenes were caught at the old Morris Park track near New York. The caption says: "Following the Horses. The Bookmakers' game that nobody beats in the long run,—tricks and tart skin work of the turf."

* * *

NOW these drawings were made about fifty years ago, but I don't doubt that some of the tricks shown still are being used around the country. Syringing, putting a sponge in a horse's nose, putting in ringers,—all are tricks uncovered from time to time on our modern tracks.

The old stunt of leaving a nag at the post, the ancient gag of riding not to win,—they, too, are seen nowadays in all their old-time "glory."

The old pool room, with its suckers stripped of their dough, is shown getting in its deadly work. And the poor man was not the only victim. This is shown by a clipping from the same issue of the *Police Gazette,* as follows:—

"Young Pierre Lorillard has had quite enough of the turf, and has begun selling all his horses at auction. He is a heavy bettor, and during the present season it has been no unusual circumstance with him to place $5000 in one bet upon his own horses. He has come to the conclusion that there is no money in horse racing, a decision which the elder Lorillard reached two years ago."

However, let it not be said that racing in the old days was just a skin game. There were "wrong" jockeys and owners in those days, but their descendants may be found in racing today.

*The race track game fifty years ago*

* * *

THE old game was full of romance, of great horses, of wonderful riders. Who in the game today can ride like Tod Sloan? Who has the finish of Snapper Garrison? Who has the post riding ability of Walter Miller?

No, don't set me down as an old bird who can see nothing that has happened since John L. Sullivan was knocked out by Jim Corbett. But you've got to give a rare old vintage its due.

Days Gone By! The old memories come back to blot out the Yankee Stadium, Belmont Park, and the subways of today, and bring back the ancient Polo Grounds, Morris Park and those dinky horse cars with straw on the floor. Good Old Days.

Good old days in boxing, too, I still cling to the old-fashioned idea that Sullivan was the best of them all. You can have your Jack Dempsey. You may talk about Jim Jeffries and Jack Johnson, about Bob Fitzsimmons and Gene Tunney. But you can't tell this old boy that boxing has produced a greater match than, let us say, Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans. I think Corbett's rank has not received the recognition due to Gentleman Jim. Yes, we had some corkers in days gone by.

# An Octogenarian's

## *Recalls the Early Days of Fight Reporting in New York—How a Nation was Aroused by an International Battle*

By A. D. PHILLIPS
*World's oldest active sports writer*

I WAS the guest of honor at a banquet recently at which the members of the sports fraternity were well in evidence and naturally the subject of boxing held a prominent place in the discussion of the evening. The occasion was the celebration of my eighty-first birthday, years in which I have attended, in official or other capacity, thousands of famous fights. I was at New Orleans when the mighty John L. Sullivan went down to fight Paddy Ryan; at Jacksonville when Corbett fought Mitchell; at Cincinnati, when Sullivan clashed with Donaldson; at Richburg, to report the battle between Jake Kilrain and Sullivan, and at New Orleans to see the defeat of the Boston Strong Boy by Jim Corbett.

Wine has indeed grown old and the cobwebs have gathered on the bottles since I saw my first fistic contest and the romance that thrilled us in the "good old days"—and they were just that—has long since passed from the field of pugilism. Not that we do not see good fights today, for on the contrary, many are just as interesting as those which inspired the fight critics of old, but the glamour is gone and we cannot get up the enthusiasm of old.

New York has been the scene of great pugilistic contests for upward of sixty years, but the real beginning of boxing in the metropolis took place just about the time that the Civil War got under way. It was in the sixties when New York City was filled with two- and three-story buildings and when we looked with amazement at the man who had just come to the city to build "a six-story structure with the front of marble and the sides and back of brick," that boxing really came into its own not only in the Empire State but throughout the land. And it was just one event—an international fight—that brought about the sudden change.

* * *

THAT was the time when the *New York Sun* building was only two stories high and when a sign over the front read, "The only restaurant Under the Sun," and there in the basement of that newspaper building, we could get an excellent cup of Java and two sinkers for only a dime. It was on the steam coils under *The Sun* that the newsboys slept until that paper's great editor, Dana, started the first newsboys' home.

It also was in the basement of the old *Sun* that many a famous fighter got his start, and wrestlers, for that matter, also. Impromptu fist affairs and wrestling matches in the Lancashire, catch-as-catch-can and the collar and elbow styles were frequent and from among the lads who made that building their headquarters while waiting for the presses to release the papers, many a future champion and top-notcher was developed.

Those were the days when Horace Greeley, the famed editor of the *New York Tribune,* came out of his den nightly, often to greet the first James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *Herald;* John C. Reid, Editor of *The Times,* and old man Dana. A great quartet these men, all with true sporting blood flowing through their veins. Journalists par excellence.

It was Dana with his great heart that set in motion the building of the first home for the newsies of New York and he often took a keen delight in watching these lads pummel each other or try to throw each other in the basement of *The Sun.* It was there that these lads were taught how to put on the hammer-lock, a hold long after developed by the Japanese jiu jitsu experts, and how to give and take and to guard and parry and to do other things necessary in the protection of a newsboy from a rival.

It was James Gordon Bennett who was first to challenge England's long-vaunted superiority in yachting and it was George Steer, friend of Bennett, who sent the American yacht, "America," to England to contest for yachting honors and, in a course around the Isle of Wight, she defeated England's fifteen best craft. Small wonder, then, that after this victory, the elder Bennett should have become so interested in the international match between Sayers and Heenan in another international sport, boxing.

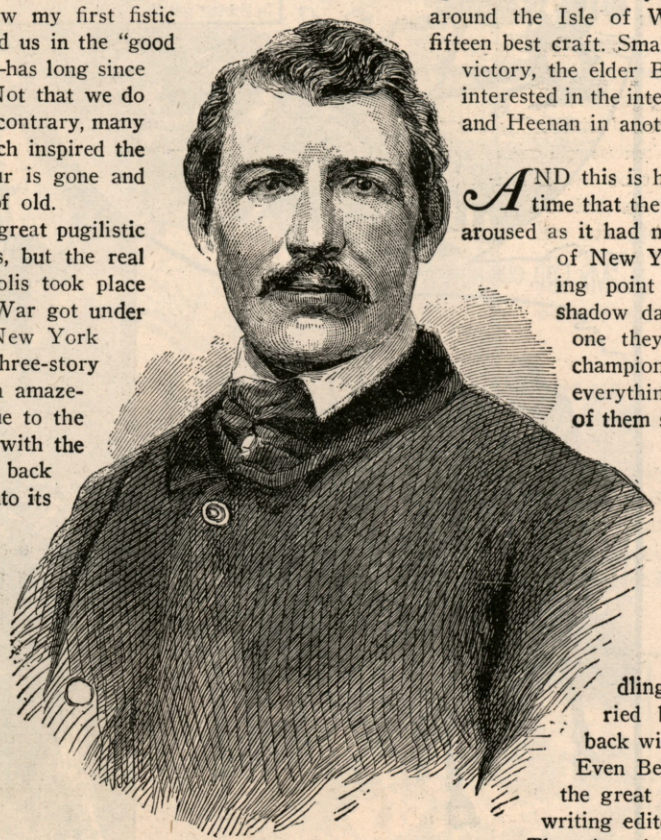
* * *

AND this is how it happened. It was at this time that the fighting blood of America was aroused as it had never been before. The newsies of New York were loaded to the breaking point with the fight fever. They shadow danced, they sparred with every one they saw, they called each other champions of England, Ireland and everything else, and every mother's son of them stood ready to fight at the drop of the hat and to guard their respective territory with the ardor and skill of veterans.

When other boys came over on the ferry to break into the newsboy trust on the New York side, they were called "Brooklyn squashes" and made to go back home without peddling a paper. Sometimes they carried black eyes and bruised faces back with them.

Even Bennett, Dana, Greeley and Reid, the great editors, were talking fight and writing editorials on pugilism.

The American fighting blood had been aroused at the stories that were coming from England of the first great international battle, that between Tom Sayers, the wonderful little champion of England, who had beaten the best of his countrymen in awful battles with his bare hands, and John C. Heenan, called the "Benecia Boy," born and bred in America.



*John C. Heenan, The "Benecia Boy"*

The "Benecia Boy," the name given Heenan by his followers, was really a misnomer. He was born in West Troy, New York, on May 2, 1835, so that he was in his twenty-fifth year when he met Sayers for the world's heavyweight championship, on April 17, 1860. In his youthful days Heenan had strayed to California, where he took up the trade of machinist. He had great strength and agility, and feared no one. He accepted a challenge from a bully who had all of Benecia afraid of him, and they fought on the levee, with Heenan coming through with flying colors. Thenceforth he became known as the "Benecia Boy."

# Reminiscences

*Owney Geoghegan, famed New York sportsman*

HEENAN had just attained his majority when he first arrived in New York in 1857.

There was a pugilistic feud on then in which Bill Poole, Yankee Sullivan, John Morrissey and other great fighters were involved.

Poole was killed before the feud ended but Morrissey and Heenan lived to fight a battle for the world's heavyweight championship, a battle that lasted only eleven rounds and which Morrissey won when Heenan injured his hand by smashing it against a ring post and was unable to continue.

When it came near Heenan's time to meet Sayers, climbing the hills of California and breathing the fine air of the Golden State counted and the "Benecia Boy," before crossing the ocean to meet the English champion, looked great and powerful, so great indeed, that at that particular time no man left of New York's fighting colony cared to stand before him. That is why he found it necessary to cross the bonnie blue seas.

The British laughed at Heenan's coming and told how Sayers would cut him into ribbons.

No nation, they said, could produce fighters to compare with the English. It was the English boxers that turned the tide at Waterloo and there could be no great boxers without the English roast beef, the English blood, the English staying quality and natural courage.

Tom Sayers, their idol, was born at Pimlico, near Brighton, England, May 25, 1828. He weighed only 152 pounds to Heenan's 185. At the time Sayers was in his thirty-second year and he was looked on as something of a veteran for he had, even at his low weight, beaten all the best men in England. Having done this they felt he would rid the Britishers easily of the American challenger.

* * *

THESE prophecies made the American blood boil. The question of American manhood, nerve, strength and staying quality was being questioned by the editors and people of the other side and the great American editors shot back. Their "Benecia Boy," they promised, would show the British just what American blood and brawn and staying quality was.

Fight! fight! That was all that was talked of as the 17th of April, 1860, drew near and passed. That was the day of days for American boxing. Nothing other than the Heenan-Sayers fight was talked of in New York.

From the battery to Harlem and from river bank to river bank, all hands talked fight. The Heenan-Sayers mill was the topic of the day.

On the Broadway busses then rattling over the cobblestones, fight was the only talk of the day. Above the din you could hear them shouting:

"What's the news from England?"

In the dance halls and the variety theatres, songs were sung of the approaching battle.

At Harry Hill's, then at 26 East Houston Street, as well as at Owney Geoghegan's, the colors of the English and American fighters adorned the walls. They were both of pure white silk and painted on them were splendid portraits of the rivals in ring costume. Sayers' colors carried the Union Jack and the British Ensign in opposite corners, and Heenan's, the Stars and Stripes in two of its corners and an American eagle in each of the other two.

* * *

AT Hill's, the fight spirit had even entered the hearts of many women and a woman's pugilistic club had been established there and in it many of the weaker sex put on the mittens and showed each other how Heenan, the American, was going to whip Sayers, the Britisher.

At night, Owney Geoghegan's place on the Bowery was a blaze of life and action. There were no less than three 24-foot rings in Owney's and on certain occasions, you could see fights going on in all of them at one and the same time.

Owney had gotten his idea of these arrangements from a visit to England where, on his return, he built a boxing chamber which was a replica of those he had seen in various parts of the British Empire. It closely resembled the old English boxing booths and this innovation proved quite a hit with New York sportsmen.

Here in Owney's "house," the famous colony of fighters made New York their trysting place in the sixties.

Tom Hyer, Yankee Sullivan, Joe Goss, John Morrissey, Joe Coburn, Ned O'Baldwin and the great fighters of that olden time gathered nightly to discuss the prospects of Heenan and Sayers.

At Billy McGlory's on Hester Street, just off the Bowery, women danced at night and the *(Continued on page 35)*

*Scene in the Heenan-Sayers contest. When toughs broke into the ring*

# *In the Days of Long Ago*

*By* ARTHUR T. LUMLEY

*(Former manager of John L. Sullivan and veteran fight reporter)*

IN the early 80's Jimmy Mitchell of Philadelphia reigned supreme in the Quaker City as the peerless 133-pounder of Fistiana. He was a very clever, fast boxer and a game and gruelling fighter as well.

In 1887 he fought Jack McAuliffe, then the lightweight champion, four hard, flashing rounds to a draw. It was a thrilling battle with both fighters displaying all their remarkable ability and grit.

It was Mitchell's great showing against the champion that brought him into considerable prominence outside of his home town, and finally led him to be matched against Paddy Smith of Brooklyn for $1,000 a side in a finish skin-glove combat which took place in September, 1887.

Smith was a pupil and protégé of Jim Dunne, formerly a heavyweight champion of America, who had long retired from the ring and become quite a powerful political leader in Brooklyn where he held an executive position under the city and county governments.

Dunne was the alderman of the old sixth ward, a district generally known as "Smoky Hollow." "Smoky Hollow" was famous for its fighters in the old days and many a rough and ready ringster was born and bred in that old battling section of Brooklyn. It was a case of fight or take to the tall timbers in the old sixth ward some forty years ago.

There was a big delegation of noted enthusiastic fight fans that secretly slipped away from Brooklyn to see their gallant Patrick encounter the pride of Philly the afternoon of the intended mill.

Among them I recall Alderman Jim Dunne, Charley Johnston, John L. Sullivan's old backer; Jimmy Wakeley, who, by the way, was born and bred in "Smoky Hollow"; Jimmy Dreyfuss, Liney Tracey, Big George Sterling, Alec Brown, Prof. Bill Clark, Mike Slattery, Phil Clare, Johnny Eckhardt and Jim Giddings.

Most of them and others made their Philadelphia headquarters at Patrick McCarney's popular café where they knew the reliable proprietor had the inside tip and all the secret information regarding the coming private combat.

* * *

THERE was considerable betting between the admirers of both pugilists. The Brooklynites were well heeled with big bank rolls and they plunged recklessly on their champion to win by a knockout.

It was a mighty busy scene in McCarney's Café that evening with the betting and genial feasting. Everybody wanted to bet you or take a drink with you. The popular saloon keeper with the assistance of his son, Billy McCarney, now part owner with Joe Jacobs of Max Schmeling, but then only a mere boy, were rushed to confusion trying to hold and keep a record of all the various wagers made so speedily and constantly among the rival fans.

Amid all the clatter and confusion, a rather sudden silence fell upon the throng of merrymakers about 9 o'clock at night. Low whispers were passed from group to group and the crowd began to fade away into the dark street in the most mysterious manner possible.

Great secrecy and caution were impressed upon all the regulars who held tickets for the fracas as the police were on the alert and very anxious indeed to break the whole affair up and arrest the principals, if possible.

Many plainclothes men were seen hovering around McCarney's place during the afternoon and evening, evidently trying to locate the battleground and raid the whole shooting match.

The regulars were cautiously led to a good-sized building up a little, dark, side street, which had formerly been used to house the nurses and attendants of the Jefferson Hospital.

There, in an upper large-sized room, a ring was arranged and in less than an hour some 200 fans stood gathered around the roped arena.

Among them were Billy Rocap, Jack Fogarty, Johnny Clark, Joe Murray, old Billy McLean, Horace Leeds, "Bull" Frank McCarthy, Walter Campbell, Dominick McCoffery, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Dan Dawson, Charley McKeever, Owen Ziegler and a host of prominent business and professional gentlemen of Philly and other parts of the country.

* * *

AFTER the referee had warned the spectators about the danger of cheering or making any noise, the two finely conditioned lightweights entered the ring.

They both appeared to be in wonderful form and fit to fight for any title and their lives also. At the call of time (no bell or gong in those days, boys) Smith made a desperate right wallop at his opponent who cleverly drew back his head as the blow wisped by. Paddy continued to rush Jimmy, but the latter was too cool and skillful for the Brooklynite to land a telling blow on.

"Steady yourself and don't waste your blows in the air," said Jim Dunne to his protégé as Paddy returned to his corner with his eyes full of fighting fire.

Round after round, Smith swung some very desperate blows at Mitchell who soon began to counter with his snappy left hand. There was no wrestling, mauling or clinching in those days and the boys fought clean and cleverly.

"If Paddy can land one of his hard smashes he'll win quickly," remarked Charley Johnston to Arthur Chambers.

"He's too bloomin' wild, Charley, too bloomin' wild for Jimmy," answered the old ring veteran shrewdly.

Both boys began to show some punishment rendered by the severe cutting skin-gloved fists, but neither of them showed any signs of distress or lack of endurance up to the tenth round, which was fought toe to toe in the most thrilling and aggressive manner.

Mitchell seemed to be playing for an extended battle as he constantly stabbed Smith with his straight left, while Paddy evidently desired a quick finish, as he made many desperate efforts to knock his antagonist out with one of his fierce rights that were either blocked, sidestepped or artfully ducked by the masterly Mitchell.

* * *

"POLICE! Police! Police!" someone shouted along about the twelfth round, and in a second there was a wild rush for the doors and windows.

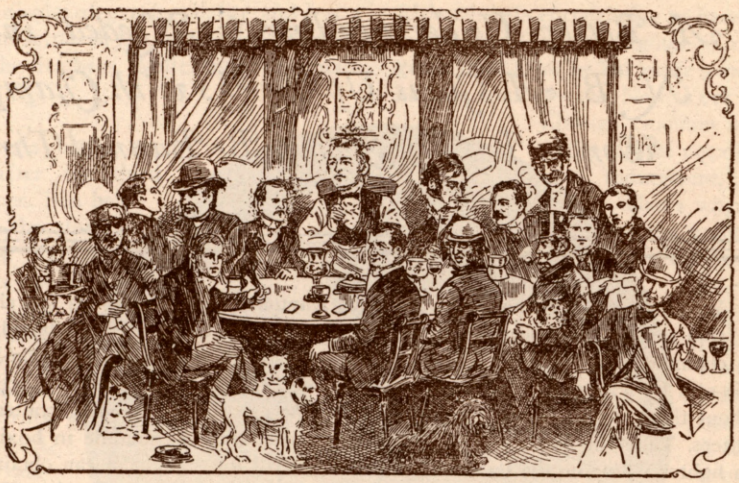
Looking out (*Continued on page 36*)

***Like the ostrich, he didn't hide it all and the cop played a tattoo on the exposed portion of his anatomy***

# Now They Look Ahead

*Present Day Fighters Shun the Gambling Dens, the Hangouts of the Old-Time Fistic Heroes*

By SAM AUSTIN



*A Scene in John Morrissey's Gambling House at Saratoga*

"WHAT in thunder can a fighter do when his milling days are over?" asked John Morrissey of a group of high gamblers in a famous clubhouse at Saratoga, New York, many years ago.

"He has no trade or way of making a living, so he either becomes a gambler or gets some friends to start him in a saloon.

"The rum business is a mighty poor proposition for any retired fighter to enter into. Very few of them ever make a success at it. They generally drink too much themselves or have too many hangers-on who drink up all the profits," continued the idolized, game old champion, who became such a high-rolling, conspicuous gambler himself after he retired from the ring.

It was John Morrissey who really made Saratoga Springs one of the most celebrated resorts in this country. It was he who promoted and founded the noted racetrack there and built the famous clubhouse with his popular old partner, Charley Reid, one of the greatest gamblers of his day.

By a present of a very fast trotting, thoroughbred mare to William H. Vanderbilt, Morrissey gained the latter's lifelong friendship, after the old champion had refused to accept Vanderbilt's offer of a check of $10,000 for the fine-blooded animal.

It was Vanderbilt's money that backed Morrissey thereafter in all of "Old Smoke's" (as he was nicknamed) important enterprises. It was also Vanderbilt's political power and financial help that elected Morrissey a member of Congress from a strong Republican, silk-stocking district over Augustus H. Schell, a renowned society leader and Wall street multimillionaire of this city.

* * *

MORRISSEY was not only a natural, strong, game fighter, but he was also an inveterate gambler. He often won thousands of dollars from the high players who frequented his popular clubhouse, and then played these winnings off at the racetracks or in some outside game or other.

Like most inveterate gamblers he couldn't stop "bucking the tiger" and died in 1878, without much wealth to speak of, considering the vast amount of money he handled during his long remarkable career.

John C. Heenan, who followed Morrissey as the heavyweight champion of America, was another fighter who was obliged to become a gambler, after his retirement from the ring, in order to keep his swell appearance and high life among the leading lights along old Broadway.

Heenan was a fine, tall, athletic, handsome man, who dressed in the height of fashion—in fact a regular lady-killer or sheik among the fair sex. Even when broke and in debt for some $40,000 (a lot of money in his day) he always appeared on Broadway like a howling swell in fine attire.

It was while he was in this financial distress that a certain chief of police of this city handed over to Heenan a one-third interest he held in Cridge and Murray's gambling-house on Eighth street, near Broadway.

This sudden and magnanimous gift quickly put Heenan on easy street as far as money was concerned, for in one year John C. paid off all his indebtedness and acquired a bank account of about $125,000, which he did not live very long to enjoy.

The big, handsome, fistic gladiator was rather suddenly attacked with galloping consumption, and he was obliged to give up his profitable gambling occupation in New York and endeavor to recuperate his fast-failing health in the West, where, after a long hard battle, he was counted out by the old "grim reaper" at Green River Station, Wyo., on Oct. 28, 1873.

* * *

ALTHOUGH old Jem Mace was probably the greatest fighter and boxer that England or any other country ever produced, he had many a hard scrap trying to keep the wolf from the door after his gallant battling days in the ring passed away.

Old Jem was a sort of a happy-go-lucky, genial fellow who never seemed to know the value of the golden coin. When he had it he lived like a "blooming lord," and when he didn't have it he was always smart and artful enough to hypnotize some wealthy admirer into backing him in some scheme or other.

Although Mace had no school education he was well tutored in the tricks and hocus-pocus ways of the world. Being a born gypsy with a gift of luring gab, he was seldom sidetracked in any venture he proposed to some friendly capitalist.

After Mace retired from the ring some of his wealthy admirers started half a dozen or more "pubs" for the old champion, but he never made a success of any of them for any length of time. They would bloom and prosper for a while and then fade out, because Mace was rather too generous, gay and festive with a host of old broken-down pugs who followed his trail.

But Mace was extremely versatile. When one "pub" blew up he'd hunt up a backer for another, or start giving boxing lessons in some gym, college or school for a year or so. Next he might be doing some classic statue posing around the music halls or boxing with a partner in a circus.

It was Mace who hunted the world for a worthy opponent to pit against John L. Sullivan at the request of the late Mr. Richard K. Fox, the owner of *The Police Gazette*. Mace picked Herbert Slade up in Australia and brought him to this country in 1883, but Slade was no match for Sullivan, who finished him in three slashing rounds.

* * *

BUT like many other champions, the irrepressible Mace was an inveterate gambler, especially on the racetrack, where he bet a fortune away and finally imagined he was well qualified to make book.

He made several desperate attempts at bookmaking on and off the tracks, but never made any success at that sharpshooting game, chiefly because he was not

*(Continued on page 34)*

# Nat FLEISCHER says:

## *A Better Understanding is Needed in Boxing Circles*
## *N. B. A. Gums Up Works with Championship Rulings*
## *Women Boxers Should Be Banned Throughout Country*

WHILE the New York Boxing Commission is severely criticized from time to time because of its ruling *in re* world championship matches, it seems strange that little is said by writers in states where such criticism is most severe, about the attitude of the National Boxing Association on such matters. Take for example the case of Maxie Rosenbloom. Here is a fighter who won the light-heavy crown by eliminating every contender, then successfully defended the title in the state where he won it (New York) yet was shorn of his championship by the National Association because that body is not affiliated with New York and therefore the championship bout between Maxie and Jimmy Slattery was not officially recognized by the association's thirty-one members.

It seems to me that such action not only is picayune, but is injurious to the prosperity of boxing and retards, rather than aids, the sport over which that body rules. In a recent announcement of the association, that organization asks its members to arrange for an elimination tournament in which the five leading light-heavyweights are listed, so that a successor to George Nichols may be obtained, and among the contenders, Maxie Rosenbloom is named. Why? Is it politics that is keeping Rosenbloom from obtaining the credit due him and earned by him?

The National Boxing Association is an organization that has accomplished much good in the interests of boxing. It is a body in which the leading state commissions, excepting New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and California, are members and whose officers are chosen from among the men serving on the commissions. Fine fellows all of them. Bright, excellent business men whose sole interests seem to be the betterment of boxing.

And for that very reason I fail to understand why the association continues to place the ban on Rosenbloom who has repeatedly proved his right not only to the championship but to the title of outstanding light-heavyweight of the world.

* * *

RECENTLY THE RING asked its correspondents throughout the world, sports editors and other ring notables to name the three best men in each division, and as was published in the February issue of this magazine, Maxie Rosenbloom received such an overwhelming vote as the champion of his class, that he was placed in a group all by himself. The only close rival he had was Joe Knight, the Daytona youth who looks like the best of the 1933 prospects.

That being the case, why shouldn't the National Association forget its petty policy of picking on Rosenbloom and acknowledge him the champion and then go a step farther by ordering him to fight the association's leading contender. Wouldn't that be better than continuing the muddle in boxing at a time when the sport requires all the support it can obtain?

Think that over, you Boxing Fathers. Someone has steered you on the wrong path.

* * *

THE action of the New York State Commission in banning the boxing exhibitions that were given for a time by a troupe of girls appearing under the management of profession steerers, is to be commended. The sight of these girls being pounded about the breasts and the face, while the morbid crowd, mostly sordid youths, cheered, was a reminder of the old Bowery days.

The ring can well do without such exhibitions. Women were made to be admired. They are a blessing to mankind and to subject them to the punishment that one necessarily receives in a four-round bout of two minutes or three minutes each, is degrading.

Boxing has no place for such sport and the sooner commissions throughout the country halt such proceedings, the better. Cauliflower ears, split lips and flat noses may be an adornment to the boys, but women should be saved from such disfigurement.

And what is most dangerous is the possibility of bringing on cancer through constant punishment to the breasts. It's too brutal and those who are exploiting the figures of these women, for the few dollars they can make, should be barred from every state where boxing is legalized.

*No, you haven't the heebie-jeebies. You're merely looking at a trick photo of Ben (Heebie) Jeby, crowned middleweight champion in N. Y. State.*

* * *

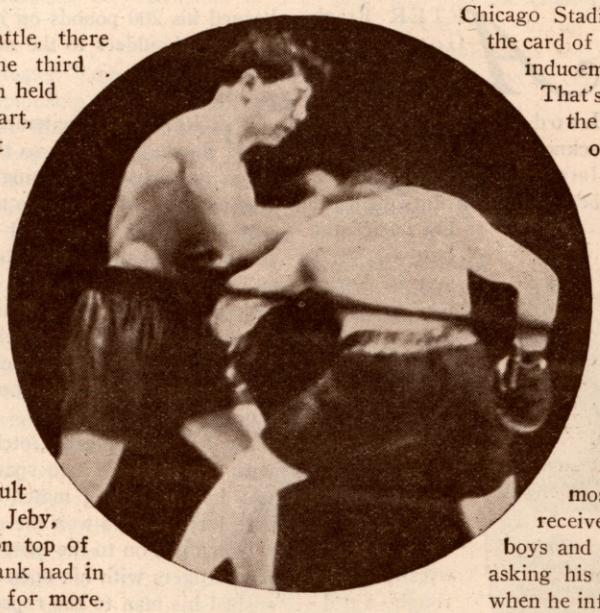
TWO new champions were crowned during the past month, one by the National Boxing Association and the other by the New York State Commission. Freddy Miller of Cincinnati gained the N.B.A. featherweight title by outpointing Tommy Paul, the Buffalo Italian, in a ten-round mill in the Chicago Stadium, while in the Garden of New York, Ben Jeby proved his right to the American middleweight championship by stopping the outstanding contender, Frankie Battaglia of Winnipeg, Canada. Both were thrilling affairs, but in neither did the winner carry off a world title, the rulings of the

various boxing commissions notwithstanding.

So far as the featherweight crown is concerned the winner of a titular bout with Kid Chocolate will have a better claim to the world laurels than Miller, as Chocolate is the recognized American champion who has displayed greater ability and has a finer record than Miller. But to settle all arguments and to establish an undisputed king of the feathers, Miller and Chocolate should be matched.

* * *

AS for the Jeby-Battaglia battle, there seemed little doubt after the third round who would be the winner. Ben held the upper hand almost from the start, and handicapped by a closed right eye, Battaglia, was at the mercy of his opponent until Referee Jack Britton called a halt in the twelfth round. It was an act of mercy to stop proceedings for the Canadian Italian's eye was popping out of its socket and the skin around it, flashed all the colors of the rainbow.



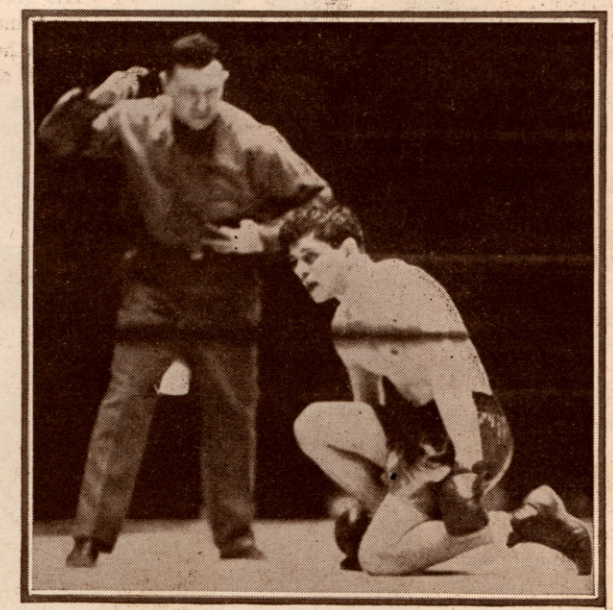
*Note Battaglia's puffed right eye. His punches are going wild.*

Although Battaglia had previously knocked out Jeby in one round and had earned second choice in THE RING's annual rating as a result of that and other victories last year, Jeby, with a championship at stake, was on top of his man at all times. He took all Frank had in stock and kept coming in repeatedly for more. The pair waged a bitter battle all the way and the referee would have been justified in stopping the bout at any time after the sixth.

In winning the New York title, Jeby didn't show the class of other illustrious holders of the middleweight crown, but he proved beyond a doubt that he is a fearless fighter who never lets up in his attack—crude, but a powerful puncher. The handicap under which Battaglia worked took much of the glamour from Jeby's victory, yet it must be acknowledged that even before Jeby's two wild left hooks in the third swelled the right eye and then closed it, Jeby had a lead in points.

Frank was sent to the canvas twice for a count of nine, once in the second round with a terrific body blow that many of the spectators thought went low but which the officials, and those who saw it at the ringside, said was a perfect solar plexus wallop, and again in the eleventh with a right uppercut to the chin followed by a left hook to the body.

It was by no means an attractive battle, because Jeby's style is not conducive to such a contest, but Ben showed plenty of fight and proved that if he gets a chance to meet Thil for the world's title, the Frenchman will have to travel some to get the verdict. He is of the plodder school, a fighter who keeps boring in, round after round, delivering smashing lefts and rights to body and face, blows that hurt and cut, but are not of the finishing brand. His constant bombardment of Battaglia's body took their toll and the brave Winnipeg gladiator who fought with a fighting heart even if he couldn't see, was whipped into a state of exhaustion. He was ready to drop when Jack Britton sent Jeby to his corner and Joe Humphreys proclaimed him the new middleweight king —at least so far as New York is concerned.



*Battaglia down for a count of nine in the eleventh round.*

A LITTLE OF THIS AND THAT— Despite comment in the New York papers to the contrary, New York has seen more new faces of fighters in Madison Square Garden since Jimmy Johnston took the helm than at any time since the death of Tex Rickard. It is encouraging to have these out-of-town boys appear in the Big City. No fighter is considered as having made the grade until after he has made good in one of the three big arenas of this country—the New York and Boston Gardens and the Chicago Stadium and the prospect of getting on the card of one of those clubs is an extraordinary inducement.

That's why every fighter strives to "make the grade," for once he makes good in one of the above-mentioned arenas, he is regarded as "someone" in pugilism. Johnston has had on display at the New York Garden, boys from all over the world, American lads, in particular, getting the majority of the calls. That's how it should be. A change in faces, provided the faces are those of good, pleasing, colorful fighters, will bring the fans back to the fight clubs.

Jimmy Bronson, one of the finest, most gentlemanly managers of America, receives many pleading letters from college boys and others from all parts of the country asking his aid. Jimmy takes the proper stand when he informs those lads that unless they have demonstrated their ability as fighters, they had better remain at home because New York is full of ordinary talent, just as are the other boxing centers of the world, and if a lad doesn't possess more than the average fellow, he will starve in the big cities; whereas at home, he at least is certain of his daily food and a bed on which to rest his head.

There are too many unemployed boxers in New York and other central localities to have more unemployed boxers flood those places. There is no prospect for a newcomer or an ordinary fighter in these days of depression. Only the high class, colorful pugilists have any chance, hence Bronson's wise step in his sound advice to those who keep pleading for him to bring them on to the "big city, where they feel confident they will open the eyes of promoters and the public."

Bronson will be delighted to take the "eye-openers" if there really are such hibernating in some obscure town. A good boy nowadays, especially a promising heavyweight, is what every manager seeks but none can find.

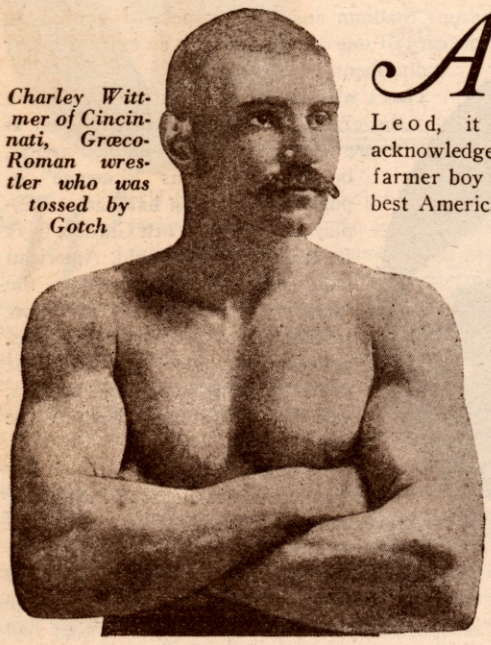
I have seen many of the letters sent to Bronson by collegians and amateur stars, and I am sure that the former chief of the American Expeditionary Force's boxing team must feel proud of the compliment paid him by the youth of America. I know I would. But such faith in him has not changed Jimmy one bit—he is the same well-groomed, quiet, gentlemanly manager — a credit to the sport with which he has been affiliated for upwards of twenty-five years.

The move of the Illinois governor, in appointing Packey McFarland a member of the boxing commission, is appreciated by followers of the sport. What this country needs is more commissioners of the McFarland type.

# From MILO to LONDOS

## CHAPTER V

By A. D. PHILLIPS



*Charley Wittmer of Cincinnati, Græco-Roman wrestler who was tossed by Gotch*

AFTER Frank Gotch had taken the measure of Dan McLeod, it was generally acknowledged that the Iowa farmer boy was not only the best American drawing card but one of the best wrestlers seen in America since the days of William Muldoon. He received many challenges, but there was only one man whom he cared to meet, a tough wrestler of the rough-and-tumble type, Yankee Rogers. Yankee, at the time, was making a reputation for himself as the "bad man" of the mat because of his aggressiveness, and he was downing the best grapplers in America. He therefore was selected as the most logical contender and he agreed to tackle Gotch in a two-out-of-three-falls match on November 25, 1904.

Gotch, through systematic training and the matches in which he had engaged, had worked his frame into a beautiful physical specimen. He was as hard as rocks and had acquired muscle that made him a perfect figure for a sculptor. He stripped at 200 pounds with not an ounce of fat to show. Rogers was about the same height as Gotch, but stripped twelve pounds more than the champion. They were primed to the minute for the contest, which was extensively advertised and brought the fans from miles around the Crescent City.

It was agreed that the first fall be in catch-as-catch-can style and the second, Græco-Roman. If a third fall was necessary, the men were to toss for the privilege of deciding. The bout got under way and the fun began.

Rogers was tough and roughed the champion at the outset. He jabbed his two doubled fists into the washboarded stomach of Gotch but was met with a grin. Gotch was more than his equal in strength, and his science of the ancient sport was far superior. For half an hour the giants bullied each other about the mat. Rogers several times was in danger from a body scissors and again from a headlock, but he always wriggled out of dangerous positions.

Rogers started to rough-house in earnest and repeatedly rammed his elbow into the champion's face until temper finally got the better of Gotch and he bent Rogers' elbow back and gripped him in a reverse-nelson. Rogers crashed to the mat and Gotch heaved his 200 pounds on his opponent's chest, crashing both of Rogers' shoulders to the mat in 43:10.

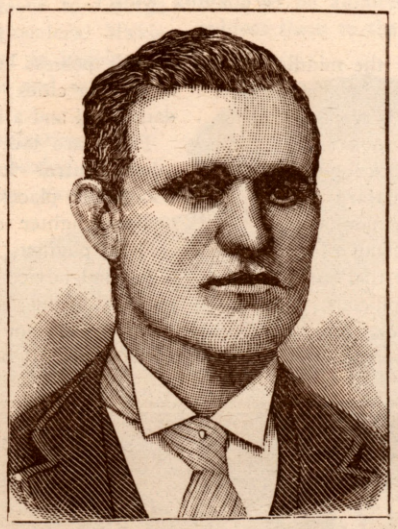
* * *

DURING the excitement, the mat had ripped and the sawdust flooded the ring so that when Rogers crawled through the ropes to go to his dressing room for his fifteen minutes' rest he was covered with it. Two men set to work to mend the damaged mat during the recess and when the two came on again for the second fall at the Græco-Roman style it was as good as new.

The different style was entirely foreign to the champion and he was flopped to the floor after two minutes' standing work. Rogers worked his way behind and for the first time during the evening Gotch was in difficulty. Rogers jabbed Gotch in the face with his knuckles and blood began to drip from the champion's mouth and nose.

By brute strength Gotch rose to his feet, carrying Rogers with him, and the two sparred for holds. Rogers forgot that he was in a wrestling match and jabbed his left to the champion's sore face. Rogers won the second fall and they resumed work.

Gotch got on to the hang of things and retaliated in kind, slapping Rogers with his open hands about the neck and ears. Gotch rushed his man to the ropes and bent his back almost over them. The referee had to jump in and warn Gotch for his rough tactics. Gotch was infuriated over the unfair methods employed and never let up for an instant, punishing Rogers from one side of the mat to the other. Three times he rushed Rogers to the ropes and three times the referee had to pull him away.



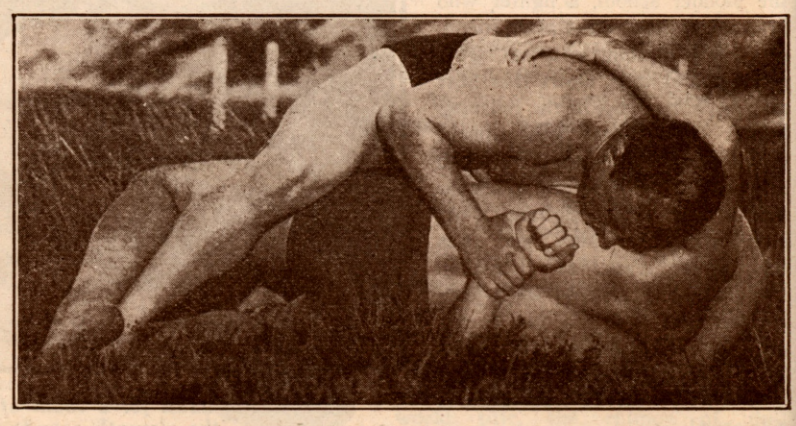
*Tim Hurst, the referee whose verdict in Jenkins' favor peeved Gotch*

Finally Gotch had his man in a neutral corner and with a shove and a heave lifted Rogers up bodily and flung him over the top rope into the fourth row of spectators. Rogers landed on his neck and had to be helped back through the ropes.

Gotch stood grinning at his opponent in ring center. Rogers called for his seconds to put in his stool and also for a physician. His seconds were busy applying ice to his head and fanning him.

The house doctor called for a stretcher and, as the attendants came rushing up the aisle with it, the spectators jeered and hooted. Gotch tried to make a speech from the ringside but his words could not be heard a foot, as the house was busy cheering the champion.

Rogers was laid out on the stretcher and



*Hackenschmidt in training for American invasion*

# *The Progress of Wrestling Through the Ages—How Gotch Defeated Yankee Rogers; Won and Lost the Title to Tom Jenkins and Jenkins' Defeat by Hackenschmidt*

carried to his dressing room, where several doctors worked over him. Finally the official verdict was pronounced as a fractured rib, and the fall and match were awarded the champion.

* * *

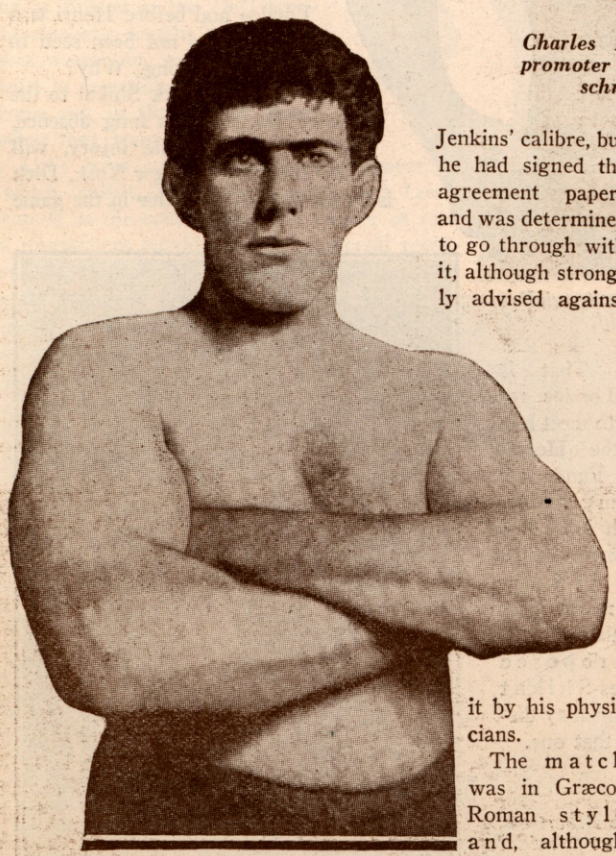
AS already related, Gotch defeated Tom Jenkins for the American heavyweight championship at Cleveland, Ohio, February 1, 1905. "The Rolling-mill Man" was still confident, however, and repeatedly hurled challenges at Gotch until, at last, the titleholder agreed to meet the former champion in a best two-falls-out-of-three match at Madison Square Garden, March 15, 1905. Bitter enmity had sprung up between the two and the entire purse was agreed upon to go to the winner.

Gotch had been constantly on the road, working with a theatrical troupe, and between the one-night stands and the poor traveling accommodations, the champion contracted a severe cold that laid him up in bed for a ten-day stretch. He had vanquished Ed Atherton at Elmira, New York, on February 6, and then made a quick jump into New York City, where he defeated Jim Parr.

His next leap was to Washington, D. C., where he threw Joe Grant before President Theodore Roosevelt and a score of distinguished United States Senators and many prominent followers of the mat game. He defeated Charles Wittmer at Cincinnati, Ohio, the following week and, although hardly able to talk, scurried back to Utica, New York, for a match with Jim Parr, who was easy in two straight falls.

This was on March 10 and the Jenkins match was only five days away. Gotch immediately went to bed and only arose on the afternoon of the important contest. He was in no condition to tackle a man of Jenkins' calibre, but he had signed the agreement papers and was determined to go through with it, although strongly advised against it by his physicians.

*Charles B. Cochrane, British promoter who brought Hackenschmidt to America*

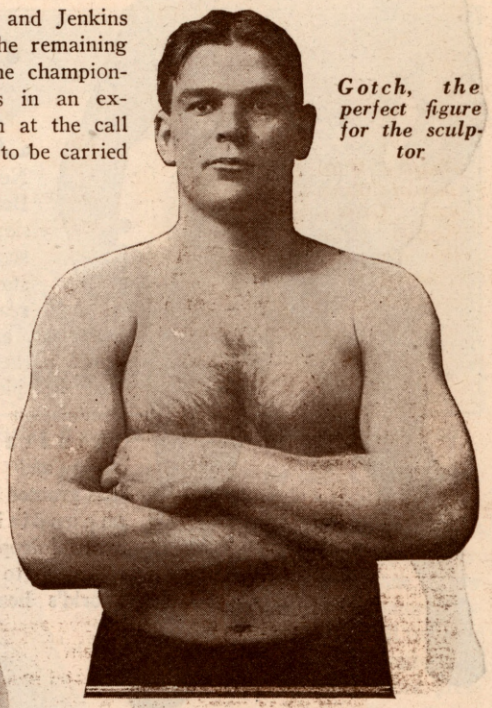


*Yankee Rogers, the American Apollo, who lost to Frank Gotch*

The match was in Græco-Roman style and, although Gotch managed to take one fall, he quickly tired and Jenkins threw him for the remaining two falls and the championship. Frank was in an exhausted condition at the call of time and had to be carried to his hotel.

* * *

George Hackenschmidt, the "Russian Lion," was at that time on his way from Australia to the United States. Jenkins issued a formal challenge to the foreigner as soon as he landed at San Francisco. In the meantime, Charles Cochrane of London, at that time manager of Hackenschmidt, arrived in New York to meet Hackenschmidt after his long absence from home and recross the Atlantic with his champion, for, be it known, Hackenschmidt did not come to America in quest of matches or engagements. However, upon Cochrane's arrival in the metropolis he was persuaded by Harry Pollok, manager of Tom Jenkins, to accept terms for a match with Jenkins, to be held at Madison Square Garden, for the heavyweight championship of the world.



*Gotch, the perfect figure for the sculptor*

In due time, Hack arrived in New York and with his manager, who had joined him at Chicago en route from the coast to New York, pleaded with Pollok to postpone the match and to first give him time to visit England. Pollok, who had Cochrane's signature to an ironclad agreement, refused, and Hackenschmidt was forced into a match much against his wishes, and in turn vowed that he would get even with "the whole blooming outfit."

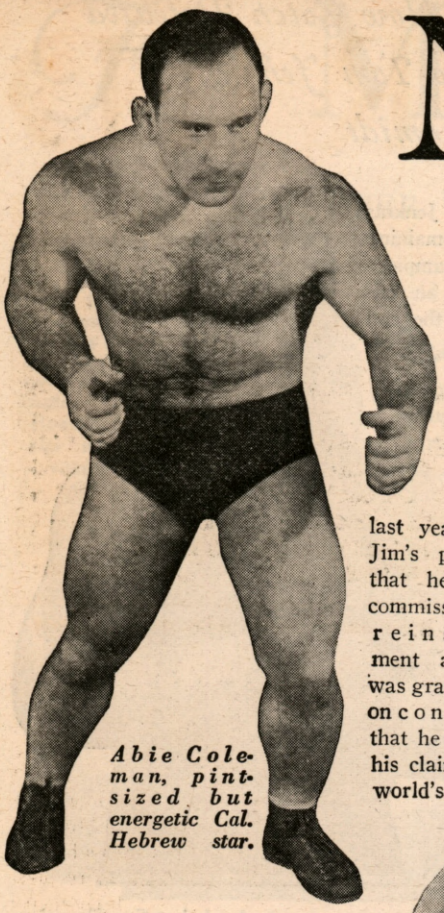
How Hackenschmidt got "even with the whole blooming outfit" was enacted before a crowded house on the evening of May 4, 1905, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, in his match with the American champion, Tom Jenkins. The bout was to have been two falls out of three, but Hack rose in his might and slammed the American to the canvas for two quick falls, the first in 31 minutes, 15 seconds, and the last in 22 minutes, 4 seconds.

Jenkins never had a chance, and proved but a plaything in the hands of the mighty Russian. Hackenschmidt was mad clean through when he crawled through the ropes and, although the vast crowd greeted him with an uproar of cheers, it failed to bring a smile to his lips. He was magnificent when he threw off his bathrobe. He stood 5 feet, 10 inches and weighed 208 pounds. Jenkins weighed eight pounds less, but was an inch taller.

* * *

AT the sound of the gong, Hack was off his stool like a flash, kicking the inoffensive chair through the ropes in his mad dash to get at the American. Jenkins met him halfway with a body check, but was flung *(Continued on page 36)*

# NEWS *of the*



*Abie Coleman, pint-sized but energetic Cal. Hebrew star.*

JIM LONDOS has made his peace with the New York State Boxing Commission. A six months' suspension in the state in which he reaped a fortune last year, and in 1931, hit Jim's pocketbook so hard, that he pleaded with the commission for reinstatement and this was granted him on condition that he dropped his claim to the world's heavyweight championship. Rather than continue to play in the sticks where the gate receipts have been exceedingly meagre, Londos accepted the terms and is now appearing regularly at clubs in New York, operated by Jack Curley's rivals.

Although the mandate of the New York Commission will be carried out in New York, Londos will continue to work in other localities billed as the champion. He still retains the National Boxing Association's championship while Lewis holds sway in New York. It was Londos' refusal to appear against Lewis that brought about his suspension.

Jim has repeatedly proved that he is the biggest drawing card in the wrestling game and it seems a pity that he and Lewis cannot be brought together, for such a match would be a second Gotch-Hackenschmidt affair. Even in these days of depression, such a contest—a natural if ever there was one in boxing or wrestling—would be good for a $75,000 to $100,000 gate. It seems doubtful that the reinstatement of Londos will lead to such a bout, however.

It is estimated that since breaking away from Curley, Londos has lost close to $100,000. That is what the wrestling war, has cost the combine.

* * *

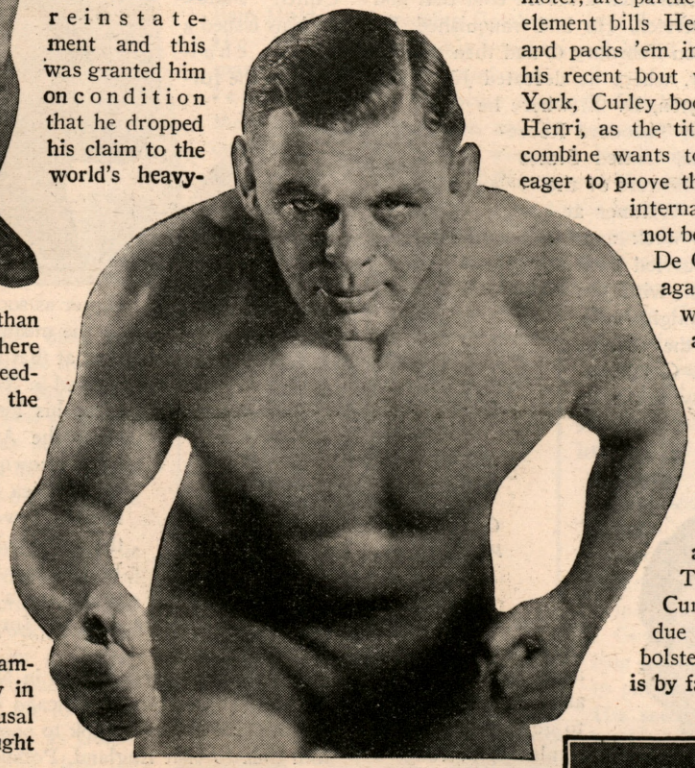
IN his first appearance in New York in almost a year, Londos was greeted by an overflow gathering when he appeared at the St. Nicholas Rink. Inside the arena a crowd of 6000 paid $9600 to see the Greek idol perform and, outside, the police and firemen dispersed more than 1000 who clamored vainly for admission.

All of which goes to prove that the title means nothing to the wrestling fans. Londos is their idol and, regardless of championships, they pay him homage. Jim found a tough customer in Abie Coleman, the pint-sized Jewish heavyweight whose grunts and facial expressions amuse the fans, but finally downed him with the customary airplane spin after thirty-nine minutes of tussling.

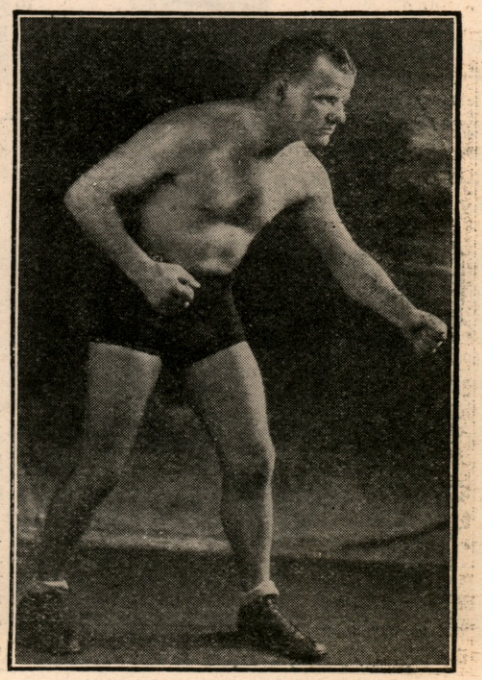
Jack Curley feels, and justly so, that he received an unfair deal from the Boxing Commission when that board permitted Londos to return to the fold without accepting the Lewis match, which proposed contest brought about the break between the Greek and Curley and started the decline of wrestling in New York. When Curley forced the issue with the Greek, it was because he was pressed by the board to get Londos to meet Shikat and to pit the winner against Lewis, and Curley obeyed orders only to find himself in the middle. Curley has been made the goat. He deserved a better fate, for it was his keen foresight and his gambling that brought back wrestling with a bang.

It is a sad commentary on the sport when one considers that although Curley and Bowser, the New England promoter, are partners, in New England the Bowser element bills Henri De Glane as the champion and packs 'em in when he wrestles, as witness his recent bout with Sonnenberg, and in New York, Curley books Lewis, who was beaten by Henri, as the titleholder. If the Curley-Bowser combine wants to give the fans a treat and is eager to prove that its sole aim is to obtain an international champion whose title will not be under suspicion, why not bring De Glane to New York and pit him against Lewis in a return bout? The winner of such a bout would be accepted as world champion if Londos continues to balk at meeting either. So far Henri, who used to show in New York before his boss joined hands with Curley against Londos and before Henri was "champ," has not been seen in a New York ring. Why?

The return of Dick Shikat to the Curley fold after a long absence, due to an automobile injury, will bolster the sport in New York. Dick is by far the best wrestler in the game today. That is why Londos refused to meet him for the Hearst Milk Fund last summer. Although Dick lost to Lewis in a championship match that took the place of the proposed Londos-Shikat tilt, you may discount that one.



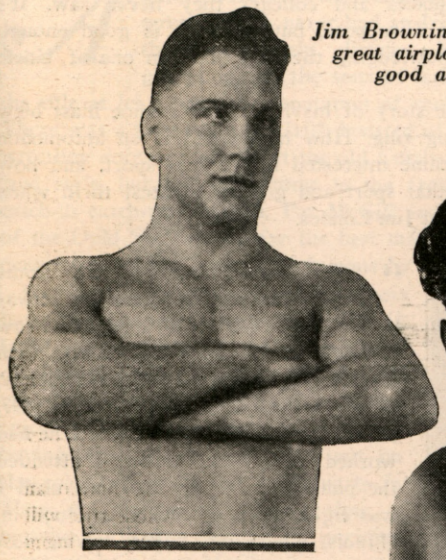
*Paul Jones, Texas collegian specializes in the scissors hold.*



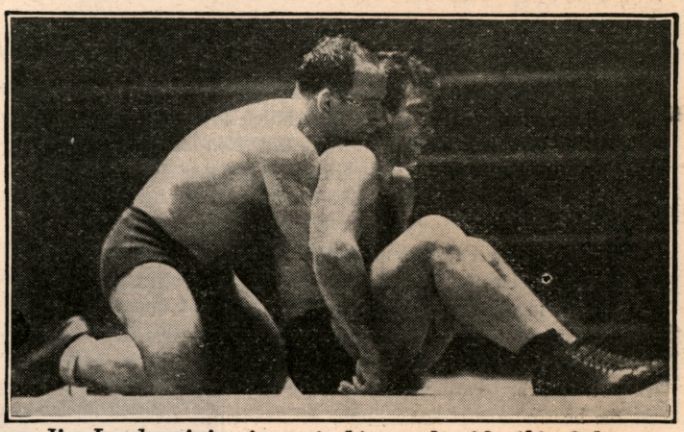
*Hiram Albertson, a clever middleweight now showing in Florida, has a good record.*

# MAT WORLD

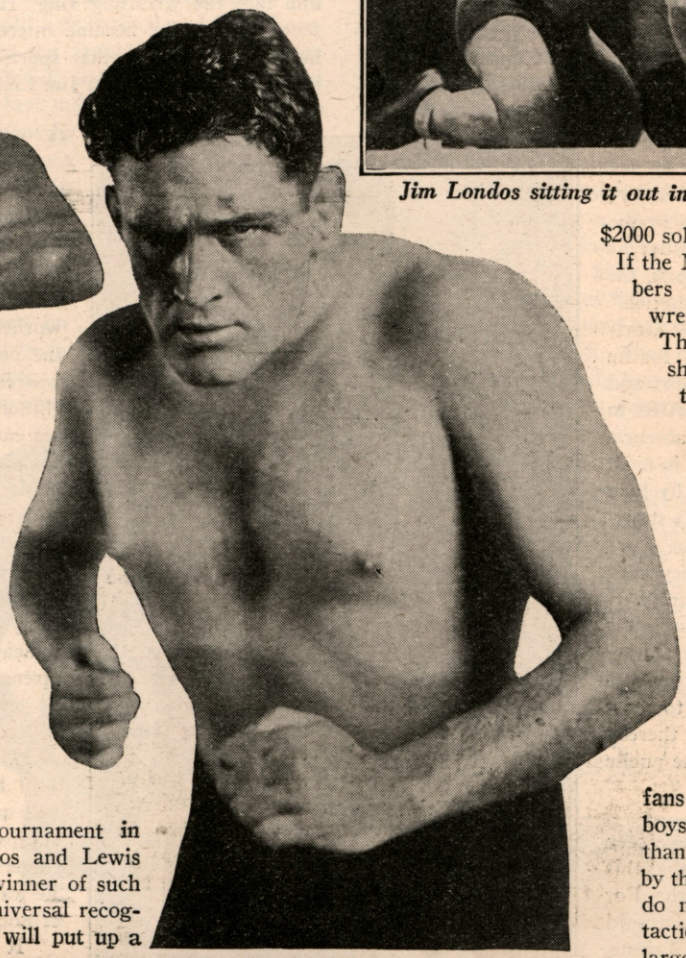
By "TEX" AUSTIN



*Jim Browning, who uses his great airplane scissors to good advantage.*



*Jim Londos sitting it out in his match with Abie Coleman*

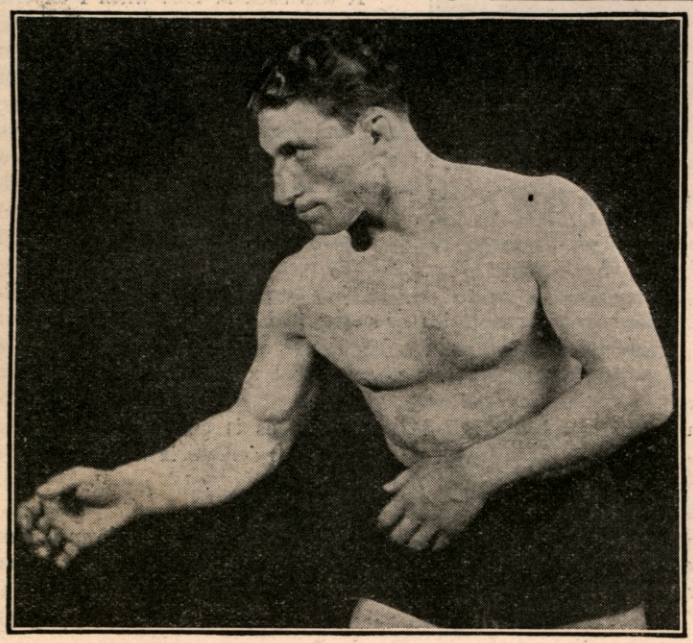


Dick had all the better of the milling and could have tossed Lewis whenever he had cared to, but for reasons known to himself and his backers, Lewis won. Too bad wrestling moguls cannot see the light. That gathering at the St. Nick Rink and up in Boston at the De Glane-Sonnenberg match, which also was a sell-out, proved that at least in wrestling, the fans will come out in throngs, if given what they want.

Let's have an elimination tournament in which Shikat, De Glane, Londos and Lewis should be the contestants. The winner of such a tournament would gain the universal recognition as champion. THE RING will put up a $2000 solid gold belt for such a tournament. If the National Boxing Association members want to gain the praises of the wrestling fans, here is an opportunity. They should force the issue. They should compel such a tournament entry to settle once and for all time the championship, and through such action they will gain more prestige than ever has been theirs. Refusal, should bring a ban on each of the above who defie such an edict. Wrestling would be better without them.

* * *

THERE is a movement on foot throughout the country to cater more to the welters, middleweights and light-heavyweights. The fans seem to like the action of the boys in the lighter division; more so than the grunts and grimaces supplied by the heavyweights. The fact that they do not employ the rough-and-tumble tactics of their bigger brethren is largely responsible for this popularity. They give a good wrestling performance without the frills that accompany the usual matches of the so-called international champions. Down in Florida, Hiram Albertson is a big attraction. Hy is a middleweight and has met all the leaders. He possesses a fine record and is very much in demand.



*Floyd Marshall, a rough heavyweight who lives up to his moniker "The Arizona Bad Man."*

Among the boys of the lighter divisions who have been doing well in their tours around the country are: Frank Bauer, Sioux City, middleweight; Wildcat McCann, Portland, Oregon, welterweight; Pinky Gardner, Schenectady, N. Y., light-heavyweight; Steve Nenoff, Bulgarian welterweight; Hiram Albertson, southern middleweight; Hugh Nichols, light-heavyweight champion; Gus Kallio, middleweight champion; Henry Kohn, bearded Michigan middleweight; John Ellis, Ottawa, Kansas, middleweight; Pete Petrulla, Portland, Ore., middleweight; Robin Reed, Portland, Ore., welterweight; Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y., welterweight; Augustus von Schindler, German middleweight; Swede Sanderson, middleweight; Sailor Parker, Cincinnati welterweight; Young Tarzan, New Castle, Pa., middleweight; George Gable, Cincinnati middleweight.

*George Hagen, veteran U. S. Marine champion, is still going strong*

*(Continued on page 37)*

# Up from the Mines

By JACKIE FARRELL

GINO GARIBALDI was sitting in his dressing room at the St. Nicholas Club of New York City, awaiting the call to the ring where he was billed to meet Jim McMillen. He had just heard that Jim Londos, world's heavyweight champion, had been reinstated by the Boxing Commission and the news was enthusiastically greeted by his comrades and himself.

"There's the greatest wrestler in the world. What a pity that he has not been permitted to show in New York because of his refusal to meet Lewis. The game has suffered much because of Jim's suspension and I'm glad to get the news of his reinstatement.

"Do you know that wrestling has had its greatest thrill while Londos has been at the head? To Londos' popularity, his knowledge of the sport and his showmanship, wrestling owes its rise in the past four years, yet such a wrestler as he, has been kept from New York, the greatest wrestling center in America."

There was much truth in what Garibaldi said and he should know, for he is one of the veterans of the sport and one of the most scientific mat artists in the game today. During Londos' absence, Garibaldi has been the headliner in most of the important matches staged by Jack Curley's rivals; and to Garibaldi's showmanship and wrestling technique Curley's antagonists owe the hold they have obtained in New York and vicinity. It was Garibaldi who helped organize the rival forces after they had quit Curley and his combine, and with Gardini arranged the cards that seemed to meet with the approval of the fans, thereby keeping the Londos group in the public eye.

* * *

FEW among those who have seen Garibaldi in action know that this Italian is American born. For purposes of publicity it has been said in the past that he was born in Trieste, where he attended college, and that he made his start in America, in Philadelphia, shortly after he had cleaned up the cream of the Europeans and decided on a U. S. tour.

"Nonsense," says Garibaldi of that information. "I always allowed such statements to be given to the press because I was told it would aid in bringing out the Italians to see my matches, but now that I have two fine boys who look upon their father as a mighty man, I no longer care to hide my identity.

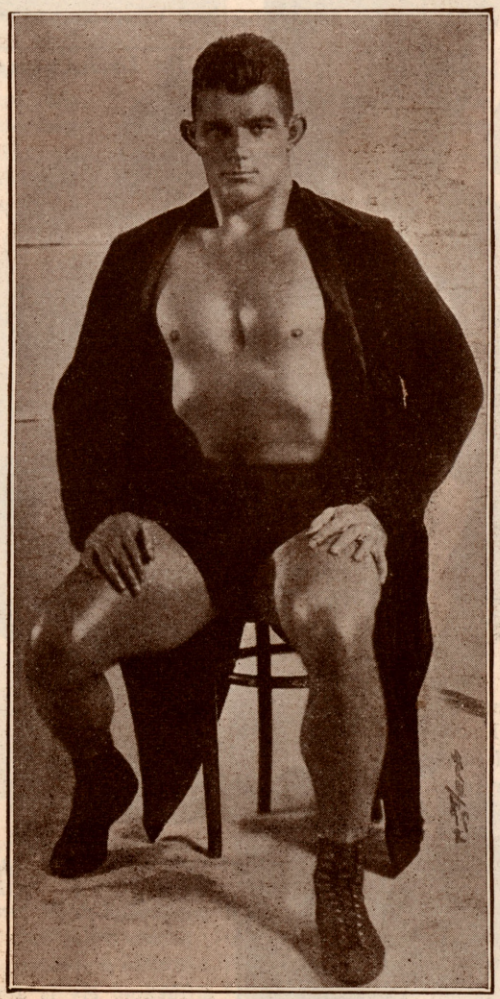
"I'm an American and I'm proud of it. I was born here and I've proved to the world that not every good wrestler must be foreign born, for I've made my mark in the land of my birth and I think the average wrestling fans and the critics will acknowledge that I rank among the first twelve wrestlers today."

Having read so much about Garibaldi's "early life in Italy, his school and college days and his rise to wrestling fame by downing Italy's stars," I naturally was dumbfounded at the new turn of affairs. The big, dark-skinned Italian seemed rather amused at my astonishment, but he remarked:

"You're not the first one to fall for that foreign stuff. Go over the list of wrestlers who starred in the last ten years and see how many have assumed birthplaces and colleges they never saw. It's all part of the game I suppose, but America is good enough for me and I'm acknowledging the fact that I'm one of Uncle Sam's boys."

And then came the story of his life. How a mine blast blew him into the wrestling ring. How he worked in an automobile factory. How he became interested in the mat sport, and how he rose to fame in that sport and got his greatest thrill when he was matched to meet Jim Londos.

* * *



*Gino Garibaldi who gave up his job as a coal digger after an explosion had killed his co-workers. He is now one of the most scientific mat stars in America*

"I WAS born in St. Louis twenty-five years ago. It was on March 10, 1907, that I saw the light of day. My father was then employed by the St. Louis Car Company, having settled in that city back in 1897, after coming from Illinois where he had worked in the coal mines. I attended the public schools of St. Louis until I was eight, when we moved to Duquoin, Illinois, where my father, having lost his car job, returned to the coal mines. I didn't like school and by playing hooky often, I persuaded the principal to give me a permit to work and I joined the Security Mine at Duquoin.

"I drilled, shot and loaded coal, and at one time I set a record of loading forty-four tons, something previously unheard of. That's where I got the strength in my shoulders and the lifting powers that now enable me to raise a 250-pounder over my head for a body slam.

"I liked to wrestle even in my youth and when at the mine, there were many scraps I got into by tossing fellow miners. I picked my opponent and if he was friendly, I scuffled with him, and if not, I fought him.

"It was back in 1924 when I experienced a thrill that cured me of mining and caused me to make my decision to become a wrestler. The siren on top of the coal mine at Dowell, Illinois, where dad and I were employed, let out its shriek blast. All the miners above ground rushed to the lifts. The people of the town dropped their work, stooped and prayed. All knew what that shrill whistle meant.

"They hurried to the mine. They realized that an explosion or a fire had trapped the poor fellows underground and immediate help was required. The people whose husbands, brothers, sweethearts or friends were suffocating in that mine, had gathered around the pit. Nine men were trapped. The rest had reached safety, and as is customary, the mine had to be sealed with those nine poor fellows in their tomb.

* * *

"THE concrete was being sealed above, while down below, an elderly man and his son were snubbing coal unaware of the danger they were in. Joe Curcuru turned to his son, Sam, then seventeen years old, and said: *(Continued on page 34)*

# WRESTLING GIANTS

## *McClary and Kirchmeyer Two of the Biggest Men in the Mat Sport*

*By* CHICK WERGELES

ACCORDING to the records, the ancient sport of wrestling has never had an Irishman at the head of the heavyweight division in catch-as-catch-can grappling, but the sons of Erin who have tried for the title at least have the reputation of ranking among the best. There was a time when the Irish boasted of an exceptionally fine wrestling corps, especially at the old Cumberland and Westmoreland style, but few have come to the front in the present-day catch-as-catch-can method. Pat McGill and Pat McClary, giants of the Ould Sod, are by far the best matmen in recent years to emanate from the land made famous by St. Patrick.

McClary, a 250-pounder, standing six feet four inches in his bare feet, is only twenty-three and if build and a knowledge of the intricacies of the sport mean anything, he should, with proper coaching, reach close to the top. He is no newcomer to America, having spent about four years out on the coast where he did small parts in films at Hollywood. Every time a massive form was required to perform some athletic feat McClary received the call. Before he came East, he engaged in 154 bouts with the stars of the West and middle-West, and among his performances was a draw match with John Pesek that lasted an hour, seven minutes.

*Pat McClary, the Belfast Freckled Giant*

While out on the coast he and Jack Johnson often trained together and sparred. McClary is a good boxer but prefers wrestling to the fistic sport. Johnson tried to get McClary to turn to boxing but without success. The Belfast giant often went through an impromptu bout with the former heavyweight champion for the entertainment of the film folk, but has decided to make his mark in that of wrestling.

Another giant, who is now performing on the mat in the East, is Roland Kirchmeyer. Standing six feet seven inches, yet the shortest of a family of seven brothers, Roland is the greatest all-around athlete developed in the West since the days of Jim Thorpe, the Indian. In the Kirchmeyer family are also six girls, but none is much taller than the average girl. Kirchmeyer graduated from Oklahoma A. & M., at which institution he won 86 gold, silver and bronze medals in various sports. Innumerable records were made by him. Roland's oldest brother weighs 250 pounds and stands six feet nine and a half inches, while his youngest brother, 18 years of age, is six feet eight and weighs 240 pounds. Quite a family, this Kirchmeyer clan.

Kirchmeyer has been wrestling professionally only three years, yet in that short time he has mastered what experts claim the most difficult hold of all—a "flying hook scissors." He usually executes it coming off the ropes. It is a most dangerous hold as the one attempting it risks breaking his leg if he fails, hence it is seldom tried. However, wrestlers declare that Kirchmeyer is the only grappler they ever saw who has made a real success of it.

IN 1928 "Kirchy" looked like a sure-fire winner of the Olympic heavyweight wrestling title, but in the western tryouts at Grand Rapids, his knee slipped out of place and thirteen doctors there were unable to snap it back. He drove 1248 miles to Tulsa, where he makes his home. There he went to an old retired doctor, who, by using a pulley, raised his leg high and snapped the knee back. It has never troubled him since.

Roland was born of German parentage in Sweetwater, Tex., in 1908. He graduated from the grammar and high schools before his family moved to Oklahoma. For the Oklahoma Aggies he not only starred on the wrestling team of a college that is regarded the best developer of grapplers in the country, but he won letters galore on track and field and in baseball and football.

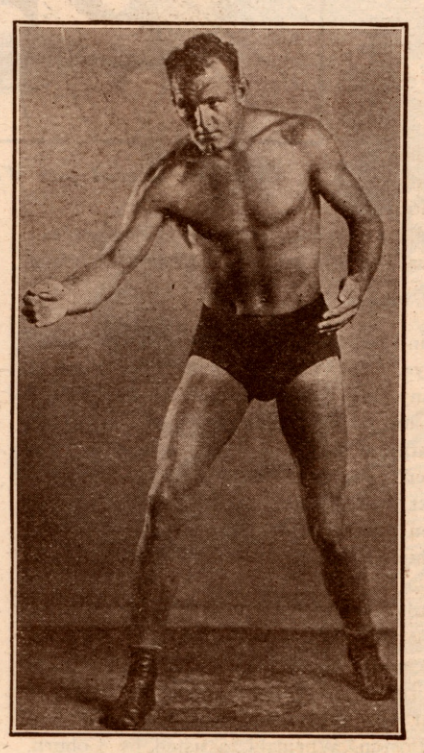
Since becoming a pro, "Kirchy" has won many matches. His weight is 230 pounds, but despite his poundage and height, he is as speedy as a deer. Such a good judge as the veteran, Joe "Toots" Mondt, declares him the best prospect in years. He is a fine-looking lad, with blond hair and tanned from life in the open.

"I think," said Mondt, "that he is a coming champion. He is game to the core, already knows all the deadly holds, is fast on his feet and a good ring general. With his physical advantages, he should go far."

* * *

KIRCHMEYER is one of the many college stars who have come to the front in the wrestling field within the past three years. Where in the past, promoters sought their talent abroad and brought to this country big, heavy, fat foreigners whose greatest asset was strength, today the promoter seeks the agile youth—slim, trim and rangy—and he usually finds that type among the gridiron stars of America. It is those boys who possess the color which is so much in demand.

The average fan of today does not care for a match which is carried on along the old lines of tugging. What they want is acrobatic stunts—tumbling, airplane spins, flying tackles and the like, and in that line, the American college athlete holds the upper hand.



*Roland Kirchmeyer, all-around athlete of Oklahoma*

Jim McMillen, Joe Savoldi, Ed Don George, Earl McCready, Paul Jones, Casey Kazanjian, Bill Middlekauff, Mike Mazurki, Carlos Henriquez, Dr. Wilson, Gus Sonnenberg, Bob "Bibber" McCoy, John Spellman, Al Morelli, among others, all are products of the gridiron. Most of them also followed wrestling in their college days, but never took the game up seriously until they graduated and turned professional.

# CRADLES of BOXING

*The Twenty-third of a Series by This Famous Boston Boxing Critic*

By "DOC" ALMY

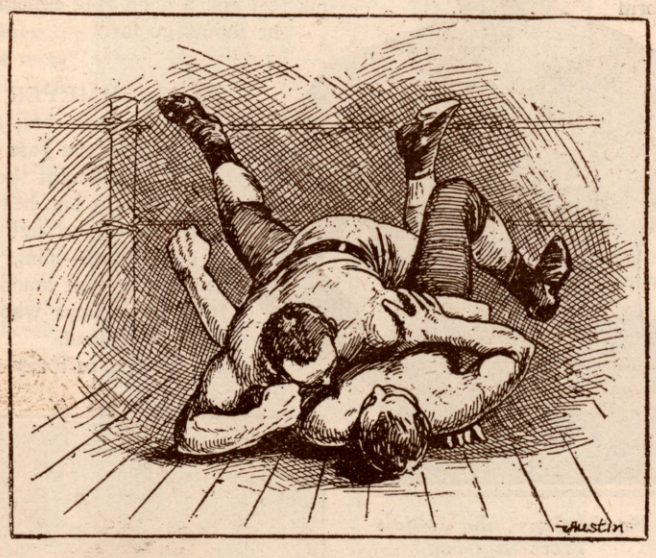
THOUGH Jack Hicks, the English pug, who had accompanied Ned O'Baldwin to the States in the winter of 1867, was forced to return home without a bout, the year 1868 found him whispering into the ears of Joe Wormald, a glowing tale of the opportunities which existed for the boxing profession in America.

That O'Baldwin, Wormald's enemy, was across the sea and reaping a rich harvest, was the note that Hicks thumped the hardest. Joe should go after the Irishman, show him up and gather unto himself plenty of American gold in the process.

The picture proved too attractive for Wormald to resist, and, though he preferred to remain at home, he packed his few belongings and boarded a steamer for Boston late in July of that year. The record of the incident fails to state who, if anyone, accompanied him. In any event, his arrival in the Hub failed to create much of a stir—seemingly fighters were shy of press agents in those days.

The press noted the event as follows:—"Joe Wormald, the famous British pugilist, arrived in Boston, Monday, August 9, and proceeded in the evening to New York. During his stay in Boston he was the guest of Mr. Hardman, who keeps a public house in Harvard street. Wormald is said to have come to this country for the purpose of getting a match with Ned O'Baldwin, and, if he is successful, his backer, Mr. Richardson, will come over the water to witness the fight."

In New York, Wormald found friends, among them, Joe Coburn, who, when not engaged in ring affairs, or brawling on his own account, conducted a sporty hotel in Harlem Road, near the present 125th street and 3rd avenue. Coburn, in addition to making the visitor thoroughly at home, immediately took charge of his affairs. Within a few days the Gotham press was quoting Wormald as saying, "I chased O'Baldwin out of England, and, if he refuses to fight me here, I propose to hound him out of the U. S. A."



*O'Baldwin tripped over Wormald as Joe went down*

* * *

NED was engaged in some circus stuff out in Detroit when this caught his eye. "So Wormald is in New York. I will fight him any time, anywhere and for any stake," was the Irishman's comeback retort in the papers of August 15. He followed up his declaration by appearing in person in New York a few days later. There he secured Felix Larkin and Charley Diamond as backers, next waited upon Joe Coburn and, all in a very short time, the men were matched to fight on October 13, for $1000 a side. It was hinted that the mill would be fought in Virginia.

Arrangements were made for O'Baldwin to train at Bangor, Me., and Wormald at Joe Coburn's place but, before they got down to the business, benefits were in order. Both principals needed the coin. One, George McKay of Louisville, Ky., mapped out a New England tour for Wormald which took in Lynn, Lowell, Worcester and Boston. Wormald, assisted by Coburn, showed his wares on the night of September 15, in Waitt's Hall, South Boston, attracting a large company. James Coffee was the master-of-ceremonies, and the assisting talent included Dan Fogarty, Sol Aaron, Young McCann, Sailor McCarthy, Mike Donovan and others, mostly boys from the old Fort Hill section.

O'Baldwin and a troupe also barnstormed through New England, and, between these affairs of the two combinations, it became pretty well known that their prospective battleground would be located much nearer Boston than Virginia. But the authorities merely sawed wood and let the pugilists go on with their preparations.

While entertaining in Lynn, Ned nearly wound up the whole business for himself. While lighted up in a local booze establishment after the show, he indulged in a favorite trick—the lifting of a smaller man off the floor by the ears.

"He tried this stunt on the proprietor," states Rodney M. Davis of Stoneham, a veteran of more than 80 years, who from time to time has furnished much material for the series, "and thought it a great joke. The proprietor, however, had plenty of grit. 'I cannot whip you, you big brute,' he howled at O'Baldwin, 'but I can kill you, and by God I will if you come within ten feet of me again.' This man surely would have shot the pugilist had he come toward him. Ned knew it and cleared out at once."

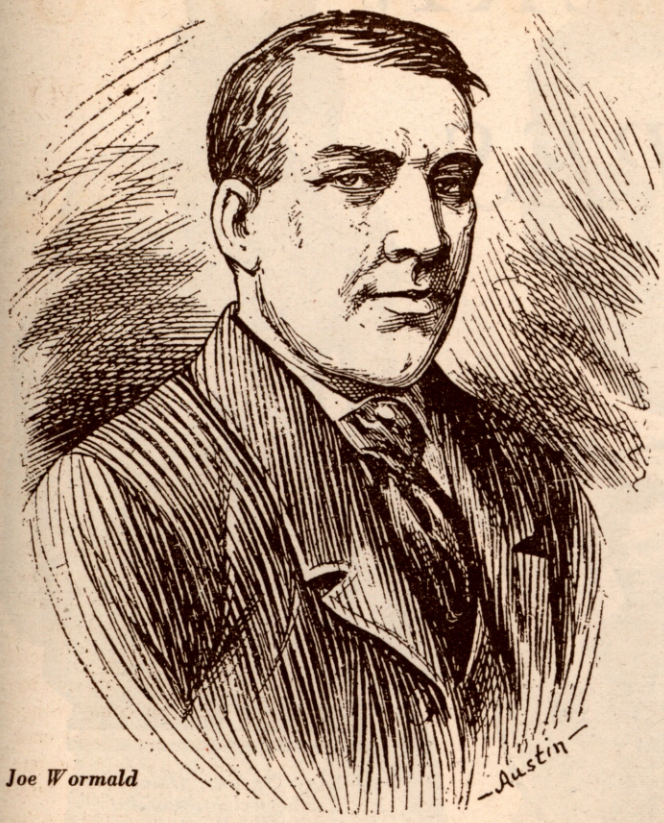
* * *

OCTOBER found the principals busy with their training, and Boston, already "het" up by the Seddons-Kelly mill of October 8, at the Isle of Shoals, and aware that Wormald and O'Baldwin were to battle in its near vicinity, a seething fight town. The enthusiasm of the sports got the iced-water, however, when on October 10, the New York police arrested Wormald. He was placed under $1000 bond not to fight in New York State, or leave that state to fight elsewhere.

This killed all chance of staging the scrap on October 13, but a new date was set for October 15, and then privately moved along to October 29. Meanwhile Wormald's wife arrived in Boston from England, and, on October 24, the British pug left the Big City for the purpose of paying her a visit. At least, such was his story. This threw the authorities off their guard for the time, and they were further fooled by an announcement that if the mill took place at all, which was doubtful, the Isle of Shoals would be the spot. Inquiries were actually made by the fistic followers concerning the hiring of steamboats for such a trip.

The report that O'Baldwin had been smuggled down from Maine and was hiding in Lynnfield, the presence in Boston of Wormald, also the arrival of sporty delegations from New York, served to put the forces of law back on the right scent. Notable among the visiting ones was Bob Brettle of England who, in addition to other ring achievements, had gone into the ring at 142 pounds and knocked the famous Jem Mace, a British heavyweight hero, as cold as a dead fish in two rounds. This affair took place September 21, 1858, and the fight was all over in three minutes. Many extollers of the famous Gypsy ringster seem to have forgotten the happening.

# *The Arrival of Joe Wormald in the United States, and His Battle With Ned O'Baldwin — The Arrest and Conviction of the Principals*




*Joe Wormald*

ON Wednesday night, October 28, there was a big torchlight procession in Boston in the interests of General U. S. Grant, the Republican candidate for the presidency. It was the chance for the fighting men, and they took it, and, long before midnight, they were parading out of town in carriages, buggies and barouches, giving the impression that they were folks returning home after the evening's festivities. In one of the carriages, hidden under a blanket, was Wormald. He was driven to a tavern in Lynnfield, about 10 miles out from Boston, where he found O'Baldwin already in quarters, also a mob of the "boys" who were making merry. The merriment, which gave neither of the fighters much chance to sleep, lasted throughout the night.

Daylight next morning found the ring all set up by Joe Coburn and Sol Aaron but a short distance from the hostelry, and, at 7:20, O'Baldwin—esquired by Charley Diamond and, most curiously, Joe Coburn—shied his castor into the ring, and followed it. Wormald, with Bob Brettle and George Rooke at his back, entered the arena a few minutes later. About the ropes were several hundred spectators, many of them O'Baldwin men from Boston and New York. "Kill the bloody Britisher, Ned," was their favorite chant.

Everything all set, Ned danced over to Wormald's corner and offered to bet $300 that he would win the battle. To this Joe replied that he had no money and could not accept the wager. Then Dan Noble, the stakeholder, who had been chosen to referee the muss, ordered the men to fight.

As the Irishman towered over Wormald, also had reach and weight in his favor, he was picked to make a quick job of it. They got going at 7:40, and, right off the reel Joe feinted Ned into a tangle and whacked him a hard left swing to the neck. Ned rallied, and jabbed a left to Joe's forehead, rocking him a bit. Wormald stepped back, coaxed O'Baldwin to come in, and then smashed the giant full to the mouth with a right that brought the color in a stream.

It was first blood for Wormald. Ned swung a right for the British chap's ribs, but Joe blocked it. Before Ned could get out of the way, his foe banged him twice to the nose, tearing it open and causing more blood to flow. This cooled off the O'Baldwin men and the betting shifted to evens.

The Irishman let go a right to Wormald's left cheekbone, not a bad punch or spot whereon to land it, but Joe saw it coming, and faded with the blow, as the saying goes. They mixed in close, clinched and then Wormald went down to save himself from being thrown. The giant tripped and fell over him. As he toppled, Joe came up with his knee and rammed it into the giant's stomach. This knocked the wind out of O'Baldwin. He was carried back to his corner by his seconds. The round had lasted 10 minutes.

* * *

WHILE the squires were working over their principals, and before the second round had been called, the doors of a near-by barn suddenly flew open and out poured a mob of State and Lynn police, like bees out of a hive. They had been there since 6 o'clock in the morning, their presence undiscovered, due to the gross carelessness and lack of precaution on the part of those managing the contest.

Not stopping to bother with the small fry, the officers dashed to the ring and there captured both O'Baldwin and Wormald. The seconds and referee made their escape, as did also most of the spectators. There were several minor brawls and some clubbing, but no one was seriously hurt.

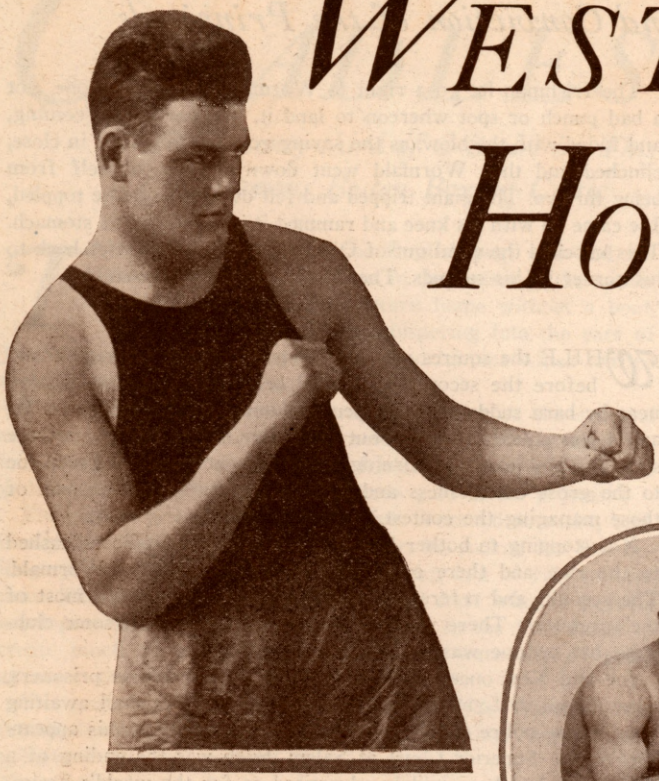
Joe and Ned, once foes but now linked together as prisoners, were carted to Lynn where they found Judge Newhall awaiting them in the police court. Each was held in $5000 for his appearance in the Superior Court at Salem. Such was the ending of a mill which had been widely advertised as for the world's heavyweight title though neither principal was a champion at the time.

Despite the heavy bonds, the fighters succeeded in gaining their freedom. Later, at a meeting in New York, O'Baldwin and Wormald were ordered to fight it out on November 12, by Dan Noble. "You came here from England to fight and you are going to," he declared. Ned was willing, but Wormald balked, claiming an injury to his shoulder caused by an officer's club when he was arrested. Noble then declared that Ned had won the fight and turned the stakes over to his backers.

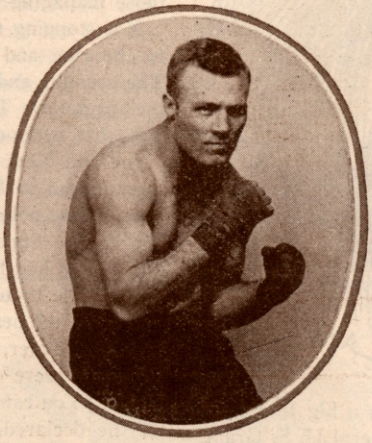
This brought a wail from Joe Coburn, also John Stetson, the latter one-time owner of the now *(Continued on page 33)*

*Ned O'Baldwin*

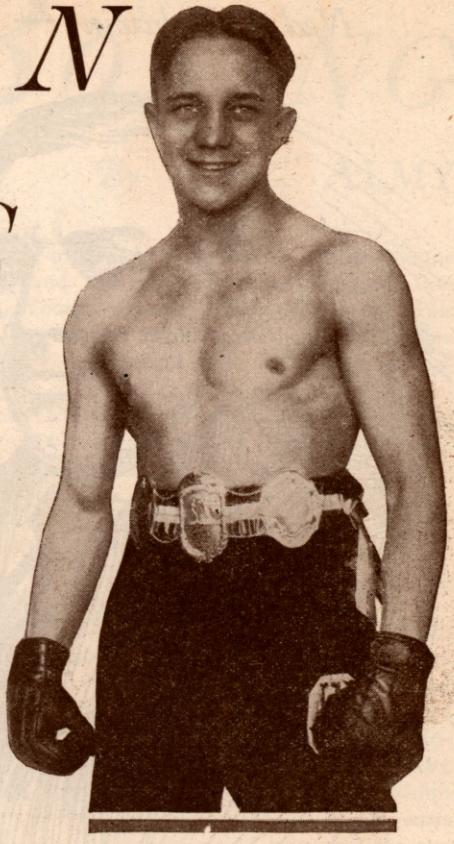
# WESTERN HOPES



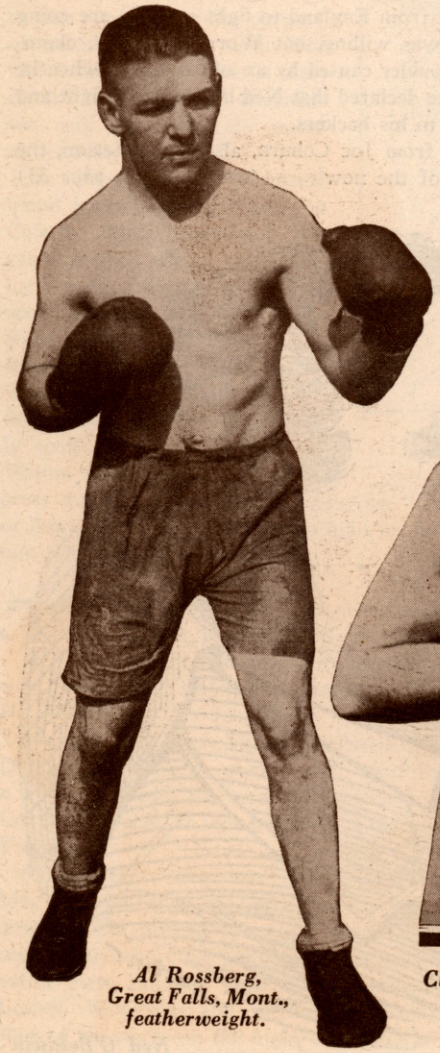
*Jimmy Gibbons, St. Paul's heavyweight prospect.*



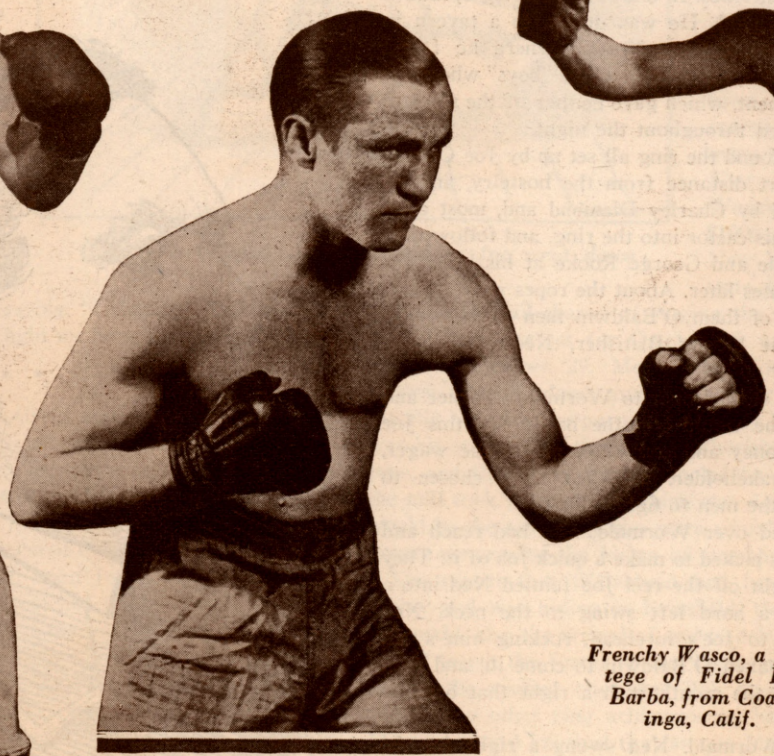
*Ray Mann, Sioux City's welterweight pride.*



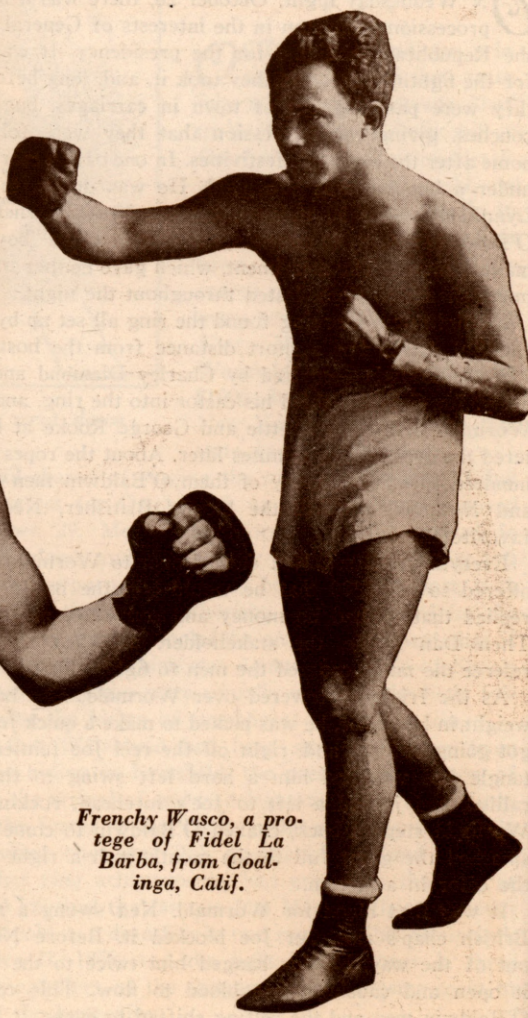
*Johnny Nichols, Oklahoma featherweight, now in Cleveland.*



*Al Rossberg, Great Falls, Mont., featherweight.*

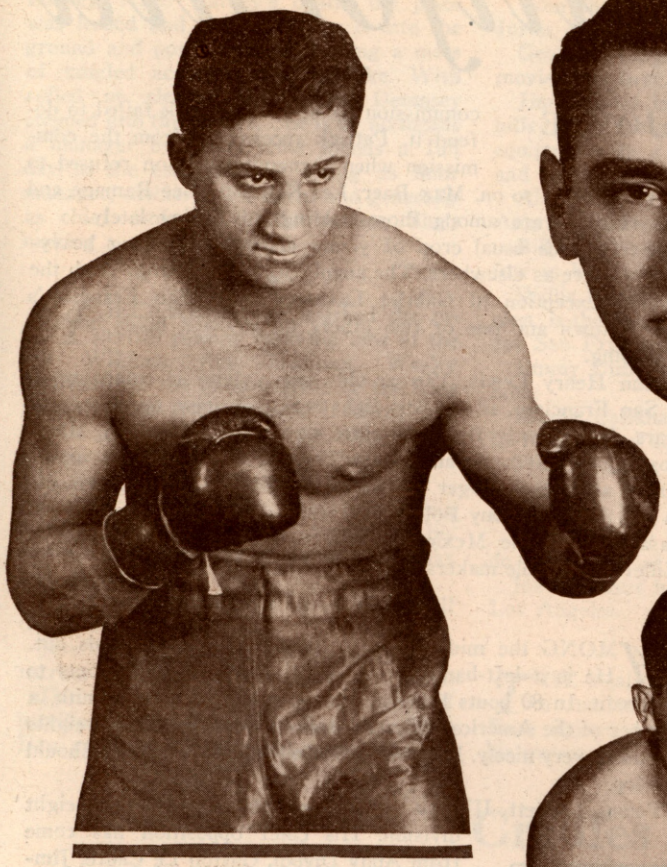


*Cliff Rossberg, Montana's knockout artist.*

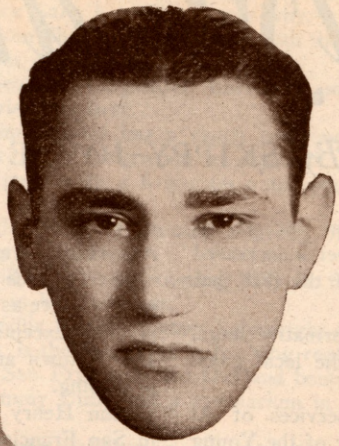


*Frenchy Wasco, a protege of Fidel La Barba, from Coalinga, Calif.*

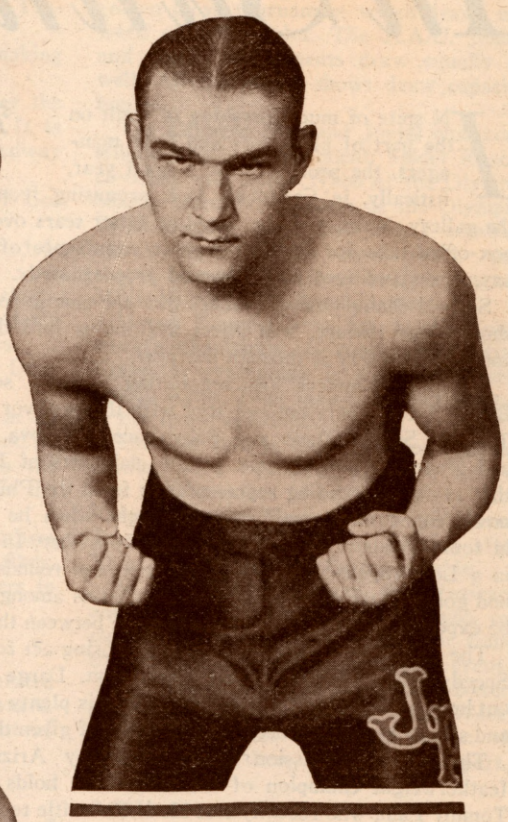
# ON *the* UPWARD CLIMB



*Patsy Perroni, Cleveland's corking heavyweight prospect.*

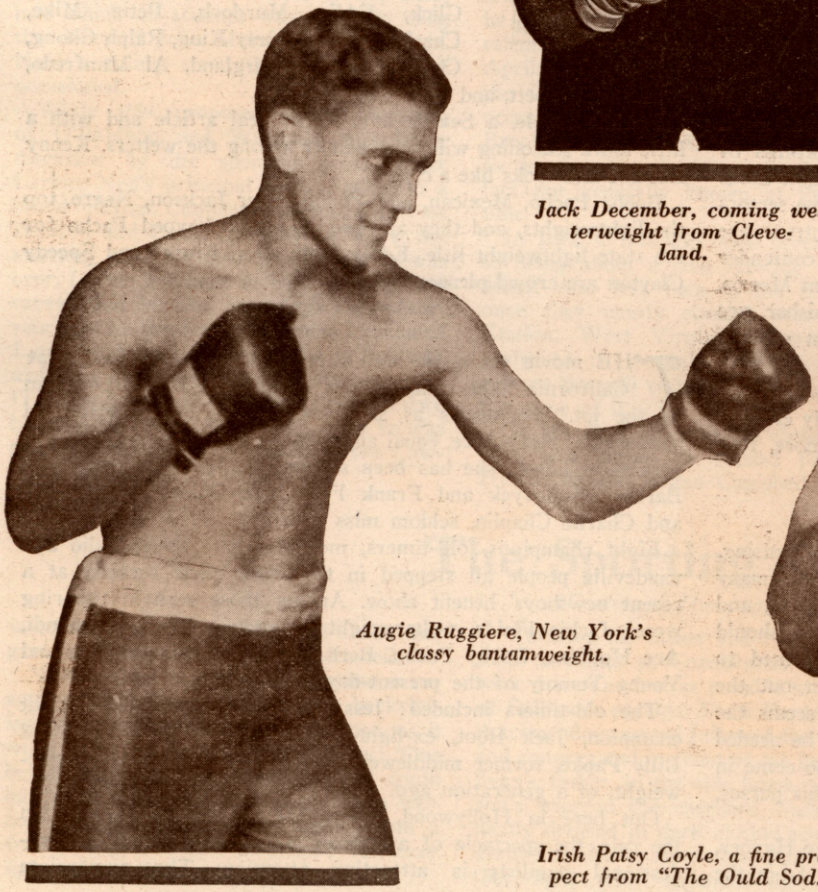


*Maxie Pink, New York Hebrew light-heavyweight.*

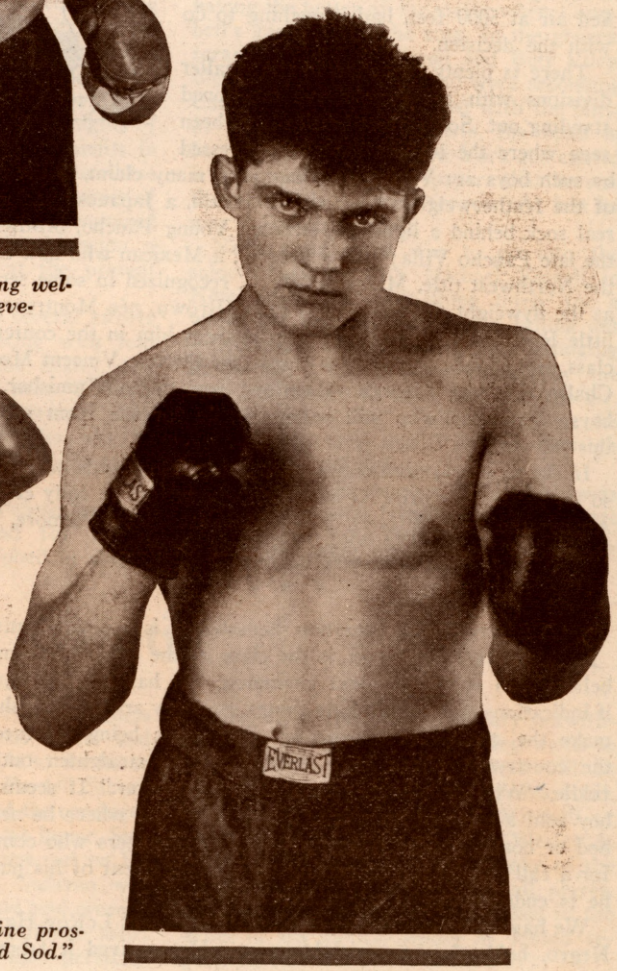


*Jack Pallat, former amateur, going good around Cleveland.*

*Jack December, coming welterweight from Cleveland.*



*Augie Ruggiere, New York's classy bantamweight.*




*Irish Patsy Coyle, a fine prospect from "The Ould Sod."*

# In Sunny California

By SKIPPY JOYCE

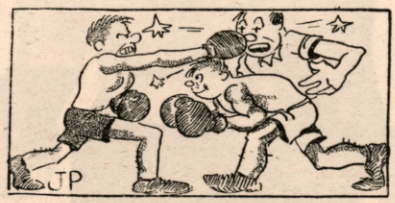
IN spite of much gnashing of teeth on the part of promoters and fight managers, the prospects for a good year, fistically, in California look promising from this seat in the gallery. Many who are shedding bitter tears over a decreased box-office take for '32, fail to take cognizance of the fact that hay, grain and feed have dropped proportionally.

Several championship matches that are now in formative stage, should they mature, will inject a stimulus into the local game sufficient to carry it through the year.

El Lay promoters are negotiating for the services of Al Brown for an early outdoor shot with the survivor of the Young Tommy, Speedy Dado and Baby Face Casanova feud. Tommy and Dado are well known as the claimants of Pancho Villa's title as the outstanding representative from the Philippines. Casanova leaped into prominence overnight when he stopped Dado in four rounds at Mexico City last November. In a return shot in a Los Angeles ring, the boys went ten rounds with a close nod going to the Oriental. Much hoarseness among the fans is to be expected before a final choice is made between the three.

The California commissioners, as a closing act for 1932, named Speedy Dado world's bantam champion. Large territory, but out here we think only in superlatives. He is plenty good, however, and should be an even bet to cop that title if given the opportunity.

The local commission recognizes Baby Arizmendi as the featherweight champion of the world. He holds victories over Tommy Paul, who recently lost his N.B.A. title to Freddy Miller, and Fidel La Barba. He beat La Barba in a Mexico City bout and there may be some substance to the claim that the jump made by Fidel from sea level to the rarefied air at 5000 feet, had something to do with the decision.




There is plenty of action in the smaller divisions with the four above mentioned standing out. Some great battles have been seen where the leaders have been pressed by such boys as: Various Milling, who many claim, is the class of the featherweight division; Joe Tiekin, a Japanese packing a real sock behind a lightning offense; Young Pancho, brother of the late Pancho Villa; Canto Robleto, a Mexican who now holds the Northwest title, Midget Wolgast, recognized in some sectors as the flyweight titleholder; Newsboy Brown, née Montrose, the little Russian whose large arms have kept him in the contender class, and Claude Varner. Joe Conde, Al Citrino, Vincent Morris, Chalky Wright, Georgie Hansford and Bozo Kamisher are boys coming up who will make trouble for the front rankers this year.

In the flyweight division Wolgast, of course, stands out but not so far in front of little Al Robinson who weighs in fully clothed. Among the younger boys, Tuffy Pierpont, Baby Palmore, Rex Reese and Jimmy Rena show the most promise.

* * *

THE heavyweight situation, hereabouts, is not so promising. Max Baer, of course, is the class of the division and many believe him to be the next champion. He has everything, and if indications that he is taking things seriously are true, he should make the grade. At present his fighting is being confined to the courtroom where he is endeavoring to straighten out the riddle, "Who or whom, are, or is my manager." It seems the boy sold a piece of himself at every crossroad where he needed bed or board, besides tying up with two managers who come in for a full cut. Tiring of getting about 10 per cent of his purses, he is endeavoring to set matters righ..

We have state champions out here. At present LeRoy Haynes, Negro, holds the heavyweight crown. He received it from the commission when Tom Patrick failed to defend it. Patrick received it from the commission when Dynamite Jackson refused to defend it. And so on. Max Baer, Les Kennedy, Lee Ramage and Ace Hudkins are among those holding this rating lately.

There is the usual crop of young and not so young heavyweights here as elsewhere. The supply seems unending. With the possible exception of Gabriel Lavassey from San Francisco's Butchertown and one or two others the division holds nothing promising.

John Henry Lewis, 19-year-old Negro, who is campaigning in San Francisco, is the best light-heavy prospect to be seen in years. He recently fought a close fight with Champion Maxie Rosenbloom after cleaning up everything in sight on the coast. Maxie and his manager can vouch for Lewis' hitting powers. In this division, Tony Poloni is a Sacramento favorite and Sandy Casanova has the Mexican following. Terris Hill and Benny Miller are trouble makers.

* * *

AMONG the middleweights, Wesley Ketchell stands out. He is a left-hander and has 24 one-round knockouts to his credit. In 80 bouts he claims 60 k.o. victories. Del Smith, a member of the American Olympic team, is fighting middleweights and doing very nicely. He is a cool, level-headed boxer and should develop.

Young Corbett III has long ruled the coast welterweight division. His chief opposition has come from Andy Divodi, Gaston Le Cadre, Jimmy Evans, and Ceferino Garcia, a classy Filipino. For some reason promoters, here, favor this division. Others than the leaders, fighters seen often in top spots are: Kenny Austin, Verl Whitehead, Joe Glick, Eddie Murdock, Petie Mike, Charley Cobb, Tommy King, Ralph Chong, Chinese; Swede Burgland, Al Manfredo, cousin of Corbett, and Matt Calo.

Freddie Steele, a Seattle boy, is the real article and with a little more seasoning will be dynamite among the welters. Kenny LaSalle also looks like a comer.

Bobby Pacho, Mexican, and Young Peter Jackson, Negro, top the lightweights, and they are good. Jackson kayoed Pacho for the state lightweight title. Eddie Volk, Don Fraser and Speedy Clayton are crowd pleasers.

* * *

THE movie colony is well represented at the ringside at California fights. Lupe Velez is the most enthusiastic fan of the lot. Her antics as she cheers on a countryman and pantomimes him advice, equal anything she has done on the stage or screen. Lately she has been squired by Johnny Weismuller. Barbara Stanwyck and Frank Fay, Jack Oakie, Guy Kibbee and Charlie Chaplin, seldom miss a card.

Fight champions, old-timers, motion-picture stars, radio and vaudeville people all stepped in to donate their services at a recent newsboys' benefit show. Among those seen in the ring were: Jackie Fields, welterweight champion; Baby Arizmendi, Ace Hudkins, Bobby Pacho, Bert Colima, Various Milling and Young Tommy of the present-day fighters.

The old-timers included: Jess Willard, former heavyweight champion, Jack Root, ex-light-heavy champ; Al McCoy and Billy Papke, former middleweight rulers and Joe Rivers, lightweight, of a generation ago.

Out here in Hollywood, where the unusual is very often the rule, the spectacle of a woman conducting a gym for professional pugilists is attracting attention. The gymnasium

in the case is the one established by Jack Dempsey, when champion, for his brother Barney. After Barney's death, the place was leased and the lessee ran it into the ground and powdered out, leaving a mess of tangled accounts and the like. With rolled up sleeves, little Mrs. Dempsey stepped into the picture. She is by no means a manager by proxy. She spends a full day in the establishment acting as floor manager, cashier, press agent and generally as chief cook and bottle washer. She's making a go of it, too.

* * *

A DECEMBER bout marked the regretful passing from big time of the old Wildcat, Ace Hudkins. Wesley Ketchell had the former great on the floor several times and although Hudkins was on his feet at the end of the 10th, it was evident the old fire is gone. Three of his ribs were broken. His spirit was not.

Russell Bradford, who has been doing a nice job of refereeing, turned in his flannels and black tie in favor of trunks and gloves.

For the information of those who recall the names:

Jess Willard works in a meat and grocery market in Hollywood that bears his name.

Dan Drew is training youngsters and handling a few fighters in San Francisco. Dan receives my personal nomination as the best trainer in the business, and, like Chick Sale, I could tell you why.

Tom Sharkey is connected with the Tanforan race track.

Georges Carpentier has been making movie tests here.

Jim Jeffries has a ranch just over the hills from Hollywood at Burbank. It is equipped with a first-class auto speedway and boxing arena.

Al McCoy is training a group of Los Angeles fighters.

Billy Papke is grooming Billy Jr. to follow in his footsteps.

Willie Ritchie, former lightweight champion, is the third man in the ring regularly for San Francisco and Oakland bouts.

Jimmy Duffy has a gymnasium in Oakland.

Mushy Callahan is an instructor in an L. A. gym and does some picture work.

Tommy Cello, whose eyes are on the mend, has a nice stable of fighters in the bay region.

Tom Kennedy and the Zbyszko brothers do quite a bit of character work in films.

Joe Williams has a stable of fighters in Los Angeles.

* * *

THE local commission has inaugurated a fund to care for indigent boxers. Each fighter contributes one per cent of his purses to the cause.

Amateur boxing is doing nicely in San Francisco. The *Examiner* sponsors a golden glove tournament which draws upward of 200 entries. The A.A.U. junior and senior tournaments draw equally as well. All the major shows draw capacity houses.

The Olympic club and Jovial club contribute largely to the talent. Spider Roach, co-coach with Spike Webb of the Olympic boxing team, is in charge at the Olympic. What a pity those two didn't combine names. Spider Webb would have spun snares around those invaders last August. Milly Moore is the Jovial instructor.

Moose Taussig, who has handled nine world's champions, is conducting a San Francisco gymnasium in partnership with Paddy Ryan. That famous second "Fritz" is the house masseur.

The best fight in California for 1932 according to a consensus of sport writers was the December 13 battle between Baby Face Casanova, Mexico City, and Young Tommy. Casanova took the decision after 10 of the fastest rounds conceivable.

At the Olympic stadium, the Mexicans and Filipinos form themselves into organized rooting sections when their countrymen face one another in a main event.

The Pacific fleet has some good boxers and they are featured during "Fleet Week" in San Francisco. For some reason we seldom hear of them from the home port.

# Cradles of Boxing

(Continued from page 29)

defunct *Boston Police News*, Globe Theatre of Boston and other similar enterprises. Lew Baker (one of those charged with the killing of the famous Billy Poole, a nasty affair in New York, February 24, 1855, into which an attempt was made to drag the name of John Morrissey) horned in. Noble's ruling stood despite the fuss it occasioned.

While this proposed second meeting of O'Baldwin and Wormald was being discussed by the sporting press. Felix Larkin, Ned's principal backer, got into a brawl in Hugh Campbell's saloon, corner of Hudson and Canal streets New York, the morning of November 25. Before it was over, Larkin had been so badly stabbed and carved that he died next day. This occurrence got on the nerves of James Lannan of Lynn, who had gone bail for O'Baldwin, and he surrendered Ned to the court. So O'Baldwin was locked up in Salem jail until his trial on February 15, 1869, when he was given a sentence of 18 months in the Lawrence House of Correction.

Wormald escaped justice by fleeing to Canada. For a while he conducted a boxing school in Montreal, later switching to Quebec. There he hit up a pace that landed him in the Quebec Marine Hospital where he died on May 26, 1871. O'Baldwin was released in April, 1871, and on the nights of April 28 and 29, was tendered benefits in the Olympic Theatre, Boston. On these occasions he sparred with Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, who in 1877-'78 was recognized as the American heavyweight champion, a fact not generally known at the present time.

In 1872, O'Baldwin made several efforts to bring about a ring meeting with Jem Mace, who was then in the States, and once they nearly clashed near Collier's Station, West Virginia. However, they preferred to wrangle over who was to referee the mill rather than fight, so nothing came of it.

On March 4, 1873, on this same location, Ned was acting as second for Harry Hicken against Bryan Campbell in a contest for the lightweight title. Hicken was having the better of the mêlée when Campbell's gang rushed the ring. In the general scrap, Owney Geoghegan and Butt Riley, New York characters, who were seconding Campbell, knocked out Ned with the butts of their pistols. O'Baldwin, his head in bandages, returned to New York and caused it to appear in the newspapers that he was through with the ring forever. At last he was thoroughly cured.

Ned's next move was to go into the saloon business with Michael Finnell in New York. All went along finely for a while, but one day they had a falling out —September 27, 1875—and, Ned, indulging in his old trick, grabbed Finnell by the ears and sought to hoist him into the air. Finnell pulled out a pistol, and, as he claimed at his trial, shot O'Baldwin through the chest in self-defense.

Ned died on September 29. His body was claimed by Boston friends and it now rests in the lot of John O'Baldwin, a kinsman, in Holyhood cemetery, Brookline, Mass.

# The Sporting Gazette

(Continued from page 13)

were on hand to meet him, and shake that great right that didn't get on Mitchell.

"It was not a case of fallen greatness exactly with Sullivan, only a little backsliding of his voluminous circumference, as it were, or as we Bostonese would say: This being the case, his friends of old could hardly do otherwise than to give him welcome 'Home again, home again, from a foreign shore,' where they have 'too foxy fighters' and little gold galore.

"Sullivan, his father and Harry Phillips took carriages at Commercial wharf and were driven as fast as possible to the home of Sullivan's parents, No. 8 Parnell Street. A tremendous crowd followed the carriages and congregated in front of the house. Sullivan's father, in the ride home, sat on his son's knee in the carriage. Sullivan was neatly dressed in dark clothes and wore a derby hat. In an interview, Sullivan said: 'My fight with Mitchell was perfectly square, all stories to the contrary notwithstanding. When any fighter living wants to tackle me in future, my address will be Boston and he will be accommodated, whether his name is Kilrain, Mitchell or Smith.' On the deck of the tug 'Wesley A. Gove,' Sullivan stopped for a shake of the hand with Bob Callahan, the ball player, and the next moment he was locked in the arms of his father, whom he kissed repeatedly."

# Now They Look Ahead

(Continued from page 19)

very clever as a mathematician; but he certainly made several fearless attempts, which frequently ended in considerable comedy. The shrewd, experienced English bookies, always looked upon poor Mace's effort on the box as a joke—and surely it was a joke.

The courageous old gladiator said just before he died in London, Eng., on Nov. 30, 1910, at the age of eighty years:

"Since I lost my wife nothing has gone right. I always needed a master. A quarter of a million pounds (about $1,000,000) I've taken out of the prize ring—and all is gone. Ten championship cups and four championship belts of gold and silver, with diamonds and precious stones, are all gone and I've nothing left."

* * *

PROBABLY no ringster was gamer in and out of the ring than the late Charley Mitchell, England's great heavyweight champion who almost won the title from John L. Sullivan. He was gifted with a bright, active brain, which gained for him the friendship of many of the wealthy sporting men of Great Britain.

Among the best of Mitchell's friends was George Alexander Baird, who was generally known the world over as "Squire Abington," reputed to be worth $50,000,000, when he died in New Orleans very suddenly in 1893, after seconding Jim Hall against Bob Fitzsimmons in rather a questionable combat.

It was the sporty Squire who staked Mitchell to $200,000 when the boxer did six months in jail for an assault Baird had committed in one of his drunken sprees with Mitchell and Hall in London.

Quick-witted Mitchell made the "bobby" who made the arrest believe that he hit the stranger instead of the Squire, and thereby was richly rewarded for his cleverness. There are quite a few boxers around this town who would be quite willing indeed to do six months in the cooler for 200,000 bucks. Wow! Wow! But angels, like George Alexander Baird, don't appear on earth so very often and are not so very generous usually.

After Mitchell became the pal of the liberal Scotch Squire he became quite a plunger on the turf, although he was always considerable of a bettor on any man or beast that struck his fancy. Mitchell was just as fearless in wagering his money as he was in shooting his skillful punches in the ring. He was at heart a thoroughbred sport and probably the most popular fighter England ever produced.

Like Dick Burge, the former game lightweight champion of England, Mitchell was always helping the fellow who was down and out. No wonder they were both so beloved. Maybe poor Dick *didn't* play the horses and gamble like a lord! He was another born gambler.

But there were very few of the old champions who were not addicted to gambling of some sort or other. Joe Gans loved to play the ponies and craps, at which he squandered hundreds of dollars. Young Corbett was a regular fiend at the racetracks and in every game of chance. All his ring earnings he played away in the most reckless manner and died a few months ago in Denver, Colo., with hardly a dollar to his credit.

But there were many other noted gambling champions, who finished in the same deplorable way. Joe Coburn, once heavyweight champion of America; Ike O'Neil Weir, world's featherweight champion; George Dixon, who held the feather title also; Freddy Welsh, former world's lightweight champion, and some others.

It is, however, quite different today among the various fistic champions, none of whom seems to be such an inveterate gambler as compared with the game old boys.

The average modern champion takes much better care of himself and his bankroll. Some of them may occasionally take a crack at the horses or some other game, but most of them are piling up bankrolls for a rainy day and their old age. Wise birds, indeed, are they of the present era.

# How They Got Their Start

(Continued from page 7)

parlor at No. 131 Avenue C, New York City, the youth of our neighborhood gathered daily and there they often discussed the greatness of Leach Cross, our idol. I got so het up over his ability, that I began to practice sparring in an effort to imitate Leach. After a month's practice, Buck Areton, who fought under the name of Willie Grant, took me in hand and got me my first fight with a lad named Mickey Finnegan which I won in three rounds. That was the beginning of a most successful career."

Tony Canzoneri came up from the amateurs as did Frankie Genaro and Jackie Fields, other world champions.

Tommy Loughran was a newsboy before he took up fighting. Joe Dundee was a banana vendor and Johnny Dundee says that it was James J. Corbett who gave him his start in fisticuffs. And this is the way that Johnny explains it to us:

"I was working in my father's fish market in West 42nd Street when Jim Corbett stopped in an automobile in front of the stage entrance of the American Theatre where he was playing in 'The Burglar and the Lady.' That was back in 1910. When Corbett came out of the car, I was standing near the curb, with mouth wide open, my eyes popping out of my head, so eager was I to see the former champion. He got out of the car, looked at me, and asked me to stand guard over his car until he returned.

"What a thrill I got! I got into the car, sat in the front seat while waiting for the show to end, and I had only one thought in mind—how I would like to be a champion like Corbett. That started me on my desire to become a boxer and shortly after, I became a full-fledged fighter!"

Ernie Schaaf received his start in the Navy; Jackie Berg, after he had won a street fight in the Whitechapel district of London; and Jess Willard, after he went gunning for a swindler who had relieved him of a considerable sum of money. Jimmy McLarnin came up from the amateurs and Maxie Rosenbloom made his way from a farm in Connecticut through the amateurs.

Stanley Ketchel was a tray juggler in a western restaurant when he got into a scrap with one of the help and handed him such a terrific lacing that Maurice Thompson, who saw him, took him in tow and made a fighter out of him. Leach Cross learned how to fight by running the gauntlet of sticks and stones every time he went from his home to school through an Irish district.

# Up from the Mines

(Continued from page 26)

"'I smell smoke. Ring the bell. Call the elevator and ask what's wrong.' Sam ran to the shaft, rang the bell and in a jiffy, the elevator appeared and the white-faced operator shouted:

"'Hurry. You're trapped. The mine's on fire. Your last chance.'

"Sam grabbed his father by the arm and both leaped into the elevator and were hurried up the shaft. Yes, the old man was my father and Sam was Gino Garibaldi.

"We were the last two to leave the pit alive. The other seven all were suffocated. That experience cured me of mining.

"Shortly after, Lloyd Carter, wrestler, manager and promoter, who was hard up and working in the same Fisher Body plant as I, asked me how I would like to become a wrestler, and, of course, I grabbed the opportunity.

"I told my dad and he said that since I had decided to become a wrestler, I had better take for my professional name that of a notable Italian and then success would be mine. So I chose Garibaldi, the great emancipator, and I had heard of a strong man, an Italian named Gino, so I selected his name also and that's how I came to be known professionally as Gino Garibaldi.

"I received only $1.20 for my first match and often wrestled for from $1.50 to $5.00, but since 1929, when I became a headliner, I've earned thousands of dollars. In my first match I met Abe Kaplan in Memphis and he broke my arm and I was laid up for four months.

"Since 1929 I have met all the stars, Americans and foreigners, but the greatest thrill I ever got was when I was signed to meet Londos for the title. I lost that match in the Garden in 52 minutes, but it was a bout I shall always remember."

# An Octogenarian

(*Continued from page* 17)

leading question between dances was:

"Who do you think will win the fight?"

Here, there, everywhere on the street and in the home, the leading question still was:

"What's the news from England?"

There was no Atlantic cable at this time, no way to get the news except by ocean steamers which then took weeks to come.

For days and nights after April 17, the great editors stayed up all night, double crews of pressmen and printers were kept on duty, and one newspaper prepared to beat out the others with first news of the battle. The newsboy trust sat up with the editors and printers.

The first James Gordon Bennett, owner of the *Herald,* a genuine sportsman, had crews of tugmen and reporters roving the seas just outside of New York harbor and watching for the first ocean steamer that would bring news of the great conflict.

* * *

AND then came the newspapers with first stories of the battle. They told how on an open field near Farnborough, England, a 24-foot ring had been pitched on a square of green turf and of how the nobility of England and all their countrymen stood shoulder to shoulder around it and helped form the greatest crowd that had ever witnessed a prize fight in England.

The fight went forty-two rounds and it was said that Sayers had broken an arm early in the fight and the American claimed the ring was broken into to save his opponent. But no matter what the reason, after forty-two rounds, lasting 2 hours and 20 minutes, the ring was rushed by toughs and the contest was declared a draw. They had fought 37 rounds with a referee and five without.

Some accounts gave Heenan the better of it, while others said that Sayers had the Yankee blinded in both eyes so that he had to be led away. There is no doubt that toughs broke up the fight to save their bets, one way or the other.

That it was a wonderful battle and that Britisher and American had conducted themselves nobly, was proven directly after their meeting when the English people rose as one man to do honor to both pugilists.

At the Alhambra theater in London, May 31, 1860, a few weeks after their memorable battle, the English people presented both Sayers and Heenan with magnificent championship belts.

The presentation came about midway on the evening programme, a Mr. Caldwell introducing Sayers and Heenan and declaring that they were the bravest men that had met on the field since Wellington and Napoleon at Waterloo.

Mr. Dowling, who had acted as referee of the fight, then presented Heenan's belt, remarking that it was an exact facsimile of the championship belt of England, and of precisely similar value, it having been purchased by public subscription to which Tom Sayers had contributed twenty-five pounds.

Heenan, who also received an address on vellum, doffed his coat and put the belt on.

Mr. Wilkes, the editor of the *New York Spirit of the Times,* followed with a similar presentation to Sayers, then walked across the stage, arm in arm, with Heenan and Sayers.

Along with the trophies were red Morocco cases, the outsides bearing the words, "Champion of England," in gold lettering.

* * *

THE excitement and interest created by the fight between Heenan and Sayers never has had a parallel in the history of either knuckle fighting or boxing.

Whether Heenan was such a great fighter as his world-wide reputation would seem to indicate, is perhaps open to doubt for his ring battles were limited to three, with John Morrissey, Tom Sayers and Tom King, and in none of them was he victorious.

Morrissey defeated him at Long Point, Canada, in eleven rounds and Tom King took his measure in twenty-four rounds fought in thirty-five minutes.

Heenan was 38 when he died and Sayers was 39.

The funeral of the Englishman at Highgate Cemetery, in November, 1865, was memorable for the enormous crowd that turned out to witness it.

Heenan, upon his return to America, became a popular idol. He always was immaculately dressed and with his pal, the champion billiardist, John Deery, he paraded Broadway frequently and was a regular visitor at the popular resorts. He and Deery were known to sportdom as the "pair of kings," because of their appearance. They were both tall, stately, splendidly proportioned and always dressed to kill.

Heenan died on October 23, 1873, and left a comfortable fortune to his second wife, Sara Stevens, an actress. His first wife, the famous actress, Adah Isaacs Menken, divorced him in 1862, three years after their marriage.

# Body Punching

(*Continued from page* 5)

Island Club, in his gallant effort to regain the championship.

For twenty-three rounds he danced around the ponderous boilermaker, peppering Jeff with hundreds of blows, until the latter happened to catch Corbett a heavy, left-handed swing on the jaw that put him down and out. But had Corbett been in the center of the ring, instead of against the ropes, he probably would have ducked the fatal blow and retrieved the big title.

Bob Fitzsimmons told me confidentially, long before he met Corbett within the ropes, that he would knock Jim out with a left-handed blow in the pit of the stomach.

"I've made a close study of Corbett, and I bloomin' well know he's weak in the belly," said old Fitz shrewdly. "He may box rings around me, but I'll finish 'im with a 'ard one where 'e can't take hit."

Corbett certainly did box rings around Bob up to the fourteenth round, when Fitz finally landed his famous solar plexus blow that knocked the wind out of Jim and paralyzed him long enough to be counted out, just as Dempsey paralyzed Sharkey with his solar plexus wallop recently.

Fitz was never supposed to be much of a body puncher before he defeated Corbett, for he invariably aimed to put his victim away with a short, sneaking hook to the jaw as he broke away from a clinch. Yet he knew how to land effectively in the mid-section.

Old Bob was not a brilliant or showy boxer, but how he could, in his crafty, tricky way, sneak a corking knockout over like a flash of lightning. In that respect, he was much like old "Yankee" Sullivan, who was probably the greatest trick and sneak puncher the ring has ever known.

In all fairness, however, let me say, while Fitz was full of tricky tactics and blows, he never was a foul fighter like "Yankee," who took every low-down, mean advantage against an opponent in the most cowardly and unmanly manner.

* * *

WHEN gallant Tom Sharkey fought his famous battle of twenty-five rounds with that gigantic grizzly bear, Jim Jeffries, at Coney Island, on November 3, 1898, nearly all the experts predicted that husky Jeff would surely murder the plucky sailor, for it was only a few months previous that Jeff had become the champion by nearly slaughtering and finally knocking out Fitzsimmons.

Jeff made a desperate attempt to slay Sharkey, but Tom went the twenty-five rounds in the most aggressive manner and should have had Referee George Siler's decision, although Jeff busted two of the Sailor's ribs in the last two sessions by his powerful body blows.

Jeff, after he discovered body-punching was so effective, knocked out Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett again in return matches, also Gus Ruhlin, by his terrific stomach bombardment at San Francisco, shortly before he retired from the ring in 1902. Eight years after, Jeff returned to the fistic arena a very much deteriorated man, and was stopped by Jack Johnson in fifteen rounds, after making a most humiliating showing.

Among the more famous of the modern body fighters were Joe Walcott, Sam Langford, Tommy West, Willie Fitzgerald, Battling Nelson, Ad Wolgast, Joe Rivers, Aurelio Herrera, George Dixon, Terry McGovern, Young Corbett, Gus Ruhlin, George Kid Lavigne, Tommy Ryan, Frank Klaus, Eddie McGoorty, Billy Papke, Stanley Ketchel, Sailor Burke, Jack Dillon, Jack Root, Mike O'Dowd, Jack Dempsey, Billy Petrolle, Max Schmeling, Max Baer, Jackie Kid Berg, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Sharkey, Lew Tendler, Benny Leonard, Ace Hudkins, and Dave Shade, among others. Of these Leonard was both a fine body hitter and a head puncher. Each of those above-named fighters could vary the attack, depending on the style employed by an opponent—a great fistic asset.

The average fighter, especially the beginner, likes to follow in the footsteps of a renowned gladiator and, if the leaders in the profession employ a style that pleases, the youth will copy the example. The method of attack employed by Sharkey, Schmeling, Baer, Petrolle and Berg has revolutionized the style of the present-day fighters and that is why we are seeing more and more of the body fighting than since Dempsey's days. Schmeling, in particular, is the pugilist who has caught the eye of the novices.

# From Milo to Londos

(Continued from page 23)

up against the ropes with the force of the impact.

Hack leaped at Jenkins and brought both hands up to the back of the neck. Jenkins jumped up and down as if trying the Russian's strength and then wrenched himself clear. Hack was after him in a lionlike leap, but Jenkins tincanned about the ring. The Russian stopped him short and reached up for the neck, but Jenkins struck both hands away and then sprang behind. The Russian whirled as though on a pivot and met him with a clinch about the neck.

Try as he might, Jenkins failed to loosen the hands, but Hack ended matters by hurling the American the length of the ring, Jenkins coming up with a jerk on the ropes. Four times in all Hackenschmidt grabbed Jenkins and flung him from him, each time the ropes saving the American from a bad fall.

As the men maneuvered about for a hold, Jenkins suddenly dove in for the legs. He fastened his dangerous hold, the thigh grip, but Hack shook himself like a dog after a swim and Jenkins was splashed off like a spray. The instantaneous and easy way that the Russian disposed of one of the deadly grips of the catch-as-catch-can champion made the crowd gasp. Jenkins looked worried, but gamely took the offensive. Hackenschmidt leaped in with his neck hold and the two wrestled head to head, straining for a fall.

The American was the first to give way. Suddenly he slipped behind and locked both arms about Hack's stomach, at the same time lifting him in the air. The Russian seemed to contract all his muscles, then sprang free. Jenkins looked at him open-mouthed.

That wasn't wrestling, it was more like a lion jumping through a paper hoop. Once more Jenkins darted behind, but Hack almost swept the American off his feet with a free sweep of his left hand.

As quick as a flash, Hackenschmidt gave Tom the foot and the American crashed to the mat, Hack immediately jumping behind and starting to work furiously over him. He locked on a half-nelson and then began to heave and push with all his strength and weight.

* * *

JENKINS managed to get to all-fours and then assumed a sitting position, with Hack still behind. The crowd went crazy when the American wrenched himself clear and jumped to his feet. The sole of Jenkins' left shoe became loose after ten minutes of fast standing work and he stopped the bout until he could rip off the shoe, continuing with his foot bare.

He managed to work behind and threw Hackenschmidt at the twenty-five-minute mark, but could not hold the Russian, who leaped to his feet with a snarl. The constant battering was weakening Jenkins and he began to gasp for breath. Hack feinted for the legs and then came in with a half-nelson, both hands up under the chest and clasped about the back of the neck.

Inch by inch, he twisted the American over and then flopped him to the canvas, pinning both shoulders to the mat. Referee Hurst failed to see the fall and signalled Hackenschmidt to go on. A minute later Hackenschmidt had both shoulders squarely resting upon the pad and this time Hurst slapped him on the back.

Jenkins got to his feet and walked on shaky legs to his corner, where he sank into his chair. Hack went sprightly over to his corner, popped into his bathrobe and then lightly vaulted over the top rope (four feet high) and ran upstairs, two at a time, to his dressing room. Jenkins followed more slowly two minutes later. At the end of fifteen minutes both men appeared, Jenkins much refreshed from a cold shower and brisk rub-down.

Jenkins assumed the offensive for the first few minutes, holding the Russian even and trying trick after trick in an effort to bring his man to the canvas. Hack broke the grips with ease and then suddenly placed both hands under Jenkins' arms and whirled him about in the air, then slammed him to the canvas. Hack immediately worked his way behind and, although Jenkins wriggled out of some dangerous holds, he quickly weakened under the mauling, and at the end of 22 minutes he fell back under a half-nelson.

After Hackenschmidt had won the highest honors in the wrestling game from the American champion, Tom Jenkins, he rushed to England, turning a deaf ear to the challenges hurled at him by Gotch. Jenkins, in the meanwhile, was busy in action, defeating his nearest contenders with ease, and another match with Gotch was made to take place at Madison Square Garden on May 19, which developed into one of the most savage mat encounters in the annals of the sport. Gotch was still a trifle weak from his severe cold, while Jenkins was in excellent condition.

The outcome of the match was a surprise to the followers of the Iowan. Speak to any resident of Humboldt today and he will tell you that the "favorite son" was jobbed out of the decision by Referee Tim Hurst, the old-time baseball umpire, who was noted for his eccentricities. It was a grudge match and again the winner took all the receipts.

* * *

AT the opening clang of the gong, Jenkins rushed out feinting for the head, but he was brought up short by a bodylock and thrown down with a thud, with Gotch on top. Gotch held Jenkins down for thirty-five minutes, roughing him about the canvas before the champion at last broke loose, but not before smashing Gotch in the mouth with his right fist.

Gotch protested, but Hurst merely laughed and told him to "go to it." Jenkins locked on a headlock that slipped down into the barred "strangle" hold and, although Gotch loudly protested, the referee again laughed at him. Gotch broke loose after a struggle, but Jenkins wrapped his arms about his head again and they both fell to the canvas, with Tom working hard for a fall on top.

Gotch wriggled away and caught Jenkins by the foot and started to squeeze the big toe with his right hand, at the same time slipping over a double thigh and crotch hold. Tom's head slowly sank to the canvas and his shoulders both touched the mat, but he grabbed the lower ropes and held himself clear by a fraction of an inch. Hurst ordered the men to the center of the mat, where Jenkins started to bully his way, and rough the former titleholder.

Gotch tried to retaliate with the same brand of rough-house and assumed the offensive. Whenever in danger, Jenkins would reach out and grab the ropes. He figured that, as long as Hurst did not know his business, he would use every trick in the trade to keep clear of the mat.

Finally Jenkins jumped in with a headlock that was half a strangle hold and Gotch slowly sank to the canvas for the first fall in 1:30:00.

Gotch was badly winded and bleeding badly from the mouth and nose when he answered the call for the second fall. Jenkins was very rough and had Gotch in distress from his head strangle locks.

In a wild mixup, both fell through the ropes, with Jenkins on the top, and Gotch was barely able to walk when he was helped through the ropes. He managed to stall through for a few minutes, and then in a perfect rage hurled Jenkins to the mat and, wrapping both his legs about the body, forced the champion's shoulders to the mat.

Gotch was weakened from his own exertions when the men came out for the third fall, while Jenkins was full of pep and action. He rushed Gotch to the ropes and hurled him to the mat. Gotch staggered to his feet and, looking wild-eyed about, lurched forward and fell on his face full length out on the canvas. It was almost half an hour before he regained consciousness and could be carried to his room.

(Continued next month)

# Days of Long Ago

(Continued from page 18)

into the dark street, one could see a score or more coppers surrounding the building. Many of the excited fans dropped out of the back windows into the yard and were caught by the police while others made their escape by climbing the back fences.

The bluecoats battered down the front entrance of the building, while some of the crowd in the upper floor threw down heavy sofas, chairs, bedding and other stuff to block the stairway.

Pandemonium reigned. Everybody was trying to make their escape. The cops showed no mercy. They clubbed every head within their reach.

Liney Tracey tried to hide his body in a doghouse in the back yard, but like the ostrich that digs its head in the sand, he forgot to conceal the lower half of his anatomy also, so a rude copper gave Mr. Tracey quite a spanking with his club while Liney roared murder and other things.

By far the worst beaten individuals at this private mill were the poor fans who became victims of the rude coppers that played no favorites but clubbed all hands they could possibly hit. Drug stores, hospitals and physicians did quite a thriving business around Philadelphia that merry evening and for a few days after.

Those that were arrested were fined a small amount and ordered not to attempt to break the law again in such a manner.

Those were the happy days, boys! There's no more such romantic pugilistic adventures in this era!

# News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 25)

The action of the Illinois Boxing Commission in placing the ban on the roughhouse work of the wrestlers is to be commended. Under instructions issued by General Clinnin, head of the board, who also was National Association president until recently, any wrestler who tosses an opponent out of the ring, steps on him, punches, bites or kicks, will be automatically suspended and will be fined. General Clinnin says that it is high time to eliminate that branch of wrestling and to give the fans a real treat such as was enjoyed a few years back.

We wonder what the clowns who don't know one wrestling hold from another, but who have been getting by through the medium of rough work, will do when they are deprived of their specialty. Perhaps they will find it necessary to buy some wrestling books from The Ring Book Shop and begin all over again. However, we do not favor eliminating the holds that enable one grappler to toss his opponent about the ring. Eliminate the "know-nothing" type of grappler.

* * *

A NEW heavyweight star has risen in young Orville Brown, who now holds the heavyweight championship of Kansas by virtue of his victory over Allen Eustace. This new Corn Belt sensation has not been defeated in over fifty matches up to this writing. He is six feet tall, weighs 231 pounds, and is only 24 years old. He credits clean living on a farm as the reason for his success. Promoters wishing to get in touch with him can do so by writing E. H. Brown, Wallace, Kansas.

Another Kansas star is John Ellis, Ottawa middleweight, who has met the best men in the 160- and 175-pound divisions.

Jim Browning, the Verona, Missouri, airplane scissors specialist, boosted his stock considerably by his victories over Sammy Stein, Ed "Don" George and Charley Strack. It's a pleasure to watch Browning use his famous hold, but it's anything but a pleasure for his victims. Jim punished "Strangler" Lewis severely, but allowed Lewis to pin him with a headlock.

Two former Oklahoma Aggie stars, Earl McCready and Roland Kirchmeyer, have not fared so well lately. McCready was tossed by Charley Strack and Stanley Pinto, while Kirchmeyer lost to Gus Sonnenberg and drew with Bob "Bibber" McCoy, former Holy Cross football star when neither was able to return to the mat after they had tumbled out of the ring.

Hans Kampfer was another favorite who experienced a pair of defeats last month. Everett Marshall and Joe Stecher each pinned the German. Marshall later lost to Londos when Jim applied his "unconscious" hold on him.

Dick Shikat, former world's champion, Joe "Toots" Mondt, his manager, and Jack McArthur, blond Canadian grappler, each have filed suits of $100,000 for injuries received in an auto accident on Riverside Drive. They were returning from an American Legion show at Yonkers on Sept. 23 of last year, in a car owned and driven by Sandor Szabo, the Hungarian champion, when the crash occurred. Shikat received a broken ankle, Mondt a broken wrist and McArthur several cuts and charge the injuries were permanent. They are also suing Szabo.

* * *

GEORGE ZAHARIAS continues in the role of the mat's roughest gent. We told last month of George's free-for-all with Steinke. The giant Pueblo, Colorado, Greek, followed this with a roughhouse with Ernie Dusek in Philadelphia and then in Los Angeles gave Jim Londos, his countryman, the closest shave Londos has received in many, many months.

As in the other matches, everything went in this one. He followed this with another bruiser with Ray Steele in Los Angeles and then one with Joe Stecher.

Zaharias was declared the loser in all five matches; but each time the customers went wild. Londos seemed to require every last ounce of strength to best Zaharias and was completely exhausted at the finish. It seems that the customers like their grappling "Pier A" style.

It is our opinion that should the frills and thrills be taken from wrestling today, the attendances would dwindle to nothing. If one looks back a few years to the sudden revival of wrestling interest, after the game had apparently been dead for a long time, one realizes that the spectacular aspects caused the comeback of the mat sport.

Now we enjoy a real contest of actual ability without any attempt to mix in showmanship, but since this is more or less *passé*, we prefer the spectacular exhibitions to those that bring on a peaceful slumber.

Now let us hear what you fans, you who pay your good money to see your favorite sport, have to say. Drop us a few lines and give us your version.

* * *

CARLOS HENRIQUEZ, holder of the Mexican, Spanish and Cuban heavyweight championships, and his dad have left for a tour of South America, where Carlos intends to compete against all comers. Carlos, it will be remembered, is the "Cuban Wonder" who at one time was the champion heavyweight of Columbia University and the Intercollegiate Association. He has won about 800 bouts without ever having been defeated, according to his father. He says Carlos beat Don George twice. His dad, former Cuban promoter of all kinds of sports, manages him.

# New York News

(Continued from page 40)

classy Brooklyn bantamweight — Sam Jordan, veteran manager from Toledo, is back in the field with Jack O'Dowd, Detroit heavyweight, and Tony Lombardy, Toledo welter—Walter Cobb proved that the superhuman fighting qualities of George Godfrey was mostly imagination when he banged out a well earned win over him in Philadelphia—Jack Rosenblum is responsible for opening a new gymnasium in Lansing, Mich., and will stage amateur and professional bouts there.

Vince Dundee gave Franta Nekolny a thorough whipping at the St. Nick but his showing was far from impressive—Vince is one of the best boxers in the middleweight division but he hasn't been extended in a long time—Mike Belloise showed signs of greatness in winning from Petey Hayes in a sensational scrap—Patsy Pasculli kayoed Al Ridgway in three rounds, scoring nine knockdowns before the finish—Nick Scalba outscored Johnny Mauro in a hectic scrap while Danny Rosen whipped Freddy Raymond—Marcel Thil saved his middleweight crown by virtue of one-half pound—He was beaten by Kid Tunero, of Cuba, but he weighed eight ounces over the middleweight limit—This places Tunero among the first ten in the middleweight class—Jim Buchanan has been appointed matchmaker for the Pittsburgh Arena and in the future will have his troubles making matches instead of managing fighters—Jack White and Abie Witz have two dependable boys in Battling Gizzy and Jimmy Thomas—Morrie Sherman, Detroit welter, has a brother, Jackie, exceptionally promising. In ten fights, he scored eight kayoes and two victories.

Tommy Loughran again made a sucker of the critics by giving King Levinsky a boxing lesson in their return match—In their last meeting, the King had Tommy bouncing up and down the floor in the Garden but Tommy outclassed the King in their recent mill—Tommy is still a shell of his old self and we are still among those who believe he should retire—despite the victory—Ben Jeby finally got the break of his life when he turned the tables on Frank Battaglia and was credited with a knockout in the twelfth round of their fifteen-round battle at the Garden—Jeby fought an admirably stubborn and courageous battle and was justly entitled to all the praise coming his way—He is an honest, two-fisted fighter, lacking in real class, but nevertheless persistent in his attack and trying all the time—Battaglia fought under a great handicap by having his right eye shut completely from the fourth round until the referee halted the bout.

Jeby will have plenty of competition in the middleweight ranks—He will have to contend with Vince Dundee who holds two decisions over him; Dave Shade, who drew and whipped him, and Sammy Slaughter, and Gorilla Jones, the negro demons.—There is nothing like activity in a class to arouse interest and Jeby happens to be that combative type who thrives on competition—Johnny Pena and Varias Milling, both fighting under new managers for the first time, went to a gruelling draw—Pena is handled by Tony Polozzolo and Pete Reilly is Milling's new mentor—The Chicago Stadium's new policy of dispensing with boxing shows will probably develop new promoters who can stage shows individually there, renting the Stadium for the evening—This will give everyone a chance at promoting and might eventually develop a future promoter for Chicago—It only takes one or two winning shows to get over in big league style.

Seaman Tom Watson, British featherweight king, vindicated his claim to recognition as a fighter of ability by coming through with a well-earned victory over Fidel La Barba in his American debut in Madison Square Garden in a twelve-round bout. The contest, which took the place of the one in which Watson was scheduled to meet Kid Chocolate for the world's featherweight crown because of the deportation of the Cuban, was replete with stirring milling, in which the Seaman played a major role. His victory was hailed by more than 12,000 persons who were anxious to see the Britisher make good because of the hazards the N. Y. Boxing Commission have placed his way.

By his triumph, Watson not only earned a place in the hearts of American sportsmen, but qualified for a meeting with Chocolate for the world's title. Watson won by a margin of seven rounds to five. He proved himself a splendid two-fisted infighter and a fine boxer. He is a reminder of Jackie Kid Berg from the standpoint of rapid-fire fighting and showed that he is a good fighting man. He went into the arena the underdog, entering at odds of 4 to 1, and his victory brought gloom to many a bookmaker.

## How's Your Chin?

**By HAROLD SETON**

Oh, you who have the wish to fight,—
*Say, how's your chin?*
Not how's your left or how's your right,—
*But how's your chin?*
Not how's your eye or how's your nose,
Not how's your these or how's your those,
Not how's your picture "fighting pose,"—
*But how's your chin?*

# IN OUR QUESTION BOX

F. Wilson, London, England

Q.—Whom do you consider the three hardest hitters, inch for inch, we have ever seen?

**A.—Rather difficult to pick but we would select Jack Dempsey, Sam Langford and Terry McGovern.**

Jack Ingersoll, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Where is Willie Stribling? Is he still fighting?

**A.—At this writing he is in Australia where he has been fighting quite frequently.**

Q.—Would you regard Jackie Fields' recent bout with Herman, a worth-while comeback?

**A.—Yes.**

Joe Romeo, Bloomingdale, N. J.

Q.—Where can I get a wrestling license?

**A.—Apply to your state commission, Trenton, N. J.**

Interested

Q.—Was there a fighter by the name of Frank Carsey, who says that he fought Abe Attell?

**A.—Yes, Carsey was a very good featherweight about a quarter of a century ago. He could hold his own with most of the good ones. He lost two contests to Attell in 1906, one in fifteen rounds, a thrilling battle, and another in three. He and Harlem Tommy Murphy fought twice in 1905, six- and three-round, no-decision contests.**

Q.—Was Johnny Koop a good fighter?

**A.—He was pretty fair.**

Q.—Would it be advisable for me to let Carsey manage me?

**A.—I think he would do. He certainly should have a fine knowledge of boxing as his record was a good one.**

Charles Fagan, Jersey City

Q.—Is Young Otto still on the staff of the N. Y. Boxing Board as a referee?

**A.—Yes. He also is a boxing instructor at Stillman's gymnasium where he handles novices and business men and he also is official instructor for the Golden Glovers of New York.**

Tom Hardy, Newark, N. J.

Q.—I have been doing considerable rowing exercises on a rowing machine and find that I cannot hit as quickly now as I did before taking up this work. Why?

**A.—Because you have become muscle bound. Rowing exercise is good only to a certain extent—just for ordinary exercises. But when you follow it as you have, it tightens the muscles and prevents free movement.**

Mrs. F. Agnuillo, California

Q.—My boy wants to take up boxing. In high school he is a good student and a good athlete at basketball, wrestling, boxing and swimming. I've heard that your advice is worth taking and I'm therefore consulting you about my boy's future. Shall I permit him to become a boxer? Will it affect his health? Is his future secure as a boxer if he shows skill?

**A.—I'm pleased at the faith you have in me. Thanks. If he likes boxing, let him follow it. If he is real good, he'll make headway. If not, he should quit. He'll soon find out how good he is.**

Mike Farano, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Q.—How can I overcome lack of ability to take punishment?

**A.—By studying the science of boxing. Train for cleverness, then you won't have to take severe punishment. Learn how to roll, duck, slip and block. You'll find some fine books in the Ring Library that would help you.**

Tom Swasey, Boston, Mass.

Q.—I am a clever fighter but I can't hit. My blows lack steam though I have fine shoulders. What would you suggest?

**A.—You don't throw your punches with the force of the shoulders behind them. You probably do your training in the gym by practicing fancy steps when you spar and the result is that you rob your punches of their full power. Stand before a heavy bag and punch away. Study "How to Box" and "Training for Boxers." Practice with your feet on the ground, all set, and let your blows land with effect. Put those fine shoulders of yours behind every punch and watch the result after one month's training.**

Harry Swanshinski, Scranton, Pa.

Q.—I am a good, fast boxer and heavy hitter but the doctor tells me I have a leaking valve and should give up boxing. I like it too much. What do you advise?

I am only eighteen and I do so much want to follow the sport.

**A.—Take the doctor's advice. He knows best. He's steering you on the right path and I advise that you do as he says. You are young and your ailment can be cured. A few years of rest will turn the trick, then perhaps you can get back to the sport.**

Robert Gaston, Hawaii

Q.—How can I develop a knockout punch. I can take severe punishment about the face and mid-section. Is that good for me?

**A.—By working hard on the heavy bag, but be sure that your hands are properly bandaged and that you use the fists in proper position. No. You'll become a fit subject for the insane asylum if you keep "taking it." Learn how to protect your face and body. Don't take any more than you must.**

Isadore Cohen, Brooklyn

Q.—I'm on my toes when I spar. I am clever but can't hit hard. How would you suggest I stand when I throw my punches?

**A.—Don't be doing footwork while you are hitting. Always be set when you let drive. Then you'll get the full power of the punch.**

Jack Ferguson, Montreal, Canada

Q.—I am sixteen years old and weigh 171 pounds. I have a chest development of 38 normal and 41¼ expanded and a reach of 71¾ inches. My wrist is 7½. What exercises would you suggest for me as I want to develop myself for a wrestler.

**A.—You have an amazing weight for a boy of your age and I do not feel qualified to tell you what exercises to take because you are growing too fast and unless you take proper care of your body and limit your exercises, there is danger of overtaxing the heart and getting a heart strain because the regular development of muscles and tissues has been curtailed through too rapid growth. Watch your step. Don't engage in heavy bar-bell exercises of the usual weight-lifting stunts that wrestlers undertake.**

Bruce Wildred, Buffalo, N. Y.

Q.—Would you consider Tom O'Rourke as one of the first ten handlers of boxers since Sullivan's time?

**A.—By all means. I should say that old Tom, who still is a kingpin among those who are caring for the wants of present-day fighters, ranks among the first five. He was a marvel as a manager and a handler. Look what he did for George Dixon and Joe Walcott? I don't know of anybody in the game today who has anything on O'Rourke.**

John Moffat, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Are "How to Box," "How to Train" and "How to Second a Boxer" illustrated? What books would you suggest in addition to these three?

**A.—Very much illustrated. More so than any other books of their kind. They are the three leaders and should be in the hands of every fighter, manager and second. "The Straight Left and How to Cultivate it"; "The Art of Infighting"; "The Art of Outfighting"; "Blocking and Hitting"; "Favorite Ring Tricks."**

A Reader—Halifax, Canada

Q.—How much money does Jim Londos usually get for a match?

**A.—That depends on who is his opponent. In the Garden last year he carried off at times as much as $20,000 for one match. On two occasions when he drew a gate of $60,000, his share was close to $25,000. On ordinary cards he gets about $750 for an appearance.**

Q.—Who holds the record for successive wins in wrestling?

**A.—Can't say. Steinke had about 900 victories before he was whipped. Strangler Lewis and Londos come next.**

Q.—How can one become a wrestler?

**A.—Join a club or a gym and buy the books advertised in "The Ring," especially "Modern Wrestling," Hackenschmidt's "Science of Wrestling," and Earle Liederman's "Scientific Wrestling."**

Q.—Where was Henri De Glane born? and where did he learn how to wrestle?

**A.—In France, then moved to Canada. He learned to wrestle after the World War by watching others and practicing.**

Q.—What should the measurements of a boy 17 years old be?

**A.—That depends on your build and your height?**

S. G. G., Merchant Marine, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—I am a good physical specimen who is interested in boxing. I am 21 years old and weigh 127 pounds. I love rope skipping and bag punching, both light and heavy. I have studied "How to Box" and "How to Train" and keep well at all times. Do you think I'd make good?

**A.—If you are well, like the sport and keep in proper condition, by all means. No reason why you shouldn't. Get some of the other books advertised in "The Ring" and if possible, join a gym or a club where boxing is staged. Practice with others.**

R. B. Daws, State St., Boston, Mass.

Q.—Aren't you wrong when you state in answer to a query, that the belt that was recently melted in Philadelphia was the one that Sullivan got from the "Police Gazette" for the Kilrain victory? I was present at the Sullivan testimonial in the fall of 1888 when the Sullivan belt was given him by his Boston friends and we gave it to him because he refused to accept the "Dog Collar" that Richard K. Fox had offered him. Am I correct?

**A.—Yes. It was an error. The belt that was melted was the one which he received from his Boston friends. Sam Austin, former "Police Gazette" editor, says that the belt which Fox had and which Sullivan refused to accept, was always kept by Fox and he doesn't know what eventually became of it.**

John Rex, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—Is a steam bath once a week good for a boxer in training?

**A.—It can't hurt if you do not remain too long nor use it for reducing purposes? A steam bath for about ten minutes for the sake of opening the pores is beneficial.**

Abby Witherton, England

Q.—In what year did Squire Abingdon die? Will you ever carry a story of his career?

**A.—He died in March, 1893. We did have a story in conjunction with the "Prize Ring in New Orleans." However, as he was a most interesting character, we may have a special story in the near future.**

Marjorie Atkins, Iowa City

Q.—Does the A.A.U. permit girls to compete in boxing and wrestling on the same programme with men?

**A.—No. The A.A.U. does not stage any boxing and wrestling for women. Only swimming, gymnastics and running events and these are specially arranged so that the women do not compete with the men.**

Mabel Stefano, Holyoke, Mass.

Q.—Is bag punching harmful for women?

**A.—No. It is a fine exercise. It will develop your arms and aid in development of the chest, in addition to giving you keenness of eye.**

Thomas Avrick, Stapleton, S. I.

Q.—What help is rope skipping in training?

**A.—It helps develop the wind, the legs, the arms and the thighs.**

Morton Sweeney, Cleveland, Ohio

Q.—Is Willie Ritche still alive?

**A.—Yes. Very much so. He is living in California where, in addition to being in business, he is an efficient referee.**

Carl Wiegand, Germany

Q.—Are there any German clubs in New York where boxing and wrestling are followed?

**A.—Yes, several. The Turnverein has all branches of sports.**

Howard Fessell, Lynbrook, L. I.

Q.—I am a heavyweight. Is wrestling good for me while I'm in training for boxing?

**A.—Yes. I would advise heavyweights and light-heavyweights to learn wrestling but not boys of lighter weight.**

Carl Fendash, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Is there any book that gives many illustrations on heavyweights?

**A.—Yes, Earle Liederman's "Muscle Building" and George Hackenschmidt's "The Way to Live." Get both from The Ring Book Shop.**

Hans Shoen, Baltimore, Md.

Q.—I have been constipated quite frequently and find it difficult to train properly. What remedy would you suggest?

**A.—That's something for the doctor to decide. However, I'm a firm believer in exercises, rather than medicines. If you take long walks, run a little, play ball, especially handball and baseball and do your morning and evening setting up exercises, you won't need any Nujol Oil or other mineral oils, to keep your bowels in order. Good exercising will overcome the handicap of which you speak. I'm glad you brought that query up because I've answered, by mail, several hundred like this during the year and this gives the opportunity to have all see the answer in print.**

Jack McCabe, Woodside, New York

Q.—Please tell me how I can make my reach longer? How old is Jimmy McLarnin.

**A.—Stretching exercises will increase your reach. McLarnin is 25 years old.**

Hermon White, Cape Bretton, Canada

Q.—Why is it that my mouth becomes terribly dry when I train in the gym. A gargle of water will relieve me only for a moment. I find it hard to sweat even with a sweat shirt, otherwise I seem fast enough and have the usual pep.

**A.—There is not enough water in your system. During the day drink as much water as you can. That will circulate through your system and will aid you considerably in keeping the blood circulating and you will be able to sweat more freely.**

Harry Kessler, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Did Sammy Bienfeld have a good record as a flyweight several years back?

**A.—Bienfeld ranked favorably with the best flyweights in the country about seven years ago and looked like a fine prospect when he retired.**

Abe Krissoff, Long Branch, N. J.

Q.—Do the duties of a fight manager require exceptional ability?

**A.—A knowledge of the boxing game and the acquaintance of leading matchmakers is very important to gain headway. Also study "How to Second a Boxer."**

# A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

SURPRISES and new faces were thrust upon the public last month, some with unexpected suddenness and as a result, interest in boxing increased. Ernie Schaaf and Tommy Loughran came through with two remarkable comeback attempts. Ernie proved his recovery from a slump by putting Stanley Poreda away in the sixth round in the Garden and showing the form that stamped him as a serious heavyweight contender last season. Loughran turned the tables on King Levinsky by giving him a boxing lesson in Philadelphia. Another big upset was furnished when Kid Tunero, coming Cuban middleweight, whipped Marcel Thil in an overweight match in Paris and although the title was not affected in any way, it placed Tunero among the middleweight aspirants.

Ben Jeby, New York middleweight, claimed the American title through his twelve-round knockout over Frank Battaglia. This was an important middleweight contest and the winner of a Jeby-Thil match, if such is arranged, will be the undisputed champion of the entire world. Eddie Murdock, veteran middleweight, scored a surprise victory over Jackie Fields and is entitled to some consideration for his showing. Young Peter Jackson gained the lightweight championship of the Pacific Coast through his ten-round kayo over Bobby Pacho. Tommy Paul occasioned a surprise when he defeated Fidel La Barba and Freddy Miller in turn upset the dope when he banged out a win over Paul.

In the heavyweight class Primo Carnera turned in a win over Jack League and kayoed Jack Spence in one round. Walter Neusel stopped Reggie Meen in six rounds. Larry Gains disposed of Paul Hoffman in six rounds. Unknown Winston disposed of Ted Sandwina in two rounds and Jim Darcy in one. Hans Birkie drew with Walter Cobb and defeated Jim Braddock. Cobb whipped George Godfrey. Braddock triumphed over Martin Levandowski and Martin kayoed Bob Olin in five rounds. Tony Shucco whipped Sam Ward.

Red Barry stepped into the limelight with a victory over Isadoro Gastanaga. Lee Ramage whipped Tuffy Griffiths. Jose Santa stopped Jim Maloney in the fourth round and Maloney finished Leo Mitchell in seven heats. Tiger Jack Fox whipped Frankie Simms and Larry Johnson. Al Ettore disposed of George Panka in three rounds. Frank Cawley finished Bill Higgins in two rounds. Les Kennedy drew with Dewey Kimrey and whipped Bob Godwin. Charley Massare kayoed Henry Gerken in two rounds, Arthur Huttick in three and defeated Joe Barlow. Abie Feldman finished Red Boyette and Mike Balaban in one round each and whipped Johnny Rousseau. Tony Cancela scored over Leonard Dixon. Dick Daniels won over Tommy Pruett. Yustin Sirutis finished Chris Karchi in four rounds. Fred Lenhart whipped Tom Patrick. Tony Poloni won over Jack Silva. Jack Roper disposed of Wally Hunt in one round. Vincent Parrile kayoed Casimir in four rounds and Maxie Pink disposed of Mickey Taylor in six.

In the light-heavyweight division, Maxey Rosenbloom continued to elude all opposition. During the month he defeated Billy Jones and Chuck Burns. Bob Godwin won from Eric Lawson. George Manley scored over Pat Hayward. Owen Phelps won over Roscoe Manning. Young Firpo scored over Leo Lomski. Bob Olin whipped Paul Marque. Al White kayoed Dan Ladner in four rounds. Trader Horn finished Joe Petronis in two sessions.

Kid Tunero gets credit for middleweight honors in scoring over Marcel Thil. Ben Jeby clinched the American rights to the middleweight title by stopping Frank Battaglia in twelve rounds. Sammy Slaughter kayoed Henry Firpo in one round and Norman Conrad in ten. Vince Dundee defeated Franta Nekolny. Gorilla Jones kayoed Young Stuhley in four rounds and drew with Tommy Freeman. Jack Rosenberg drew with Paulie Walker and lost to Young Terry. Lou Brouillard has outgrown the welterweight ranks and in the future will combat the 160-pounders. He scored over Horatio Velha.

Paul Pirrone defeated Rosy Kid Baker. Rudy Marshall won over Leo Larrivee. Paul Delaney whipped Mickey Bishop. Billy Ketchell scored over Billy Angelo and kayoed Johnny O'Keefe in four rounds. Frank Goosby kayoed Johnny Roberts in the second round. Frankie O'Brien disposed of Tait Littman in two sessions. Solly Krieger whipped Jimmy Evans. Joe La Grey beat Freddy Fiducia. Millio Millitti kayoed Joe Robinson in two rounds and Freddy Polo finished Joe Grady at the same distance. Eddie Flynn finished Tommy Jones in four heats.

Jackie Fields lost a bout to Eddie Murdock over the welterweight limit. Billy Petrolle has been restored to the welterweight because of his announced intention to continue fighting. Numerous complaints were received because Billy was omitted from the ratings but it was not through any oversight. It was our opinion that Petrolle would retire after the Canzoneri bout but we were wrong. Baby Joe Gans won over Harry Devine. Eddie Kid Wolfe whipped Jose Estrada. Bep Van Klaveren defeated Phil Rafferty. Eddie Ran scored over Jay Macedon. Joey Goodman whipped Tony Stetz. Billy Holt won from Manuel Quintero. Freddy Steele outpointed Leonard Bennett. Jimmy Phillips won over Tony Rock. Murray Brandt drew with Prince Saunders. Tommy King won from Cerefino Garcia. Eddie Holmes defeated Gordon Donahue and Charley Hudson.

Heading the lightweight class is Wesley Ramey with his victory over Tony Herrera. Eddie Cool won over Lew Massey. Tracey Cox whipped Jack Purvis. Young Peter Jackson stepped into the elite class with his ten-round kayo over Bobby Pacho. Harry Dublinsky defeated Prince Saunders and kayoed Frank Bojorski in eight rounds. Jack Portney drew with Wildcat O'Connor and whipped Frankie Hayes. Santiago Zorilla was beaten by Willard Brown and kayoed by Steve Haliako in three rounds. Steve also finished Joe Hall in five rounds.

Battling Gizzy stopped Louis Di Santis in four rounds. Joe Ghnouly kayoed Benny Garcia in five rounds and whipped Cecil Payne. Payne was also beaten by Abie Miller. Ray Miller won from Johnny Datto. Frankie Klick scored over Paola Villa and Louis Jallos. Roger Bernard defeated Young Geno. Johnny Lucas whipped Pat Igo. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Al Ridgway in three rounds. Johnny Bonito whipped Paris Apice and Jack Rose disposed of Al Casimini in four sessions.

In the featherweight division, Tommy Paul, after whipping Fidel La Barba, ran second to Freddy Miller in a later bout. Baby Arizmendi scored over Archie Bell. Johnny Pena drew with Varias Milling. Paul Dazzo whipped Johnny Mitchell. Abie Miller stopped General Padilla in six rounds. Nel Tarleton kayoed Leon Mestre in six rounds.

Among the bantams, Pete Sanstol scored over Benny Schwartz and Jimmy Mack. Mack defeated Matty White and stopped Billy Landers in six rounds. Joe Tieken whipped Eugene Huat. Jimmy Thomas won from Frankie Jarr. Ross Fields whipped Mose Butch. Dick Welsh defeated Johnny Edwards. Ernie Maurer disposed of Tuffy Tarzan in four rounds and Nick Scalba whipped Johnny Mauro.

Ginger Foran, of England, defeated Proxille Gyde, European champion, in the only important flyweight bout of the month.

## RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JANUARY

These are my ratings for the month, ending January 21:

| Heavyweights | Light-Heavyweights | Middleweights | Welterweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Jack Sharkey | World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom | World's Champion Marcel Thil | World's Champion Jackie Fields |
| 1—Max Schmeling | Adolph Heuser | Ben Jeby | Jimmy McLarnin |
| 2—Max Baer | Joe Knight | Dave Shade | Young Corbett |
| 3—Ernie Schaaf | John Henry Lewis | Sammy Slaughter | Billy Petrolle |
| 4—Primo Carnera | Bob Godwin | Vince Dundee | Andy Callahan |
| 5—Johnny Risko | Al Gainer | Kid Tunero | Johnny Indrisano |
| 6—Stanley Poreda | Billy Jones | Frank Battaglia | Baby Joe Gans |
| 7—Tommy Loughran | Lew Scozza | Gorilla Jones | Eddie Kid Wolfe |
| 8—King Levinsky | Wesley Ketchell | Chick Devlin | Teddy Yarosz |
| 9—Walter Neusel | George Manley | Marty Sampson | Paulie Walker |
| 10—Larry Gains | Norman Conrad | Eddie Murdock | Bep Van Klaveren |

| Lightweights | Featherweights | Bantamweights | Flyweights |
|---|---|---|---|
| World's Champion Tony Canzoneri | World's Champion Kid Chocolate | World's Champion Al Brown | Title Vacant |
| 1—Johnny Jadick | Freddy Miller | Speedy Dado | Midget Wolgast |
| 2—Sammy Fuller | Seaman Watson | Pete Sanstol | Jackie Brown |
| 3—Barney Ross | Baby Arizmendi | Newsboy Brown | Little Pancho |
| 4—Wesley Ramey | Tommy Paul | Young Casanova | Mickey McGuire |
| 5—Benny Bass | Fidel La Barba | Young Tommy | Babe Triscaro |
| 6—Eddie Cool | Lew Feldman | Joe Tieken | Phil Tobias |
| 7—Tracey Cox | Nel Tarleton | Eugene Huat | Valentin Anglemann |
| 8—Lew Massey | Varias Milling | Jimmy Thomas | Ginger Foran |
| 9—Tony Herrera | Johnny Pena | Willie Davies | Praxille Gyde |
| 10—Young Peter Jackson | Paul Dazzo | Ross Fields | Jose Arilla |

**The eight leading prospects of the month are:**
**Flyweight—Rafael Valdes, Cuba.**
**Bantamweight—Ernie Galiano, Elizabeth, N. J.**
**Featherweight—Mike Belloise, New York City.**
**Lightweight—Al Le Pore, Caldwell, N. J.**
**Welterweight—Joe Lyons, Buffalo, N. Y.**
**Middleweight—Jimmy Beeson, New Orleans, La.**
**Light-Heavyweight — Joe Jordan, Memphis, Tenn.**
**Heavyweight—Carl Camp, Portland, Ore.**

**Owing to lack of space, "Nations in Boxing," advertised to appear in this issue, will appear in the next, instead.**

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# BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE heavyweights again monopolized the limelight in the New York sport pages last month with the Sharkey-Schmeling-Baer-Schaaf quartet conspicuous in the headlines. Two factions are controlling the affairs of the above-named and for the first time Madison Square Garden faces opposition which will be difficult to curb. Joe Jacobs and Ancil Hoffman, handling the affairs of Schmeling and Baer respectively, have placed their destinies in the hands of Jack Dempsey, as promoter, and are willing to gamble with the consequences.

Sharkey is bound to the Garden by contract and he is willing to meet anyone selected for him. The two leading contenders are stringing with the opposition and the only outside contenders worth considering are Ernie Schaaf and Primo Carnera. Schaaf is partly managed by Sharkey and Carnera has already fallen victim to Sharkey in a previous bout and the luster would be missing in any championship contest in which Sharkey engages unless he could have Schmeling or Baer as contestants. Schmeling and Baer would outdraw Sharkey and Carnera or Schaaf, even though there were no title at stake.

The Schmeling-Baer bout is a great mill to look forward to. Two fighters with contrasting styles—an American versus a German; and each with a particular style. Schmeling is a cagy, stolid, unimaginative type, yet crafty and wise in the ways of the ring, while Baer exudes color in every move. A dead game, courageous type, with dynamite in either fist and the capacity for assimilating untold punishment. It has considerable appeal and will draw regardless of the location. At this writing, it would appear that the Polo Grounds has first call, yet there is Chicago in the offing and plenty of financial inducements to bring the bout West.

If an arrangement could be negotiated whereby Schaaf could transfer his managerial obligations, I imagine that Boston could furnish plenty of inducement to make the Sharkey-Schaaf match possible in that city. They are both residents of the cultured city and Boston was always noted for having the necessary civic pride to back their favorite sons.

Here's a little tip to the scribes, not only in New York, but in other big fight centers. I think the scarcity of boxing interest can be attributed partly to the lack of interest shown by various sport writers. Instead of writing extravagantly about Sharkey, Schmeling and the other headliners, they could devote time and space to the local preliminary boys who are showing improvement and encourage them in their occupation. But the present-day preliminary boy is sadly neglected and the local feeling that dominated boxing circles a few years ago is missing.

A few years ago boxing was followed more closely locally and every boy that looked promising was given praise and encouragement. The various sections of the Metropolitan district each had one outstanding fighter and boomed his stock to the skies. It was The Bronx vs. Harlem; Brownsville against Williamsburg; East Side versus West Side and so on. That's what filled the small clubs every time a rival fight was offered. Eventually those boys were developed sufficiently to get a break in Madison Square Garden as seasoned products and they made good because of the schooling they got and which is lacking today.

Aside from the St. Nicholas Rink, there is no small club running steadily in New York, and St. Nick Rink is too close to Madison Square Garden to make it a neighborhood club.

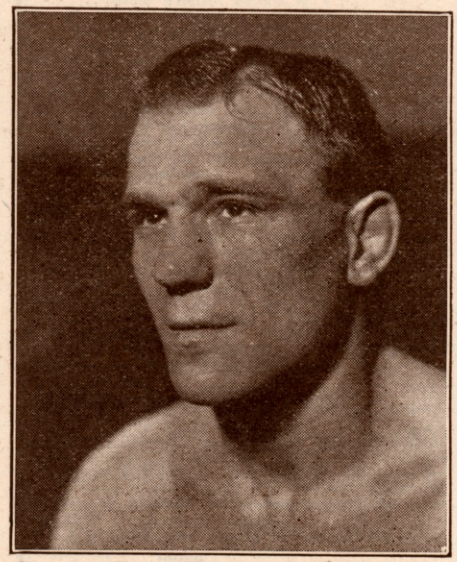
There are plenty of good local boys who have shown considerable ability but no one is aware of that fact. The extent of their prowess is unknown and no possible way to enlighten the public. Give them the proper publicity advantages and you will see the general revival of sentiment *in re* local pride. Boxing items are always devoured eagerly by the legion of fight fans but when there is nothing to read, the interest diminishes and they look to other sports for recreation.

At the present time, there are loads of brilliant-looking prospects in New York. Mike Belloise, Italian featherweight from Harlem, looks great. Danny Rosen and Phil Stark, 130-pounders from the East Side, have been doing good work. Petey Hayes, Brooklyn featherweight, is a pleasing boy. Jack Rose, Brooklyn lightweight, created a sensation in the Garden when he knocked out Al Casimini in sensational style. Abie Feldman, formerly of Schenectady, but now residing in the East Side, has shown good form with his snappy punching ability. Feldman, along with Charley Massare, originally from East Monongahela, Pa., but now living on the West Side, are two of the most promising youngsters in the heavyweight ranks. Massare is more advanced than Feldman right now and has faced greater opposition but they have had about the same experience.

Al White, hard hitting Brooklyn light-heavyweight, has shown good form and Maxie Pink, Bronx heavyweight, is another youngster to be reckoned with. Patsy Pasculli, dynamic, hard-hitting 140-pounder from Harlem, is causing comment with his peppy work. Jerry Mazza and Johnny Bonito, two amateur graduates, have remained undefeated in the pro ranks. Mazza is a featherweight and Bonito is a 132-pounder and they have advanced steadily and are ready for sterner opposition.

Nick Scalba, who came from the Chicago amateur ranks under the name of Nick Scialaba, has elicited considerable work with his fighting and is said to resemble Tony Canzoneri a great deal. Petey Gulotta, Brooklyn lightweight, and Yustin Sirutis, former N.Y.U. heavyweight, have been coming along steadily and should make the grade. Marty Sampson is another example of local neglect. Here is a boy who has been around for several years but only lately has developed into a formidable figure for middleweight honors. Al Roth, a former amateur from the East Side, has been undefeated in the pro ranks and is destined to make good. He is a corking right-hand puncher.

Sammy Slaughter has been going like a house on fire. Middleweights and light-heavyweights look alike to this colored phenom from Terre Haute—He has never fought in New York but his name is well known to figures identified with the boxing game and he would be a welcome figure here providing he can get opponents—Bud Taylor is handling Slaughter and is doing a great job—One of the prime reasons for his success is continued activity—Occasionally Slaughter loses a bout but generally follows up with an impressive win and his name is before the public all the time.



*Seaman Tom Watson, British featherweight champion, who established himself in American circles by whipping Fidel La Barba.*

The Garden again suffered a bad break when Kid Chocolate was refused permission to enter the U. S. A. and necessitated a substitution in La Barba stepping in against Seaman Watson—The Chocolate affair was most unfortunate and most of the sympathy was centered on the Cuban Bon Bon but strangely no one gave Luis Gutierrez a thought—Marty Finke has joined hands with Edward O'Byrne in the management of Paul Cavalier, Paterson heavyweight—Max Elling, Pittsburgh welterweight, is the latest to rival King Levinsky as a former fish peddler who turned pugilist.

Ernie Schaaf redeemed himself in New York by giving Stanley Poreda a terrific beating and stopping him in the sixth round—Schaaf dropped Poreda twice in the second, once in the fourth and had him on the floor in the sixth and the referee stopped the bout when Poreda reeled around unsteadily—In spots it seemed as if Poreda would outbox Ernie but Schaaf's right-hand punches on the chin and subsequent jolting body punches took the fight out of Poreda—It was a great recovery for Schaaf in New York and his match with Primo Carnera should attract a capacity gathering—In the remaining bouts Charley Massare whipped Joe Barlow—Abie Feldman kayoed Mike Balaban in one round—Al White disposed of Tom Walsh at the same distance—Yustin Sirutis finished Chris Karchi in four heats—Sam Portney scored over Jack Poliseo and Phil Johnson triumphed over Phil Lightfoot.

Charley Baxter, Pittsburgh lightweight, has fully recovered the use of his right hand and is ready for action against the best eastern lightweights—Baxter is the only one to have ever stopped Sammy Dorfman—Max Juster and Manuel Quintero are both camped in Pittsburgh and waiting for some good fights to develop—Manuel is a southpaw and around the East whipped Louis Kid Kaplan, Baby Joe Gans and Joe Glick—Ted Christie is still around Pittsburgh and is always on hand to greet the visiting firemen—Irish Kane has some of the best looking kids around Pittsburgh, among them: Marty Gornick, 142 pounds, Jack Wilson, 160, and Johnny Hazel, 135 pounds—Lew Raymond has changed his promotional venue from the Arena to Moose Temple which is situated in the heart of the business section of Pittsburgh—Raymond is one of the most capable matchmakers in the country—Phil Goldstein, former lightweight, is boxing instructor at the Y. M. H. A. of Pittsburgh and is also trying to develop future headliners—Vince Plunkett, who handles Steve Haliako, has Joe Lyons, former New York State amateur welterweight champion, going good around Buffalo.

Hans Birkie and Jimmy Braddock took the place of Billy Petrolle and Bep Van Klaveren at the Garden and they were responsible for drawing the poorest crowd that the Garden has yet attracted this season—Prices were scaled from fifty cents to three dollars and backed by an exceptionally strong preliminary card, which featured the cream of the local youngsters. It was a disappointing turnout—Birkie outroughed Braddock in most of the rounds and came through with the verdict.

Charley Massare created a genuine surprise when he kayoed the seasoned Arthur Huttick in the third round of the semifinal—Charley was behind in the first two rounds but nailed Huttick with a terrific right hander in the third and Huttick, upon arising at the count of nine, was floored for the full count—Abie Feldman had plenty of trouble in winning from Johnny Rousseau in an exciting five-rounder—Johnny Bonito, undefeated Golden Glover, kept his slate intact by whipping Paris Apice in a scorching bout—Johnny lost the first two rounds but came on like Man of War to win the next three—Murray Brandt and Prince Saunders slugged for six rounds to an even break—Eddie Holmes outscored Charley Hudson in a close scrap and Bob Olin had too much experience for Paul Marque in the remaining five-rounder.

Bep Van Klaveren in winning from Phil Rafferty at the St. Nicholas Rink in a stubborn fight, injured his hand and was forced to step out of the Petrolle bout—Eddie Holmes, Providence welter, make his first appearance in New York by winning over Gordon Donahue—Frankie Klick whipped Paola Villa—Al Roth scored over Al Wolfe and Harry Bauman defeated Demarco Ceda on the balance of the card—Billy East is now managing George Leone,

*(Continued on page 37)*

## MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

ALEX. MOORE staged two shows in Montreal during last month in which young, rising fighters were matched. Johnny Keller, the Dominion amateur champ who captained Canada's Olympic team last August, crashed into the pro ranks in impressive style. He about stole both shows. Keller is undoubtedly the most promising lightweight developed in Canada in several years. Keller met Frankie Belanger, an experienced performer in Quebec and Detroit vicinities, in the main bout of Moore's first January card and Keller's smashing, two-fisted attack accounted for a seven-round knockout over Belanger. His next victim was Tommy Rollings, tough Verdunite, in the six-round semifinal on Moore's second show. He clouted Rollings unmercifully and had him on the verge of a kayo from the third round on.

Paul Schaeffer, Winnipeg middleweight, displayed smooth boxing skill and deadly sharpshooting when he stopped Albert Brodeur, local ex-amateur, in the seventh round. Brodeur, face puffed and bleeding from Schaeffer's rapier-like blows, failed to respond for the eighth round. He also received a fractured rib. Schaeffer looks promising.

Greggie Gregersen, bounding bantam battler, climbed another rung in his division when he demonstrated his superiority over Johnny Conlin, ex-amateur crack, in a sparkling six-rounder. Previcusly, Conlin had held Greggie to a draw. Gregersen, a colorful club fighter, ranks next to Bobby Leitham, Canadian titleholder, as a bantam.

The rest of the card was also good. Art Primrose, flashy local lightie, stopped Ned Lafontaine in three rounds, to celebrate his first bout under Raoul Godbout's guidance. George Harrington and Hec Masson, welters, fought a spectacular draw, as did Phil Latouf and Jimmy Rogers, featherweights.

The supporting card in the previous show was also good. Joe Dunn got an unpopular decision over Bill Carruthers, local welter, and Eddie Martin, local featherweight, outslugged game Freddie Smith. Paul Legace, Springfield lightweight, got a close and unpopular verdict over Art Primrose.

Johnny Conlin, after impressing by holding Gregersen to a draw, outclassed Rene Mercier in an interesting battle, while Jimmy Rogers beat Henri Robert in a closely fought opener.

Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight and welterweight champion, may go after a bout with Jack Hood, British welter champ, if he returns to England. He is campaigning in Australia at present, where he beat Billy Osbourne and Bobby Blay, Aussie welter kingpin, in fifteen-rounders and his latest feat was a four-round knockout over Cecil Kid Como at Melbourne.

STRAY SHOTS . . . . Bobby Leitham, Canadian bantam king, is back here from his interrupted barnstorming trip . . . . his pilot, Sam Gibbs, has continued to California and will wire for Leitham when he gets some fights lined up there . . . . Leitham will be a good card at the Forum next spring . . . . a bout between Leitham and Sanstol would be a "natural" . . . . Harry Leibovitz, another classy local bantam star who has been inactive of late, may get into harness again.

## NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THE Carlton brothers, of Jersey City, finished the year of 1932 with a win for Harry over Eddie Marks by a K.O. in the fourth round, and Frankie, the younger, getting the decision from Ernie Ratner after 10 gruelling rounds. This was the last show of the year at the Oakland A. A. In the prelims, Phil Franco finished Frankie Brown in one round, Joe Micelli beat Al Grande in four, while Joe Regis lost to Joe Woods in six.

Steve Dudas scored a sensational win over Jack Pomeroy in a special bout refereed by Jack Dempsey at the N. Y. A. C. Dudas is handled by Freddie Huber of North Bergen.

Ralph Lenny decisioned Buster Brown in 10 torrid rounds at Philly.

At the Lakewood Arena, Johnny Cashman won from Rocky Stone, Al Kenny beat Long See Que, while Jimmy Phillips defeated Kurt Martin. They were all six-round bouts.

Charlie "Trader" Horn from Jersey City kayoed Joe Petronis in four rounds at Scranton, Pa.

At the Plainfield S. C. Mickey Bottone kayoed Chick Scruggs in seven rounds of the feature bout slated for 10. Bud Mangino beat Mel Doty eight. Pat McGown lost to Mickey O'Day, four. And Odie Anderson polished off Graveyard Murphy in two.

Lew Diamond is shown in Florida for the winter.

James J. Braddock, of North Bergen won a 10-round decision from Martin Levandowski in Chicago before fighting Hans Birkie in the Garden.

Jackie Britton of Wilkes-Barre, now fighting under his own name of Dick O'Leary, is here looking for work and ready to go against any featherweight. O'Leary has fought Tommy Paul twice, Lew Massey, Frankie Genero, Johnny Vacca, Eddie Lord, Eddie O'Dowd, Tracy Cox, Johnny Brown and Bushy Graham. Dick has placed himself under the management of the writer and any promoter seeking his services can do so by writing him at 205 41st St., Union City, N. J.

Irish Chuck Connors won a tough six-round go from Jackie Norton at Philadelphia.

Allie Ridgeway was dropped 11 times before the Referee stopped hostilities in his bout against Patsy Pasculli at the St. Nicks Arena.

Jimmy Phillips of Bernardsville dropped Tony Rock eight times to gain a six-round decision at Scranton, Pa.

Jay Mecadon lost to Eddie Ran in a 10-rounder at Newark. On the same bill Freddie Polo stopped Joe Grady in two. Joe Legray defeated Freddie Piducia in 10, while Charley Barbata did likewise to Kurt Martin in six rounds.

James J. Thurer has 10 boys entered in the 1933 Golden Glove tournament to represent his Gym. They range from fly to heavyweights.

The writer has a heavyweight in tow that looks like the goods. He is six feet and 2 inches tall and weighs 188 lbs. His name is Jack Corrigan, a young Irishman from Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Jack has had nine bouts, winning them all by knockouts.

Frenchie Greenwood's star bantam, Lou Pallarino, had his appendix removed.

My ratings of Hudson county boxers are as follows:

HEAVYWEIGHTS—Stanley Poreda, James J. Braddock, Phil Johnson.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHTS—Charlie "Trader" Horn, Steve Chelsoc, Freddie Caruso.
MIDDLEWEIGHTS—Dom Rizzo, Nickey Williams, Paddy Creedon.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Willie Lewis, Puggy Cuspito, Sammy Rello.
LIGHTWEIGHTS—Lou Lombardi, Young Zazzarino, Harry Carlton.
FEATHERWEIGHTS—Allie Tedesco, Tommy O'Leary, Joe Simonetti.
BANTAMWEIGHTS—Lou Pallarino, Joe Micelli, Young Johnny Duff.

## CONNECTICUT NOTES
By ROGER DOULENS

BOXING returned to Stamford with a bang following a six-month's stagnancy with Rudy Marshall, Lock City dusky middleweight, hammering out a ten-round decision over the slipping Leo Larrivee, of Waterbury. Marshall received the close verdict of Referee Billy Smith, though the majority of the ringsiders were of the opinion that the Waterbury boy had scored the victory.

A new prospect was unveiled in the semi-final spot in Joe Vignali, rugged Waterbury lightweight, who stopped Joe Zotta, former amateur star of New York, in the third heat. Vignali, built along the lines of Sammy Fuller, continually flogged Zotta's body with crushing left hooks. Zotta was kayoed with a short right to the jaw. Vignali will bear watching.

The Cocoa Kid, prize Negro lightweight of Senator Harry Durant, took every round of his ten-heat brawl with Pancho Villa, New Bedford, Mass., Portugese, at the New Haven Arena before 3000 fans.

Eddie (Unknown) Winston, 190-pound Hartford Negro, continues to stop his opponents. He finished Jimmy Darcy, of California, in one heat in Philly a couple of weeks ago.

Rudy Marshall had a great year in the ring during 1932. Bill Connor's boy kayoed Frankie Nichols, Eddie Kid Whalen, and Snowflakes Wright, and defeated Joie La Grey, Billy Jenkofsky, Whalen, and Larry Marrinucci on points. He fought a draw with Horatio Velha.

Frankie Smith, better known as Johnny Troncone, Norwalk veteran, continues his winning ways. Frankie outpunched Frank Farriello in New York recently, stopping his foe in the sixth round.

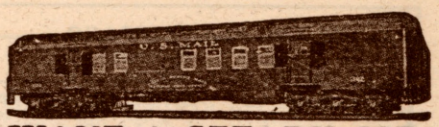
Results of minor bouts in the state: Johnny Bellus, New Haven lightweight, halted Johnny Andrews, fellow-townsman, in third round; Silent Barrett, Stamford, beat Gene Gregory, New Haven in four rounds; Jack Renault, New Haven, kayoed Battling Ewing, Washington, D. C., in three; Irish Himmy O'Brien, Bridgeport, beat Jetty Royal, Stamford, in six; Tony Travers, veteran New Haven welter, stopped Eddie Dwillis, New York, in the first round.

Johnny Red Allen, former pride and joy of Bridgeport, a decade ago, is handling a stable of fighters for Billy Prince. Allen makes a fine handler.

What's happened to Phil Baker? The Norwalk junior lightweight, declared by Harry Lenny as one of the finest prospects he ever saw, has dropped out of action since his victories over Billy O'Brien and Rene Peloquin. Baker's best work of 1932 was his annihilation of Joey D'Andrea in Stamford, when he scored a technical kayo in the eighth round. Baker defeated, among others, Georgie Russo, Young Peter Jackson, Johnny Bellus, Joe Kid Bruce, and Art Chapdelaine.

Steve Smith has retired. The Bridgeport Hungarian engaged in more that 350 fights of which he lost 200.

Jolts and jabs: Wrestling flopped in its return to Norwalk, but is raging strong in New Haven and Hartford . . . . Watch young Johnny Bellus—he's a comer . . . . Al Gainer will return to work shortly . . . . Unknown Winston will make the Garden soon . . . . "Suds" Bridge, sporting editor of *The Sentinel*, has never got over the Dempsey-Firpo bout . . . . There is not a single flyweight boxer registered with the state Athletic association . . . . And only two bantams, Rudy Bradley of Holyoke, Mass., and K. O. Morgan, Stamford . . . . There are 162 featherweights, 119 lightweights, and 77 welters . . . . Thirty-two middles, 19 light-heavies, and seven heavies . . . . *Buenos noches, adios,* goom-bye, or what have you?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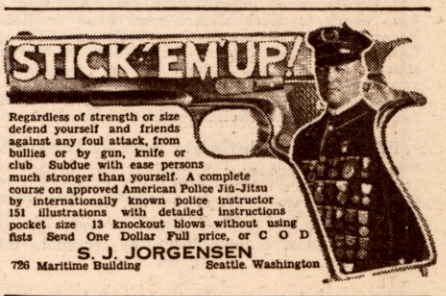
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## IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

FROM here and there we learn that—Jock Malone, former middleweight, has resigned as an entertainer and waiter at the Lake Shore Pleasure club . . . . Roughhouse Charley Burns, who battled such boxers as Matty Matthews, is all excited over an amateur kid, Red McHugh . . . . Bill O'Connell, developer of many prominent boxers, still gives boxing lessons at the age of 73. He now is located at Quincy and Dearborn streets.

Seaman Watson, British featherweight champion, owns the New Walk Inn, a licensed pub at Newcastle-on-Tyne . . . . Mike Donovan was one of the great middleweights of the past . . . . Dick Dunn, fight promoter, is presenting wrestling at the Detroit Olympia . . . . Stanley Ketchel probably was the greatest middleweight champion.

Jersey—Jones, New York hockey press representative, is directing the activities of a heavyweight amateur boxer, John J. Joyce of County Mayo, Ireland . . . . John T. (Terry) McGovern, of New York and Cornell, author of "Your Boy and Mine" was named after Terry McGovern, former featherweight champion . . . . Frankie Battaglia, Winnipeg, Man., fighter, was born on September 13, 1910 . . . . Two things have contributed to the loss of interest in boxing: 1—poor fights. 2—Loss of confidence by the fans.

Louie Marks, brother of Izzy Marks, fight manager, lives on the West Side with his wife, the former Miss Dora Lewis, sister of Nate Lewis, and their 11 children . . . . James J. Jeffries, who won the heavyweight title by knocking out Bob Fitzsimmons in 11 rounds at Coney Island, N. Y., on June 9, 1899, was always jumpy before a fight . . . . The late Tex Rickard paid the government about three million dollars, taxes on his fights . . . . Willie Meehan looked like a composite picture of a 52-gallon cask and a big balloon when boxing.

It is said that John L. Sullivan was the first to discover the exact point on the chin to hit, paralyzing the nervous system . . . . Jim Corbett invented the left hook, discovering the blow when he hurt a knuckle on his left hand from jabbing, forcing him to use the hand as a hook to prevent pain . . . . Mike Jacobs, Madison Square Garden stockholder, is a ticket broker . . . . Jack McAuliffe, as lightweight champion, knocked out Billy Myer, Streator Cyclone, in September, 1892 at New Orleans, La., in the first battle for the title under Queensberry rules.

The City State bank, one of the many financial houses which crashed last year, has sent a $300 check to Earl Mastro, and $190 to Babe Baron, Chicago representative of Champion Tony Canzoneri, 20 per cent of their losses in the institution . . . . Mique Malloy, Chicago promoter, is reported tending bar in a South Side saloon . . . . Andy Urban, ex-bantamweight, has signed to manage Bobby Atkins, welterweight.

Pete Piazza, featherweight boxer 12 years ago, now is proprietor of the Cinema cafe in Cicero . . . . Frank Chiezek, pal of Billy Cepak, Cicero promoter, is doing well as director of the Silver Slipper in Stickney, Ill. . . . . Pal Moore is said to be in a local hospital suffering from an old ailment, asthma, acquired while he served in the United States navy during the war.

Barney Smith, Jim Mullen's old bookkeeper, has left the ranks of the bachelors . . . . Young Geno, LaSalle, Ill., featherweight, was born with a stiff neck. He wasn't able to twist the neck until after an operation, performed when he was sixteen years old . . . . Sammy Wolff was to visit relatives in New York this month. His mother, who is 78 years old, lives in New York where Wolff's dad died eight years ago at the age of 83. . . . . The Harry Dublinsky-Prince Saunders match at the Cicero Stadium yesterday drew $1,069 and lost money . . . . Duke Calloway, Gary, Ind., bantamweight, is one of Cab Calloway's cousins.

### SOME OF THIS AND A LITTLE OF THAT

Edward Burns, *Chicago Tribune* sportswriter, has celebrated his 49th birthday.

Edgar Munzel, *Herald-Examiner* sportswriter, is of German extraction. Mrs. Munzel is a polished dancer . . . . Wilfrid Smith, who refused to use his 265 pounds as a boxer after starring at football at DePauw University, is a wonderful host . . . . Howard Martin is the smallest, but one of the best newspapermen in Chicago . . . . Nate Lewis, Stadium matchmaker, never boxed. He broke into the sport in 1901 as the manager of Kid Herman . . . . The rabbit blow is the most dangerous in boxing. It is directed at the point where the base of the skull and the cervical vertebra meet—the lower brain system, called the medulla oblongata.

The Stadium lost $900 on the featherweight championship contest between Freddy Miller and Tommy Paul . . . . Charlie Cutler, former heavyweight wrestling champion, has signed to manage Osley Samnoake of Cherokee, N. C. Samnoake, who weighs 306 pounds, will seek a match with Jim Londos . . . .

Haakon Hansen, Norwegian middleweight, is planning to return to Chicago from Oslo, Norway next March. He has won three bouts at Oslo and one at Berlin in recent months . . . . Danny Gasparo, former middleweight, and his wife have separated again. This time it looks like it's for good . . . . Freddy Miller, Cincinnati, O., featherweight, is 21 years old and has a daughter, six months old . . . . Gus Rock, manager of Joey Kleko and Larry Strong, and Mrs. Rock have split. Gus said his wife couldn't stand the depression so she left him seven months ago.

Fred Britten, Illinois representative, once was an amateur boxer of note . . . . Senator Barbour of New Jersey once was hailed as a potential heavyweight champion . . . . Earl Mastro doesn't like his stage work and when his contract ends next February, he will quit, perhaps for good.

Tony Canzoneri, present lightweight titleholder, most likely would have held his own with former titleholders, with the possible exception of Benny Leonard, Joe Gans, Jack McAuliffe and Kid Lavigne . . . . An idea of the ability of Abe Attell, former featherweight champion, can be gleaned from the fact that whenever he missed a punch that made him look foolish, it was worth a front page story . . . . Philadelphia Jack O'Brien contends that good fighters can be ruined by one punch.

Mickey McGuire, English flyweight, who won a non-title bout from Champion Jackie Brown, is a veteran of over 200 matches . . . . Jack (Kid) Berg, former junior-welterweight titleholder, is studying manipulative surgery at London, England. . . . . The most popular boxer in Louisville, Ky., at the end of the year will be awarded a trophy by W. Frazer Dunlap, chairman of the Kentucky Athletic Board of Control.

We dined at King Levinsky's restaurant at Halsted and Maxwell streets last night. The food is better than that served at most of our Chicago restaurants and the eatery is one of the most modern in the country. Everything seems to run by motor, from the ice-making machine to the steam-making machines. The restaurant has beautiful fixtures.

Charles Caustin, head of the Kane County Sporting and Athletic Club, can be reached at St. Charles 146 . . . . Vernon Whaley, former boxing writer for the *Chicago Post* and *Detroit Mirror*, is living at 916 Eastwood . . . . The Jack Roper-Paul Pantaleo match at Terre Haute, Ind., drew $362 . . . . Bud Taylor, the promoter, lost $300 . . . . They call Baxter Calmes, Buster (Be Calm) Calmes in Hollywood, Cal. . . . . Martin Levandowski, Grand Rapids, Mich., fighter, was born at Whalen, Mich., 24 years ago . . . .

We have been requested to contribute a column of boxing news to *Movie News* by John Schaeffer, publisher and editor of the former *Chicago Evening Post*. Schaeffer rules in the same capacity for *Movie News*, which is published and edited in the old Post building at Wells street and Wacker drive . . . . Pete Reilly, manager of Freddy Miller and Varias Milling, has an eleven year-old daughter . . . . Rube Appleberry, baseball star of the radio skit over WGN, "Big Leagues and Bushers," who has turned boxer, was born Lawrence Reed. He is the husband of Nell Donald, woman wrestler. Both received their early training on the stage.

ODDS AND ENDS—Jack Hurley, manager of Billy Petrolle and Charley Retzlaff, has his column, "Ring Rations," syndicated . . . . Tommy Paul, Buffalo, N. Y. featherweight, is married to an Italian girl and has two children, a boy and a girl. Paul has an unusual hobby, that of poultry farming . . . . George Blake, California referee, manager of Fidel LaBarba, calls Chicago his home town. Whenever he is here he is kept busy visiting relatives . . . .

Colin Mullens of Sydney, Australia, writes the following:

"Just to tell you that boxing has been rather quiet in Australia, with a few high lights. Tiger Jack Payne and Pickles Heintz met at Leichardt before a small house, but believe me this was the greatest battle fought here in years. Payne won on a technical knockout at the end of the ninth round. This Heintz person, who is now on his way back to the States, is surely the unluckiest boxer that ever visited Australia. Ron Richards lost to Palmer before 8,000. Boys on the way to Australia are Barney Keiswatter, South Africa; Harvy Vaughan, England; Little Moro and Clever Sisson, Philippine Islands."

And Buck Sarginson, manager of Kid Leonard, East Moline, Ill., middleweights, dispatches the following:

"Accept my sincerest thanks for the nice publicity you gave Leonard. Publicity of this kind makes a fellow feel that all of his efforts are not in vain and we are proud to have been remembered by you."

Around the ring we learn that—Johnny Mitchell, Detroit, Mich., featherweight, has a cauliflower left ear. He has been boxing two years and is 20 years old. Johnny was born Koresky at Montreal, Que. He is managed by Scotty Strachan.

Johnny Pena, New York featherweight, was born in South America, 1911, but he was toted to New York when he was two years of age. He has had 60 bouts, losing four. Several months ago Tony Palazzola bought Pena's contract from Ben Embinder for $500 . . . .

Grant Kromenaker, North Side promoter, recently lost $2,800 when the Devon State bank closed its doors . . . . THE RING, world's foremost boxing publication, can be obtained in Chicago at the magazine store on Randolph street at Dearborn. Every manager, second, boxer and wrestler should get a copy of Nat Fleischer's "Training for Boxers," "How to Box," "How to Second a Boxer" and "Modern Wrestling." They're great books.

FISTIC CHIPS—Eddie Geiger, sports editor of the *Chicago Evening American*, is an usher at St. Timothy's church on the North Side . . . . Leo Ranieri, West Side lightweight, has a cauliflower left ear . . . . Ed Smith, famous boxing writer, now is conducting a column in the West Coast *Sports Digest* . . . . Frank Mulkern, Milwaukee promoter, has written Charlie White, former lightweight boxer, commending White on his Muscle Sense System exercises over WGN each week day morning at 9 o'clock.

Solly Schuman has obtained a three-piece stringed instrument orchestra to entertain his customers while they are dining at his restaurant at Hamlin and Ogden avenues. The act is called Eddie, Slats and Georgie.

Kid Irish, Benld, Ill., featherweight, is making a determined effort to reach the top of his class. He is 22 years old and has been boxing four years, engaging in 60 professional bouts and losing only 8. He is Italian and his right name is Tommy Schilaro. The Kid is managed by Dave Mearns.

Frank Gisser, who is conducting the luncheon concession at Kid Howard's gymnasium at 116 Madison street, is a fencing master. Gisser hopes to be able to instruct Chicagoans in swordsmanship . . . .

George Trafton, proprietor of the gymnasium at 180 Randolph street, has settled down to wedded bliss for the second time. He married Helen Lowenstein at Waukegan.

Billy Cepak pays the Clyde Park board, which has charge of the Cicero Stadium, $100 a night to present fights. The American Legion post of Cicero has charge of the parking facilities . . . .

## ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

NOTHING in the line of boxing promotion in St. Louis proper, with the exception of some amateur shows, since the Primo Carnera vs. John Schwake heavyweight duel at the Coliseum last month. Jack Tippett, blind promoter, has leased the Arena, which seats 20,000, for five boxing shows.

Dave Barry, local 124-pounder, who at present is in Florida, continues to add a victim per week to his win column. Barry's latest was "Young" Granada, Hartford, Conn., featherweight, whom Davey stopped in the tenth round at West Palm Beach, Florida. The youthful St. Louisan has had ten fights in ten weeks while in the South, without suffering a defeat. His complete score now totals 60 engagements with but three lost decisions chalked against him.

Lou Terry's latest triumph was at the expense of Jimmy DeCaro, Sandusky, Ohio, lightweight, whom the hard-punching Terry defeated at Savannah, Ga.

Johnny Miles, St. Louis heavyweight, who is in Florida along with Dave Barry, Chick Rains and Tom Hambrick, fought his 18th professional bout recently, and won it, thereby continuing his clean slate. Tony Ferrente, New York City, was Miles' latest knockout victim, the New Yorker being blasted out in round two.

Chick Rains, light-heavy, turned in two good wins over Eddie McCarthy, New York City, in ten rounds at St. Petersburg, Fla., and Homer Sheridan, Sioux City, Ia., in ten rounds at West Palm Beach, Fla.

Jack Callahan, local fight manager, aided the Hannibal, Mo., unemployed in a big way when he took Ray Palmer and "Pee Wee" Kaiser to Hannibal in the main attraction, and three other local fighters in prelim bouts. The show grossed quite a sum for the poor and needy of the Missouri city.

Jack Nichols, hard punching light-heavyweight, who is being trained and tutored by Dan O'Keefe, veteran coach, has managed to whip every opponent sent against him but "Babe" Davis, tricky Hebrew heavyweight. O'Keefe at one time trained Jess Willard.

Fighters and managers wishing to show in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis, Mo.

## CLEVELAND CHATTER
By "PARSON" TOM McGINTY

CHUCK SOTAX, and Jimmy Dunn have parted, and Chuck is going it alone, instead of writing or using the telephone for work, Chuck has oiled up his big Packard and taken Jimmy Vaughn and a few of his other fighters down East to try his luck.

Jerry Sachs, the Soldier of Fortune, has popped up again, this time with a new health school and gymnasium. He has teamed up with the old master, Jimmy Dunn, who plans teaching boxing at Sachs' new gym.

Jimmy Dunn's heavyweight, Getchell, won over Joe Lohman at Upper Sandusky, Ohio.

Manny Robins has a middleweight in Carmen Barth.

Babe Triscaro has entered the bantam class.

Rosy Rosales, after a long lay-off due to an accident at Springfield, Ohio, appeared at Toledo several weeks ago with Harry English, Toledo's colored sensation, and gave an excellent account of himself. Frankie McGinty is handling Rosales.

Tommy Freeman, who is aiming for an appearance in Madison Square Garden, is again under the watchful eye of his Uncle, Bob Sangster—Bob also has Chico Cisneros and Young Baptiste, a good light-heavyweight.

Billy Wallace, Cleveland's popular lightweight, has branched out as a promoter. He staged his first amateur fight at the New Arena, East 101st Street recently.

Walter Taylor is going back into the boxing game with shows every other Friday night at the Equestrium. Billy Stevens will assist him.

Sammy Deutsch promoted a show for the American Legion at the Public Auditorium with Sammy Slaughter and Gorilla Jones as the headliner.

The Cleveland Boxing Commission has gone into the N.B.A.

Ross Fields is fighting around the State and winning regularly. Micky Duris can't find work here.

Johnny Kilbane is getting worlds of publicity in the Cleveland papers teaching the local schoolchildren the manly art of self-defense.

Matt Brock is working down town for a local sport goods firm, and is doing plenty of business for them.

Henry Firpo defeated the dark-secret Alabama Kid at Coshocton, Ohio. Previously he was knocked out in one round at Dayton, O., by Sammy Slaughter.

Carmen Cook, of Bridgeport, Conn., is anxious to box Johnny Farr, Dave Abbo or any of the boys 130 to 135 pounds.

Johnny Farr is down in New Orleans where he is quite a favorite in the Crescent City.

Jack Pallat is anxious to get a return fight with Eddie Simms, and would like to get a shot at Kayo Christner, Babe Hunt or Angus Snyder.

Carman Barth, Cleveland, stopped Johnny Poffak, Canton, in five rounds and Billy Burns beat Tex Tackla in six, at Canton.

Patsy Pirroni, Cleveland heavyweight who beat Joe Sekyra, Adolph Heuser and Tom Heeney, looks like one of the best prospects in the country. This youth has stamina, grit, speed and skill.

Roy Mitchell, of St. Louis, has placed himself under the management of Parson Tom McGinty, of Cleveland, who is anxious to get him work in New York or Chicago. Here is a great little fighter at 145 pounds, ready to take on any one his weight.

Tiger Fox handed Frankie Simms a good lacing at Dayton, on the same card that Sammy Slaughter knocked out Henry Firpo in the first round.

Johnny Romans, Zanesville, outpointed Tiger Walker at Columbus, Ohio.

Mickey Dugan, Jimmy Avon's hard hitting middleweight, is after a fight with Carman Barth or Paul Pirrone.

Ross Fields stopped Jack Wilson of Pittsburgh at Newcastle, Pa., in the 10th round. Young Terry, Akron, and Marty Toukelan, boxed a six-round draw.

Eddie LeRoy is back from the South. He is a good featherweight.

## HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN
By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOXING was at a very low ebb in Detroit during January due to the fact that the Golden Gloves amateur tournament was staged. Shows were held six nights out of every week and at prices of 40 cents for ringside seats and 25 cents for general admission, they couldn't fail to draw. Over a thousand boys were entered from Detroit and vicinity.

Louie Mays, a light heavyweight from Iowa is in Detroit and expects to get started there soon.

Wilbur Chevalier, the Bay City mauler, is now in Cincinnati. During the month he lost a close one to Pete Leno and whipped Joe Pagalina. A good match for Detroit would be a Chevalier-Johnny Mitchell go.

Johnny Mitchell made the fight of his life against Tommy Paul in Toledo but lost a close decision.

Dwight Mitchie will probably run a few shows at the Olympia. Mitchie has been associated with boxing for twenty years in the role of fighter, manager, second and promoter.

DID YOU KNOW THAT:

Dario Mareno, fast moving Mexican from Kalamazoo, gave Johnny Mitchell his hardest fight and Johnny has met Tommy Paul, Paul Dazzo, Frankie Wallace, Ray McIntyre and Harry Fierro. Joe Pallazolla is 20,, Ernie Maurer fought Dario Mareno and Henry Gowatch in his last important fights and is now looking for more worlds to conquer. Ernie has beaten every good bantam in the state. Jimmy Brady has about the best stable of boxers with Maurer, Koppy, Alvarado and Harry Fine. Harry Fine recently returned from Pittsburgh where he won a few fights.

My ratings for the month are as follows:

HEAVIES—Jack O'Dowd, Johnny Miler, Flash Rizer.

LIGHT-HEAVIES—Martin Levandowski, John Vorce, Pretit Ferarer.

MIDDLES—Marty Simmons, Freddy Heinz, Frankie Misko.

WELTERS—Jack December, Morrie Sherman, Pete Petroskey.

JUNIOR-WELTERS—Orrie Mosher, Stanley Krannenberg, Eddie Koppy.

LIGHTWEIGHTS—Wesley Ramey, Jimmy Alvarado, Chuck Woods.

JUNIOR-LIGHTS—Roger Bernard, George Riley, Wilbur Chevaliar.

FEATHERS—Johnny Mitchell, Dario Mareno, Joe Pallazolla.

BANTAMS—Ernie Maurer, Henry Gowatch, Bobby Thomas.

FLYWEIGHTS—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Red Casson.

Wesley Ramey advanced another notch in his march toward the lightweight championship when he won Slim McClelland's decision over Tony Herrera at Grand Rapids, Johnny Miler beat Leon Jasinski in six, Chuck Woods beat Bud Jones of Elkhart in eight, Joe Alverado of Chicago beat Heinie Schmid of Grand Rapids in six, and Pete Petroskey beat Earl Filbin in four.

At Saginaw, Alex Heinz punched out a ten-round decision over Johnny Bangert of Bay City in ten. Frankie Misko beat Mel Tipton and Marty Simmons beat Hack Horton of Detroit.

Roger Bernard turned the tables on Young Geno by taking eight out of ten rounds at Flint. Ernie Maurer fought his first fight after being operated on. Maurer had a cartilage removed from his chest. Maurer stopped Tuffy Tarzan of Pittsburgh in the fourth. Pee Wee Gale beat Jackie Light, Harry Fine beat Mickey Morris, and Red Casson beat Johnny Gale.

The Monroe A. C. in Detroit has been remodeled and repainted and looks very nice now. Some of the Golden Gloves contests were held there. This gym which is run by Harry Tuthill and Archie Sillman is one of the best equipped gymnasiums in the country. Speaking of gymnasiums, Ross Coulton's gym at Woodward and Hendrie, which was just opened a couple of months ago, is fast becoming one of the best in the city. While most of the boxers who train there are amateurs, several pros work there among them, Jimmy Alvarado, Chuck Woods, Eddie Koppy, Earl Filbin, Harry Fine, Ernie Maurer, and Red Casson.

Al Henderson is one Detroit fighter who has been underrated. Al is about the best of the second flight of junior welters in Michigan. In his last five fights he fought Stanley Krannenberg, Stanley Allen, Frankie Zavidil, Stanley Sabin and Billy Marrone.

Johnny Miler, Detroit boy who was a member of the Olympic team, has turned pro. Johnny beat Leon Jasinski in his first start.


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## THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN never wants for partisans when he appears in Philadelphia rings. After a short lay off, the former world's light-heavyweight champion, staged a comeback against King Levinsky of Chicago at Convention Hall and was awarded the ten-round decision.

Loughran's victory was not as one-sided as many critics would lead you to believe. In fact after Tommy took four of the first five rounds with one being even, Levinsky came along with a rush. Loughran was on the defensive most of the time but finished the bout in much better shape than usual. It was Levinsky's first appearance in the Quaker City and promoters Taylor and Gunnis lost no time matching the Chicago fighter with "Unknown" Winston, the Florida colored sensation who also works out of Hartford, Conn.

Winston has made two appearances in Phillie this winter and each time came through with a knockout. In his first start he gained a technical "K.O." over Ted Sandwina of New York in the second round when the latter sustained a badly cut eye and the second time here, "Unknown" finished Jim Darcy, a "flop" fighter from California in the first round. Winston dropped Darcy three times but the latter showed no fondness to continue.

Ed Houghton, sparring partner of Tommy Loughran, and Popper Stopper put on a red hot eight-round bout with the former winning. Stopper apparently has improved since last fall and dropped Houghton for a short count but the latter rallied and earned the decision.

Leonard Dixon, lanky colored Philadelphia heavyweight, ran into a hailstorm of gloves when he met Tony Cancela, sparring partner of King Levinsky and was beaten in eight rounds. Dixon, handled by Sammy Hahn, veteran telegraph operator, was not able to do himself justice, after receiving a battered nose. Cancela came to the Quaker City unheralded but put up a pleasing fight.

Al Ettore, former amateur champion, is anxious to get a crack at any of the light-heavyweights. Max Hoff bars none and would welcome a match with any of the topnotchers.

Toney Stetz, 140-pound Wilkes-Barre fighter, in the opinion of Pete Moran, former Philadelphia promoter and manager, is one of the most promising lads in his class. Moran went all the way to Alexandria, Va., to see Stetz beat Joey Goodwin of Cleveland and only a short time before, the coal-region boy knocked out Arthur De Beve of Washington in five rounds. Efforts are being made to match Stetz with Johnny Jadick, of Kensington, holder of the junior welterweight title in a title bout at Wilkes-Barre or Scranton.

Bobby Dechter's winning streak came to an end at the Broadway A.C. when Jackie Willis, South Philadelphia fighter, won a hectic eight-round bout. Young Dechter is a brother of Matty who appeared in the Quaker City rings about ten years ago and then retired.

Jimmy Stewart was awarded a six-round decision over Eddie Law in the semi-windup at the Broadway. The other bouts resulted as follows:—Bucky Jones beat Speedy Duval in six rounds; Bobby Dean scored a technical knockout over Johnny McShay in the fourth round; and Dominic Burrone, stablemate of Lew Massey, scored his fifth straight victory by beating Joe Carto, former Annunciation amateur, in six rounds.

Walter Cobb, of New York, set all the pace, and was entitled to the ten-round decision in the return bout with George Godfrey, of Leiperville, when they clashed at Convention Hall. Cobb conceded a lot of weight to the colored veteran, the former scaling 228 pounds and the latter, 253. It looked like a "safety first" affair on the part of Godfrey, who won the decision in their first clash at the Arena but appeared satisfied to just coast along when they met under the promotion of Taylor and Gunnis. Cobb used a damaging left hook to advantage and was not afraid to wade right in.

After being away from the Quaker City for about five years, Jim Maloney, Boston heavyweight, came back to win a spotty victory over Leo Mitchell of California. Maloney dropped his opponent twice in the seventh round and referee Herman Hindin stopped the uneven affair.

Billy Ketchell, 166-pound slugger from Millville, N. J., hammered out an eight-round victory over Billy Angelo of Marcus Hook at Convention Hall. It was amazing the amount of punishment Angelo absorbed and always came back for more action. Ketchell is a promising youngster and can hit hard with either hand.

Bobby Gunnis, member of the boxing partnership of Taylor and Gunnis, is recovering from a broken ankle, which he sustained in a fall on an icy pavement during the Christmas holidays.

## SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

A UNIQUE happening recently was witnessed in a Covington, Ky., ring in which a fighter and a referee tangled and the latter was sent from the ring, and the bout had to be finished by another third man.

Speaking of the Young Helms-Jesse Calhoun scrap at Joe Anderson's Blue Grass club. The bout was teaming along about on even terms for four rounds when the inexperienced referee, Roland Beck, warned Calhoun about striking low punches. This writer was in attendance and the blows which Calhoun was accused of throwing low were far in legal territory.

Beck did the same thing in the fifth and sixth rounds and then lost his head and struck at Calhoun with his fists, the latter retaliating with some wicked punches into Beck's stomach before the police, fans, promoter Anderson and others hopped into the ring to quell the near riot. Anderson refereed the remainder of the contest with Helms taking the newspaper decision.

Helms also outpointed Calhoun in a return go. The latter scored over Helms in their initial meeting last summer.

A good little scrapper is Frank (Battling Kid) Kidney, rough Newport, Ky., lightweight. The Kid trounced Tiger Lyons three consecutive times and then went on to draw Ray Fowler, a junior welter. The Kid is handled by Tex Blankenship and the latter has confidence that the youngster is going somewhere.

Jess Freeman, former Kansas City lightweight, advanced a notch higher in his division when he pounded out a ten-round win over Manuel Castro, the Mexican star, on one of Anderson's Covington cards. In another feature match, Joe Pagalina, Louisville, edged out a tenner win over Young Helms, boastful Thomasson, Ga., lightie.

At Milford, Ted Graham scored a well timed victory over Chuck Burns, San Antonio, Tex. At Dayton, O., Kid Slaughter, Terre Haute, Ind., negro middleweight sensation, kayoed Young Firpo of Louisville in the first heat. Frankie Palmo beat Coleman Johns and Tiger Jack Fox outwalloped Frankie Simms in the prelims.

Fighters with good record, unattached, who would like to make connections here, would do well to address the writer at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. A good clear photo and record together with a self-addressed, stamped envelope will get a quick answer.

Around Fountain Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . . Simon Nebloski, Jewish middleweight from Cincinnati, looks to be a comer . . . . a dead ringer for Max Schmeling in appearance and Dempsey in fighting style . . . . handled by Johnny Brown, former bantamweight star from Cinci and erstwhile rival of Freddy Miller, new N. B. A. feather king. Miller beat Tommy Paul in Chicago . . . . Neil Lang, New York heavyweight, is looking for a bout around here on his way to California.

Middle-West Wrestling Wrist Locks, follow:

Eddie Gerhardt continues to lead the parade of middle-Western mat promoters with Jack Junkin, Hamilton, O., and Jack Thorn, Louisville, Ky., close on his heels. The three have been staging great weekly shows before large crowds. Gerhardt plans to show some of the best stars of the game to fans in the middle-West before the summer season rolls in.

Blackie Lantz, king of the Burlesque game who features wrestling each week at his Empress Theatre in Cincinnati, has a neat little welterweight star in Hicks Harper the Somerset, Ky. whirlwind. Harper remains undefeated at the Theatre with the exception of his loss to Tarzan Reeves, a middleweight. .

Speaking of Reeves, he was a great card in the middle-West until he chose to break with the Gerhardt Promotions and to date is still on the sidelines. Gerhardt like Curley made Londos, placed the mighty young middleweight star at the top and in return was given the "hash." The sooner Tarzan wakes up, the more matches he will get.

The wrestling game is still flourishing in the mid-West states and rumors to the contrary are wrong. True enough the same faces have hurt the game a little but with the invasion of several great newcoming stars, the game will be back to its peak by the time this goes to press.

Wrestlers with good records who would like to work for the Gerhardt Promotions would do well to send their photo and complete past years' record to 1528 Republic St., Cincinnati, O. News of the game can be had by writing to 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O.


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## MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

JIMMY MACK, Philadelphia bantam and Billy Landis of Norfolk, went at it hammer and tongs at the Portner Arena in Alexandria, Va., for six rounds when Billy was forced to quit on account of a broken hand. Mack had a slight edge. Dick Welsh soundly trounced Johnny Edwards of Barberton, Ohio, in eight. Toney Stetz lost a tough one to Arthur DeBeve when he accidentally fouled the Frenchman. Stetz was far ahead.

Sylvan Bass, veteran Baltimore middleweight, beat Henry Irving of Washington at the Palace Theater in Baltimore, Md.

Pete Sanstol of Norway and Benny Schwartz hooked up in an eight-rounder at Alexandria, Va. Schwartz looked good in the early rounds but Sanstol was too strong and took the nod. Joe Britten of Baltimore flattened Roddy Davis in one round. This was Davis' first set back in over a year and he showed plenty grit in this losing battle, being down four times.

Bob Godwin tried to spot Les Kennedy seventeen pounds and several inches at Portner's Arena and took a bad licking, for his generosity. Roy Mandley beat Bobby Burns in the eight-round semifinal that was full of action.

Joey Goodman took an unpopular nod over Toney Stetz in an eight-round feature at Portner's Arena. Goodman only cut loose in the final round. Tootsie Bashara spotted Roy Mandley nine pounds and gave the willing Mandley the worst pasting he has taken in these parts.

Jackie Portney, Baltimore's best lightweight, won over Frankie Hayes and drew with Wildcat O'Connor in bouts at Scranton, Pa.

Reds Barry, Washington heavyweight, scored the most impressive win of boxers in this vicinity when he defeated Isadoro Gastanaga at Holyoke, Mass. Barry looks like the best prospect to come out of this locality since Vince Dundee.

Pete Sanstol toyed with Jimmy Mack for eight rounds at the Portner Arena. Loyd Phellps scored a two-round technical knockout over Joe Chaney and Izzy Kaplan scored a six-round win over Doug Sweetman in a thriller.

The best show of the month was staged at Portner's. Roddy Davis beat Young Meolia of Baltimore, Ray Bowen beat Loyd Phellps, Jimmy Tramberia licked Billy Essinger, Leroy Dougan won over Izzy Kaplan and Henry Irving and Walter Kirkwood boxed even in six-rounders, while Tommy Horn beat Joe Doty in the opening four. Each fight was full of action and the capacity house was sure tickled.

PICKUPS—Joe Dundee is to reopen at the 104th Armory in Baltimore with Eddie Ross making the matches. At present the only boxing being staged in Baltimore is a weekly show at the Gayety Theater, featuring local boys. Chris Dundee continues to operate the Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va. Dundee had a good season at Virginia Beach and will be back at the seashore resort this summer. C. E. "Fats" Cornell will reopen his Twin City Arena at Laurel, Md., when the indoor season closes at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va. Roddy Davis made a pretty good comeback in taking a close duke over Angelo Meolia after being flattened by Joe Britten. Leroy Dougan, a new comer in these parts, has taken the fans by storm. His wins over Young Gentile and Izzy Kaplan at the Portner Arena have put him in line for a feature shot. Fredericksburg, Va., is solid for their hope, Barefoot Green. To date the Barefoot has licked all opposition turned his way. At least 100 fans travel forty miles to Portner's Arena to see the Barefoot one in action.


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## KANSAS AND VICINITY

By L. R. FORD

AMATEUR boxing is going over big in this section. Shows at Chanute, Kansas; Hutchinson, Topeka, Kansas City, Mo., Ponca City, Picher and Atchison, all drew banner crowds. Among the amateurs who won bouts at these places during the month, were:

Johnny Hemphill, Billy Hemphill, Dave Fraser, Dick Roles, Leo Karns, Melvin Bell, Roy Ogle, Kid Hot Shot, Earl Rutherford, Mel Ward, Kid Freeman, Vincel Delmer, Delbert Jones, Frankie Keefover, Connie Comstock, John Aldrich, Orville Baxter, Tarzan Rittle and Johnny Torrez.

Also Doc Anderson, Ernie Kanatzer, Jean Lasater, Candey Jack Dixon, Lawrence Chevalier, Jack Stapleton, Ted Charno, George Brooks, Lloyd Weems, Gene Mitchell, Gene Pond, Lee Brooks, Nick Krpan, Duke Hare, Johnny Estrata, Junior Munsell, Benny McIntosh, Jess Smith, Amos Tiger, D. V. Lidell, Jonas Perry, Roger Warsham, Perry Brewer and Bob Cook.

Also Harry Knecht, Jerry Jenkins, Herbie Knecht, Bobby Ames, Joe Ordway, Kid Freeman, Harry Tressler, Pat Kissinger, Alvin Collins, Chief Whitehorse, Wild Red Berry, Lonnie Reeves, Joey Alcanter, Mike O'Rourke, Stanley Hurlburt, Bobby Ames, Johnny Estrata, John Drisler, Joe Sollazzo, Freddie Andrews, Bernard Nanneman, Tom Stanoscheck, Kamel Klopf, Lee Warfield and Keith Cockrell.

Also Ted Charno, Ray Rich, Herb Knecht, Jimmy Messick, Kamel Klopf, Lee Warfield and Keith Cockrell.

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Springfield, Mo.—Kenny Hill and Roy Stevens drew in 10 rounds. Harold Murphy beat Milt Schooley in 6. Frisco Lindy knocked out Buck Martin in 6. Ray Keech knocked out Herb Carpenter in 6. Oklahoma Red knocked out Bobby Arnold in 4. Toby Boyd knocked out Springfield Bad Boy in 2 rounds. Leonard Short promoted the show.

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Kansas City, Mo.—George Manley, light-heavy from Denver, won with ease from Pat Hayward in 12 rounds. Ray (Showboat) McQuillan beat Young Joe Wolcott in 6. Sam Fenazzo won from Earl Mason in 6. Bobby Raymond beat Joey Amello with points to spare, and they gave the decision to Joey, the newspapers to Raymond, by a mile. Tom Healer promoted the show.

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LOOSE AND DRIFTING—Les Showers premier amateur boxing director and promoter of the middle west, staged a big amateur 3-day tournament at Tuscon, Ariz. Showers reported close to a sell-out each night. Billy Newton of Joplin is promoting at Miami and Picher, Okla., and will stage bouts in Joplin soon. Billy will promote both pro and amateur boxing shows. Jack Slattery may stage a few one night amateur shows in Wichita. Dennis Magirl, former manager of Babe Hunt, is managing the Topeka Athletic Club in Topeka and building the fight game up again, both pro and amateur. Frank Gilleece, executive secretary of the State Athletic Commission, says the fight game in the state is showing signs of improvement.

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Billy Newton, Dennis Magirl, George Walsh are the leading amateur promoters besides Les Showers.

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Kansas City, Mo.—Houston Ash beat Roy Jacks in eight rounds. Young Joe Wolcott outpointed Jimmy Peters in six. Johnny Owens knocked out Karl Lauten in five. Young Leon knocked out Sammy Martin in three. Charley Patrick shaded Steve Ketchell in four rounds.

## SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

RAY MANN, Sioux City's welterweight ace, added another victim to his record when he defeated Irish McKenna in six, on the second annual Good-Fellow Boxing Card. Other results were as follows: Glen Allen and Kenny Austin called a no-contest; Johnny Martin won over Battling Nelson by a T. K. O. (Nelson broke his arm); Keith Weaver beat Curtis Beaver in 4; Al Maniquez beat Babe Barnes in 4; Al Pahl laced Bat Sherlock in 4; Wayne Berg knocked out Sailor Burke in 4; Bat Slater knocked out Buddy Robinson in 2.

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"You can't fight forever," These are the words of Sailor Burke, well-known Sioux City lightweight, who has decided to hang up the gloves.

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Howard, So. Dak.—Ing Hanson defeated K. O. Kelly in 8; Chad Buecher beat Dutch Tobin in 4; Erry Roby drew with J. O. Stahl in 4; Cy Lyons beat Hans Rauenhorst in 3; Click Ortmayer knocked out Charley Lamphier in 1; Warner Lamphier and Jens Jorgenson drew in 3.

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Mason City, Ia.—Kid Noehl beat Harvey Spencer in 3; Gipp Nobble knocked out Ed Sanden in 3; Young Ray Miller beat Ernie Olson in 3; Tony Whitsel defeated Lyle Wright in 3; Dale Corey beat Monk Derock in a fast 3.

Clinton, Ia.—Gorilla Jones of Akron, Ohio, negro middleweight, knocked out "Young" Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., in 4; Billy Connell knocked out Jimmy Connely in 3; Howard Fugate knocked out Buddy Kerns in the first round.

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Mason City, Ia.—Don Petigo beat Leonard Johnson in the main event of a four-round boxing card. The other results all fours were as follows: Don Hampton beat Babe Barnes; Ray Schenck beat Eddie Ripper; Don Larkin beat Tuffy Anderson.

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Willie Sears sends us the following notes covering the southern part of the tall-corn state: Davis City, Ia.—Bobby Burns and Ray Williams fought 6 slashing rounds to a draw. Van Wert, Ia.—Battling Oiler knocked out Tommy Moore in 3 rounds. Corydon, Ia.—Santi Rayss defeated Ted Hickman in 6 rounds. Kid Luse, Garden Grove welter, is the best-looking prospect in the southern part of the state, and is ready to dispute the claim of Ray Mann, Sioux City, as welterweight champion of the state. (Thanks Mr. Sears.)

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LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Duke Barry informs us that the good old "Blue Book of Boxing" will be on the stands this year . . . . Harry Jones, Danny Desmond, Frankie Pasha, Jack Carmody, Ted Zanfes, Eddie Morris and Rodney Dean are to be commended for their hard work in making the Good-Fellow boxing card a success . . . . Leo Bloomberg is promoting shows for the American Legion at Huron, So. Dak., and would like to hear from good boys . . . . Bud Lymer, boxing instructor at the local Y.M.C.A., has a class of twenty youngsters all under 18 . . . . Babe Barnes is 21 years old, been fighting five years and has a total of 167 bouts . . . . Sailor Burke ended his career with a total of 263 bouts . . . . The writer has newspaper clippings of every boxing card staged in this section for the past five years . . . . Joe Stephens of San Antonio, Tex., will bring a large stable of boxers to Sioux City for the outdoor season . . . . The way wrestling and boxing is picking up in the smaller towns is proof that conditions must be getting better . . . . Would like to hear from Len Victor, London, England. If you see this, Len, drop me a line . . . . The main boxing season here is during the summer months, Harry Jones is the promoter, and holds weekly shows . . . . Don't forget to save your RING magazines. They are worth keeping and will give you plenty of interesting reading in years to come . . . . See you next month.

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Boxers and wrestlers—The greatest books on your favorite sports, "Training for Boxers," "How to Box," "How to Second a Boxer," and "Modern Wrestling," should be in your library. Get them. They are worth their weight in gold to you.

## PITTSBURGH GOSSIP

By WILLIAM PIKOR

HARRY DUBLINSKY celebrated his local debut by scoring a technical knockout in the eighth session over Frankie Bojorski in Motor Square Garden.

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As regards the surprises of the month, the negro welterweights monopolized the fistic situation. Billy Holt, Homewood "hurricane," advanced to the recognition class in a bout at Motor Square Garden, a main event of ten rounds, by whipping Manuel Quintero. The Alabama Kid, southpaw from Dover, O., plastered a kayo on Davey Grove who, a few days previously, lost in ten rounds at the Arena to Pee Wee Jarrell. Tiger Joe Randall, Pittsburgh "Cyclone," battered the said Pee Wee Jarrell into a state of collapse in the eighth round at the Arena.

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Johnny Roberts, veteran West Virginia boxer, was kayoed in the second round at the Arena by Frankie Goosby. Roberts subbed for Dave Shade . . . . Tommy Freeman, ex-welter boss, got a 10-round draw at Motor Square Garden against Gorilla Jones. Jones went in as a sub for Teddy Yarosz . . . . Louis Di Santis suffered a hand injury in his fight at the Arena with Battling Gizzy. The bout had to be stopped because of the injury.

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Fistic brevities—Jim Buchanan, who piloted Willie Davies, ex-flyweight championship, contender through a brilliant career in fisticuffs, was named matchmaker of the Arena organization. Buchanan succeeds Lew Raymond who was ousted by Eddie Kanphan. Dr. George Metzger fills the vacancy of Kapphan, who resigned as president of the North Side Arena . . . . Jim McGirr, McKeesport promoter, who ran fight shows for nearly twenty seasons, has resumed operations. He functions at the Moose Temple Auditorium. Bill Dummer is the matchmaker . . . . Tony De Piero, former Duquesne University gridder, has turned to professional boxing. His first attempts were a six-round decision over Tom Farrow, colored light-heavy, and a draw with Chuck Mullins . . . . The Alabama Kid attracted the attention of Pittsburgh promoters by scoring a sixth round t.k.o. over rugged Jimmy Belmont in a scrap at Dover, O. The Kid showed plenty of ability to deal punishment in decisioning Red Bush on the Dublinsky-Bojorski bill. . . . .


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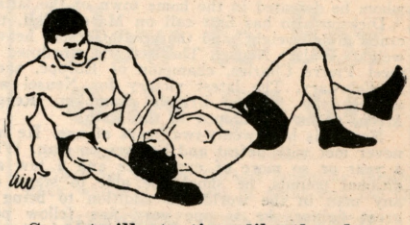

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## GOSSIP FROM EUROPEAN RINGS

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

EVERYTHING points to a banner boxing year in Paris, thanks to the young American promoter Jeff Dickson, who spares neither time nor money in giving the fans the highest class of boxing competition possible.

Both for his Paris and London promotions he has several fine matches sewed up. Young Stribling will meet two opponents in England, and one in Paris, before he returns home. One of his English fights will probably be a return match with the South African champion, McCorkindale, whom he defeated in the home town of the latter.

Dickson also has first call on Marcel Thil, the crack middleweight, and the great German heavyweight, Walter Neusel. The latter is scheduled to meet Pierre Charles, champion of Europe, early in February. The latest victory for Neusel was against the former British champion, Reggie Meen, whom he stopped in the sixth.

Neusel is but twenty-two years of age. He has never met with defeat and he bars no man. With a year or so more of experience and a few additional pounds, he should be able to stand off any man in the world. In addition to being a great fighter, he is one very fine fellow personally. None of the rough-neck stuff about him outside of the ring. He has had quite a few offers to cross to America, but he will take his time before invading the United States.

Although Thil has defeated the best of the American and European battlers at the middleweight limit, he was recently beaten by Kid Turnero, a Cuban, in an overweight bout.

John Honeyman, an old-time bare-knuckle fighter and uncle of Mike Honeyman, once featherweight champion of Great Britain, died recently at the age of 72.

Rolando, the Italian middleweight, defeated Girardin of France, in the eighth round. The Frenchman received a bad cut over one of his eyes during the session.

Abel Argote, light-heavyweight champion of France, met defeat from Emile Lebrize, in a Paris club. At the same entertainment Bobby Tassin, a former featherweight champion, defeated Nick Bensa, in ten slow rounds, and little Ben Said, an Algerian, sprang a surprise by getting a draw with Young Barras.

Aime Raphael, former welterweight champion of France, appeared to have slightly the better of Gaston Lecadre, in a ten-round bout at the Paris Ring, but the judges could not decide and the bout was called a draw.

Jack "Kid" Berg announced on his return to England from America that he came back to get married and settle down in some business, outside of the ring game.

The French welterweight boxing championship between holder Ed. Tenet and challenger Al. Berry, was held at the Salle Wagram arena. The contest was won by Tenet. With less than 30 seconds to go Descamps, chief second for Berry, tossed in a towel as a token of defeat.

During last year Jeff Dickson promoted fourteen big attractions in his Palais des Sports, just double that of the year previous. He had a most prosperous year, not only in his Paris promotions but also in London, where he promoted both indoors and outdoors.

There is a new French welterweight boxing in Paris by the name of Revaud. He is a good boxer and he carries a hard punch in both hands. In his last contest he knocked out Merini during the third of a scheduled eight-rounder.

Jack Oliver, Cuban middleweight, defeated Trouvenin of France on points in a ten-round bout held at the Salle Wagram arena. At the same entertainment welterweight Torsin defeated Zapella in six rounds, and middleweight Denagnez knocked out an American, Eddie Sullivan inside of three rounds.

The best European flyweights are: Jackie Brown, Young Gyde, Young Perez, Mickey McGuire, Kid Oliva, Mariano Arilla, Valentin Angelmann, Ortega (Spain), Maurice Huguenin, (France) and Teddy Rollins, (England).

Guy Bonaugure, brother of Kid Francis, defeated Lucien Popesco, champion featherweight of Roumania who was the former European champion, in a ten-round bout at the Paris Ring.

A middleweight boxing tournament promoted by the French sporting journal the "Paris-Soir" for novices attracted an entry of close to seventy ambitious young men. They were butchers, bakers, barbers, one minister, one undertaker and in fact about all branches of employment were represented in the competition. The winner turned up in a young fellow by the name of Hallard, who defeated a butcher named Loener. The first prize was 5,000 francs and the second prize 2,000 francs, all of which was given by Jeff Dickson.

Chalange and Ruiz, flyweights, fought to a draw at Central Sporting Club.

Paolino Uzoudun, the Basque woodchopper, who, a few years ago, caused a sensation in the American heavyweight ranks, has decided to "comeback."

He has signed up for 1933 with a Madrid-Barcelona concern, who will match him against Europe's leading heavyweights.

In 1927-8-9 the Basque was recognized as one of the best heavyweights in the world, defeating among others Tom Heeney, Harry Wills, Otto von Porat, and Jack Renault, the Canadian.

Deckmyn, lightweight champion of France, scored a brilliant point-victory over Henri Vuillamy in a 12-round title bout at Troyes.

Ginger (Chris) Foran (Liverpool) clearly outpointed Praxille Gyde (France), the I.B.U. European flyweight champion, over fifteen rounds at the Liverpool Stadium.

The Frenchman scaled 1 lb. over the stipulated weight and had to reduce, but came in strong and fit.

Larry Gains, the British Empire heavyweight champion, defeated Paul Hoffman, the Dutch heavyweight champion in the sixth of a twelve scheduled contest which was held at Leeds, England. The Dutchman was no match for the Negro Canadian and the towel was thrown in during the sixth session.

The young German, Walter Neusel, is well equipped physically for the boxing game, except for being just a very few pounds too light for his 6 ft. 2 inches. As an amateur he had 62 fights, 29 of which he won by knockouts, 26 on points, drew in four, and lost three on points. He turned professional two years ago and has not been defeated in his 35 fights.

Kessler, the French welterweight, defeated Thibault at the Central Sporting Club of Paris in a ten-round bout.

## SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING

By JAMES J. MANNION

RON RICHARDS tripped the light fantastic down to Sydney to give the harbor fans the opportunity of looking him over. He met Ambrose Palmer in a twelve-round bout at Rushcutter's Bay and showed plenty of promise. Palmer won, but he will have no picnic repeating. If Richards fulfills the present great expectations the Aborigines' Protection League will be replaced by a "Spare the white man" association. Ain't that so?

When Phil Schossberg left for the U. S. A., he took along 190 pounds of heavyweight promise in Adolph (alias Johnny, alias Pickles) Hintz. Before leaving Adolph knocked out George Singleton in two rounds.

Jackie O'Brien outpointed Tommy Fielding in fifteen rounds in Perth. And as a prelim. to an Eastern Invasion, he relieved Danny Ryan of his Western Australian middleweight title.

American Kid Como hasn't had more than his share of good luck down here. Generally he has lost the decision by a hairbreadth. Such was the case when he crashed with Rus Critcher. But when later in the month, he ran into young Lew Edwards, the Kid was completely outboxed, which goes to show that Edwards has little to fear from anyone his weight. There's no reason for his habit of running out on fights.

The All-British Syndicate has had a run of outs since its formation. Just when everything was absolutely set for the Foreman-Delaney championship tilt, Delaney collapsed with appendicitis. Big fight No. 1 busted! Then a big bill was proposed for Boxing Day—Foreman vs. Bobby Blay, Carroll vs. Ron Richards, and Adolph Hintz vs. Tiger Payne. But Hintz went home, and Carroll injured his shoulder severely. Up to this writing Foreman hasn't answered the gong in a real fight in this country. Stiff luck, after coming 10,000 miles, and waiting six months.

Hawaiian Tony Gora gave a splendid exhibition in getting the nod over Bob Thornton at Leichhardt. It's good to know the Stribling misfortune hasn't upset Tony's confidence.

Young Gildo was given a much disputed decision over George Anderson, of South Africa. But in a return match, Gildo left no doubt about it, as he won by a clear margin. All the same, he has dropped back considerably since he and Pablo Dano brought down the fistic temple of Leichhardt with a boxing masterpiece, months ago.

Since he went so close to collecting Ern Evans' bantamweight title, Les Ferris has received offers of all sorts from all parts. So many, in fact, that he doesn't know which to accept. Evans recently knocked out Patsy Kelly, a veteran, in four rounds. Ernie seems to be a hog for work judging by his 1932 program. Let's hope he doesn't burn himself out before getting anywhere.

Pat McHugh is full of bright ideas for the revival of boxing in Melbourne. And he's just the sort of guy to make a good joke of it. It's about time the southern busters were catered for by a real live promoter. The game in Victoria has been dead for the past two years. Patrick used to run Leichhardt (USW).

SMALL FRY—Snowy Baker, the man himself, has been here for a spell . . . . At Port Pirie Charlie Mitchell won from Billy Grime . . . . Wally Hancock won on a foul from Alley Roberts . . . . Young Johnny Burke put the K.O. on Roy Barron in one round . . . . A Jack Carroll-Bluey Jones championship match seems to be as far away as ever . . . . maybe further . . . . Melbourne is to become the address of the once brilliant Jack Haines, former middleweight champ, who is starting a gym there . . . . In W. A. Snowy Clarke outpointed Dick Wilson and knocked out Ern Bender . . . . Pat Craig walked the several hundred dusty miles from Broken Hill to break in on the boxing world . . . . his latest effort gained him an eight-round K.O. over Young Eagle . . . . Eagle won on a first-round foul from Kid Rooney . . . . and I busted my pen, so I'll turn out the light.

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## BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HIGH hopes are held by local promoters for a banner year, as the tourists keep pouring in for the big racing season here.

Antonio Horas, Spanish middleweight, easily scored over Julian Rivero in ten rounds, and also defeated Lucio Morejon in another ten-rounder, winning the plaudits of the crowd. Horas is a good performer, and has a following here. Augistin Carrillo won a six-rounder from Benny Yayalan, and Soldier Galvez outslugged Tommy Pina in a four.

Mario Kid Sanchez and Panchon Martinez, both contenders for bantamweight honors, fought ten rounds to a draw. Marzo Fernandez won in four rounds over Tele Vazquez, and Kix Calixto knocked out Kid Aldama in four, while Paulino Dieguez scored a six-round decision over Serapio Saenz.

Kid Barcelona, a tough southpaw, easily defeated Bill Dominguez in a hot six-round contest, and then took the steamer *Cristobol Colon* to Barcelona, Spain, where he will partake in several contests. Joaquin Jorge beat Juan Perez.

Conrad Conde, Cuba's hard punching featherweight, scored a two-round knockout over Armando Vidal, and then took on Joaquin Torresgrosa, the lightweight champion, and was awarded a close ten-round decision.

Henry Santos, alias Baturrito, scored in ten rounds over Soldier Molina, and Criso Perez, stablemate of Santos, easily won from Joe Gandon in six. Agustin Petrolanda easily defeated Higinio Ruiz in six, and Prudencio Arce, the little Jack Dempsey of Cuba, handed out a neat pasting to Luis Fortun, alias Kid Kaplan.

Kid Montana lost a questionable decision to Divino Rueda. A draw would have been suitable.

Manolo Garcia, coming heavyweight, scored a four-round victory over Don Castillo, the colored heavyweight. Garcia looks promising.

Joaquin Torresgrosa, Cuba's new lightweight champion, although only weighing 128 pounds, is a mighty classy performer. He is managed by Rene Bassarate, who also has Rafael Valdes, Cuba's flyweight champion. All will go to New York soon.

Luis Parga, and Gervasio Fernandez (alias Naranjito) are putting over some "de luxe" programs at Miramar Gardens, and in the Conde-Torresgrosa fight pulled in a heap of money. These two men are a credit to boxing here.

Aramis Del Pino, in charge of the new large stadium now being completed, has some live plans to make boxing bigger and better in Cuba. Top-notchers will be imported, and nothing will be spared to make the place successful.

Relampago Saguero, whose real name is Remberto Duo, Cuba's welterweight champion, scored a two-round over one Jake Kilrain from Georgia. Saguero is now in Venezuela.

HAVANA EXTRAS:—Gilbert Castilo, Cuba's crack featherweight, lost a ten-round decision to Chevez of Caracas, Venezuela. Antonio Santana, sturdy little bantamweight, is in Panama. Marzo Fernandez looks like a coming lightweight.

## TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

IN Jack Petersen, the dual Lonsdale Belt holder, I think that England has a champion who will eventually follow the Cornishman, Robert Fitzsimmons, and be World's champion.

There will be no stopping this lad of 21 years of age who has a remarkable facial resemblance to the one and only Georges Carpentier. He's got everything that goes to make a champ, a first-class education, a terrific right-hand punch and lots of courage.

His latest performance was forcing the tough German, Hans Schonrath, to retire at the end of the eighth session. Schonrath is one of the toughest of European heavies.

Len Harvey proved himself a real champion by going to Newcastle, a notorious place for champions to go under, and defending his middleweight championship and Lonsdale belt against Jack Casey (Sunderland).

Casey, known as the Sunderland Assassin, punished the champion severely, but the latter's wonderful boxing and defence pulled him through to win a great fight. It is rumored that Casey will be going to the States in the near future.

The Hulls brothers ran their famous heavyweight competition at the Crystal Palace with great success, although their endeavor to find a potential candidate for the heavyweight crown was rather a failure. The winner, Seaman Rowles, gave the impression of being one of those honest, two-handed fighters, but lacking class.

Being knocked out by Jack Doyle in two rounds, Jack Pettifer, the 22-year-old King's Cross giant, jumped from obscurity into the front rank. His boxing in the first round against Doyle was a revelation and the critics excused his knockout defeat when he later whipped Charlie Smith.

Dave Crowley, stable companion to Larry Gains, is the best tip for the 118-pound crown. He can fight, box, and punch, as the champion Johnny King discovered when they met in a catchweight match recently. Several critics said that the champion was lucky to get the decision.

Our latest visitors are Ronnie Headley, Canadian welter, Louis Botes, and Eddie Maguire, the feather and middleweight champions of South Africa respectively, who are managed and trained by a padre!

We have a large number of colonial visitors here, headed by George Cook, the Australian, who will not be satisfied until he meets Larry Gains for the British Empire championship. Not for many years has a proposed fight been given so much publicity as a Cook-Gains fight.

Len Johnson, one of the cleverest middleweights that ever drew on a glove in England, has decided to retire from the active part of boxing and will be seen in the future as a manager and owner of a boxing booth. If Johnson had not been a colored boy he would have been the champion of the British Empire without a doubt.

Ted (Kid) Lewis, the former world's welter champion, is now the owner of the Punch Bowl club at Bournemouth, a seaside resort. He devotes his spare time promoting tournaments.

Ginger Jones, the Welsh featherweight champion, successfully defended his title against Phineas John, a lad who has been doing well in English rings.

Jack Petersen giving up the cruiserweight championship came as no surprise, for everybody knew that though he could still make the weight, he preferred boxing around 13 stone and did not enjoy making the light-heavyweight limit.

In a preliminary bout to the Petersen-Schonrath fight at Cardiff, a 19-year-old Welch lad, Ivor Drew, made his bow, and amazed the scribes by the manner in which he outpointed Cuthbert Taylor, a former British amateur champion.

When the newspaper men came back to London, they were full of praise for young Drew and he was compared with Peerless Jim Driscoll, the cleverest featherweight ever seen in a ring.

Liverpool, Manchester and Newcastle are capturing all the important fights that should have taken place in London, because the champions can draw bigger gates in the North than they can in London.

Nel Tarleton stood supreme for a long time in the 126-pound division, but now that he has lost his title, a stable companion of his, Tommy Hyams, looks like becoming the leading challenger. Possessed of short arms, Hyams, a terrific puncher, has been knocking them over like ninepins of late. He astounded everybody by putting away Cuthbert Taylor, the Welshman, in 1 minute 11 and a half seconds.

American fight fans would go crazy over the South African, Willie Unwin, who has been fighting here of late. His non-stop battling from the first gong has made him a great favorite and he never fails to pack the hall or thrill the crowds.

With the Board of Control's decision to take away Dave Lumiansky's license, Jackie Brown, the world's flyweight champ, was left with no alternative but to go back to his old manager, Harry Fleming. Mentioning flyweights, by the way, I think that England has the best lot of flyweights we've had for some time. Besides Brown, we have Mickey McGuire, who has beaten Brown, and knocked out Young Perez, Ginger (Chris) Foran, a native of Liverpool, who has been knocking out everybody of note lately, and Len Beynon, a brainy Welshman.

It's taking all the Board of Control's spare time trying to get Jack Hood to defend his welterweight championship.

Hood keeps on finding stumbling blocks, saying that the purses are too small and that he must have at least half a dozen fights to get himself really fit before defending his title. The crowning point came when a well-known Birmingham, Hood's home town, promoter made a fairly decent offer.

Hood started quibbling with the result that the promoter withdrew his offer and left them roasting. It's hard luck on Stoker Reynolds who has been selected to fight Hood.

When Johnny Cuthbert's jaw is properly mended he is going to find several well-known men clamoring for a title bout. From what I know of Johnny they will wait long, for the Sheffielder will take on anybody anytime, anywhere. He has taken up Greyhound racing and has been winning big prizes with his dogs.

Billy Lewis Billingsgate's non-stop fighting fish porter, is after another match with Dave Crowley to whom he lost the Southern Area bantamweight championship. He has been boxing as a topliner for ten years and to keep himself fit he runs from his house to the fish market every morning, even after a hard fight with Crowley he was seen on the road to work the morning after. His real name is Lucioni.

Walter Neusel, the blond-haired young German giant who surprised the continent by outpointing Larry Gains, Negro British Empire champion, stopped Reggie Meen, the ex-British champion, in the sixth round. Meen was forced to retire with a badly cut eye. Meen put up a splendid performance after being floored twice in the first two stanzas, but the German was always a bit above the Britisher's class.

Eddie Maguire, the South African middleweight champion, was unlucky to lose to Jack Casey who gave Len Harvey a terrific fight for the championship. Casey was lucky to get the verdict.

## TOPICS FROM JAPAN

By JOHNNY MASUDA

AT the Hibiya Civic Hall, Clever Sison, former Oriental featherweight champion, outpointed Kanao Nakamura in a ten-round bout. It will be remembered that Nakamura was once managed by Moose Taussig of San Francisco. This boy Nakamura, who happens to be a southpaw, can punch,

Ray Mayo, sensational Filipino bantamweight, continued his winning streak in the Island Empire by handing a severe trouncing to Kiyugoro Kimura, better known as The Yellow Peril, during his invasion of America. Not to be satisfied, the Filipino Panther followed with a sensational knockout over Fukuo Matsuoka, one of Watanabe's prize idols for the bantamweight crown. Mayo wins most of his fights by the short route.

Don Stewart, of Seattle, colorful American lightweight, scored convincing victories over Big Boy Tsurumoto and Fighting Kiyomiya. The American had the Japanese on the verge of a knockout.

Bobby Wills of Manila, with the sobriquet of "Mankiller" scored a technical knockout over Tom Yamanka in the third round at the Wrestling Arena. The bout drew a crowd of 25,000. On the same card, Ventura Marques of Mexico decisioned Goro Takatsu. Tokichi Kawata, welterweight king of Japan, lost to Susumu Noguchi, the Lion, and Fighting Nelson of Manila decisioned Rush Amino.

Raul Talan of Mexico returned to Japan after annexing the welterweight crown of The Celestial Empire by defeating Jock Creighton, ex-British gob, at the Auditorium, Shanghai. Many fans were of the opinion that the former English sailor had won. Ricardo Manzanillo has left the shores of Japan for his homeland, Mexico.

Clever Sison will leave soon on an invasion of the United States. He is a good boy and any manager who gets him in the U.S. will not regret it.

There are many good fighters here. All the boys need is good coaching. Local trainers are studying Nat Fleischer's "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" and these books are being used by many college students.


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## NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM BOSTON

By DOC ALMY

STRONG on futurities—a bit weak on the actualities—is the situation in Boston at this writing. The futurities largely concern Johnny Buckley and his associates, Jack Sharkey and Ernie Schaaf. It all started something like this:—"Every time I go away, Schaaf blows off steam to the press," declared the champion about two weeks ago, as he was about to leave Boston with his family for a 10-day trip to Bermuda. "While I am at home, he doesn't let a peep out of him, but just let me quit town for a rest and the papers are full of interviews with Schaaf wherein he wants to fight me."

Well Sharkey went to Bermuda, and, according to form and precedent, Schaaf got busy. The papers carried plenty. All simmered down, Ernie wants someone to buy his contract, which he claimed expired March 1, that he might really get somewhere by fighting Sharkey. At present Sharkey and Buckley are joint owners of the Sea Tiger. Furthermore, his contract, a five-year affair, does not expire for a couple of years, the statement of Schaaf, Buckley or Madison Square Garden, notwithstanding. It doesn't expire on March 1. As Sharkey predicted, since his return from Bermuda, Schaaf has not let out a peep. If Charley Johnston gets the contract, it will simply be an affair of a dummy holding the reins for Buckley and Sharkey.

A fighting fighter in Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., New England light-heavy champion, went down to defeat at the Boston Arena. His opponent was Sammy Slaughter of Terre Haute, Ind., a colored boy who can fight. He did. He dropped Conrad seven times in the first round for counts of four to nine, and had his man down when the bell ended the stanza. In the second, despite the fierce punishment he had received, Conrad came out fighting and opened a cut alongside the colored boy's left eye. The Granite Stater evened the fourth, won the fifth, sixth and seventh, then began to fade. In the tenth, Conrad was downed for 9, and was in the ropes taking punishment when Referee Joe O'Connor stopped the affair, the award going to Slaughter on a kayo. The round had but 25 more seconds to go.

Promoter Mack of the Argonne A.A. has Slaughter under contract for five more appearances here, but whether he can find opponents for him is another story. Before the Slaughter-Conrad bout several of the local middleweights were redhot to meet the winner. After that contest was over, the entire aspect underwent a change. So, as often happens, the promoter has disposed of Conrad, his big ace, and has Slaughter, another ace, but with no one to fight him.

Switching to wrestling for a moment, and it continues to go very big here, different shows drawing a total of 33,000 cash customers in three nights, a real "shooting" match was staged at the Boston Garden between Henri DeGlane, the French holder of the championship, and Gus Sonnenberg, former champion, the challenger. DeGlane won the first fall in 7 min. 7 sec., let Gus take the second, or appeared to do so with his tackle in 2 min. 24, and then won the third and deciding fall in 12 min. 34 seconds with a genuine flying mare. The fall knocked the wind and fight out of Sonnenberg. More than 21,000 fans saw the bout, the second largest indoor gathering ever about a wrestling mat in Boston. Gus' flying tackle, his biggest asset, was practically null and void whenever DeGlane made any real effort to counter against it.

The foregoing bout fully demonstrated two things, namely—That despite the fact that horseplay and hippodrome bouts—no-rules stuff now tolerated in Boston—will attract gates, real wrestling according to rules is a greater attraction, also will draw real money to the box office; secondly, that the flying tackle, which is not a wrestling hold, can be beaten by any wide-awake matman in an up-and-up contest.

Followers of the amateur boxers saw a classy tourney here on Jan. 9, when the Irish-American A.C., which has kept that branch of the sport alive, staged the finale of a series of elimination affairs. The bouts, 22 in number, comprising all eight divisions, were put on in the Boston Arena. All were exceptionally good and full of fast work from bell to bell. The winners of the finals in each class were as follows: 112 pounds, Maxie Sparks, Malden; 118, Joe Recci, Somerville; 126, Joe Genovese, Boston; 135, James McCarron, Somerville; 147, Joe Baressi, East Boston; 160, Michael Di Conza, Fitchburg; 175, Walter P. Carley, Athol; heavy, Joe Uzdovinas, Haverhill.

Curiously, while McCarron, the winner in the 135 pounds class, was battling in Boston, his brother, Jack McCarron, a "pro," was being knocked out in four rounds by Nat Bor of Fall River in a ring in that city.

The Boston Garden, in an effort to uncover some real boxing talent, staged what it termed a "New Talent" boxing tourney for "pros." Fifteen bouts, from four to six rounds were put on, the majority of which resulted in some very good contests. The affair brought out, as was intended, several new boys of merit—Joey Kemp, Cambridge, 152 pounds; Harry Alexanian of Middleboro, 138 and Joe Glasgow of Quincy, 145 pounds. Glasgow was barely edged out of a decision by Hunter Welch of Lowell, but the pair won the Garden bonus for the best fight of the night.

In regard to financial affairs as pertains to the glovemen, the state returns for 1932, recently issued, show a total of $364,707 gross receipts and an attendance of 356,023 cash customers at 184 shows. The total represents a falling off from 1931 of about $150,000. The income to the state, aside from taxes, license fees, etc., was $17,225, which is little more than the salaries of the commissioners and their assistants. The Boston Garden drew a gross of $105,792 from 10 shows, the largest gate being the second Schaaf-Maloney bout, which drew $20,241. The Argonne A. A., with 28 shows, drew a total of but $100,794. The third biggest money was drawn by Promoter Homer Rainault of Holyoke and Springfield. The latter is the lone Bay State promoter who made any real money out of the sport.

In the same period, wrestling, according to the figures given by the promoters, drew as follows in Boston:—Paul Bowser, 27 shows, $350,000 and 198,753 cash customers; Charles Gordon, 51 shows, $90,000 and 200,000 customers; "Steve" McPhearson, 6 shows, $10,000, 30,876; Ray Fabiani, 15 shows, $90,000, 90,000 customers.

In Massachusetts, the wrestling promoters have the boxing promoters absolutely lashed to the mast. The mat sport is not under a commission, therefore the promoters have but one tax to pay—the Federal—no license fees of any sort, appoint their own officials and disport themselves and their shows about as they please. There is no supervision of any sort. This is all wrong. Wrestling should be under the same supervision as boxing.

A sample of what the public—fickle public—will fall for, was handed out in the Exposition Building, Portland, Me., when an alleged bout was staged between one "Bull" Martin of Jersey, a wrestler, and Obie Walker, the colored heavyweight fighter, from Miami, Fla. One was to wrestle and the other, fight. Martin, neither a great wrestler nor fighter, though now a big card in Boston as a roughhouser in "no rules" contests, won in the fourth round. Walker, who in two winning fights in Boston, scared all of the New England heavies into the tall grass, landed but two or three solid punches on Martin, and in one round was knocked off his pins by a kick to the chest.

The third comeback battle of Jimmy Maloney, the Boston heavyweight, crashed on the night of January 20, when he lost to Jose Santa of Portugal, in four rounds at the Boston Garden. It was not Santa's fists, but his head that did the trick. In the first minute of the fourth, at a time when Maloney was well out in front, their heads clicked and a gash of more than an inch in length was opened over the South Boston man's left eye. Though he was half-blinded by the flow of blood, he continued to fight until Referee Johnny Martin stopped the affair because of Maloney's damaged eye.

## FROM MAINE

By CHARLEY MILLER

PAUL Junior of Lewiston, weighing 147, easily defeated Uncut Diamond, (142) of Augusta here, Eddie Milson of Auburn had the edge on K.O. Labbe of Lewiston in six. Al Blouin of Lewiston gained a slim margin in a whirlwind six rounder against Mac Kelly of Auburn in the best bout of the card. These bouts were staged at Augusta under the direction of Jack Bumford.

Al McCoy of Waterville put the K.O. on Al Nelson of Bangor in three rounds. Pancho Villa of Waterville won over Young Jovin of Bangor and Connie Holmes of New York drew with Young Audet of Waterville in other bouts. Leslie King of Bangor beat Mike Fortier in the opener.

Charley Miller, well-known conditioner up in Maine, wants to get in touch with boxers who are not connected with managers and who would like to show up in this state. Address, Windsor Hotel, Bangor, Me.

One of the best-looking prospects among the welters here is an Irishman by the name of Dolan. (Irish Jimmy Dolan.) This lad is coming along fast. Watch him.

The most promising boxers developed in Maine in 1932 follow:

BANTAMWEIGHT—Jake Rolski.
FEATHERWEIGHT—Leslie King.
LIGHTWEIGHT—Paul Junior.
WELTERWEIGHTS—Al McCoy, Louie Nemis, Harry Scott.
MIDDLEWEIGHT—Haywood Storey.
LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT—Max Berg.
HEAVYWEIGHTS—Jack Sclair, Al Cohen, Meyer Miller.

Boxing is going good at the clubs at Bangor, Augusta, Lewiston and Portland. The attendance is increasing and good shows are responsible for that.

Would like to hear from Mike Payan.